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NAPLES UNDER THE OLD RÉGIME.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THERE are few persons who have large sympathy with their race, and have pored over what we call its history, but must have felt how insufficient the chronicle of man's early struggles toward liberty and civilization usually is; how much that is interesting and useful to human progress it leaves hidden in mystery, and how many pregnant secrets of the past could be disclosed were it only possible for us to reverse the wheels of Time's chariot, and to revert to the dim days that are gone. Who has not felt a longing to inspect more than the inanimate relics of by-gone ages: remains of prehistoric civilization scattered over the Central and Southern portions of our hemisphere, or the classic wonders of Grecian art on the Pæstum waste, or, outranking all, the architectural miracles of the Nile valley — Karnac and Luxor and the Pyramids, and all the rest? Who but would fain make acquaintance also with the living laborers that created these beautiful and stupendous, but alas! mute witnesses of taste and skill? We desire not only to see the colossal structures of ancient Egypt, but to know what manner of men the myriad workers were, how they were managed and treated and fed, and by what phase of despotic sway they

were herded and compelled to squander labor, that might have erected vast cities, on Titanic monuments with scarcely a practical use. We cannot help the wish that it were possible, not only to gaze on the ruins of the Parthenon and the Acropolis, but to listen to Plato in the Academy, or walk with Aristotle in the Lyceum; or, better still, to sit with Socrates throughout his last day.

So, too, of a later age. One longs to do more than inspect the ecclesiastic structures of the Middle Ages, magnificent and awe-inducing as they are; or, on our side of the Atlantic, more than make a modern pilgrimage to the spot where sturdy freedom-searchers from beyond the sea first gazed on the bleak and wintry homes they came so far to seek. How much greater would be the privilege to look in upon the living monk Luther, nailing his theses to the door of the Wittenberg Schlosskirche, or on the Pilgrims themselves, landing on Plymouth rock!

But something analogous to this one has power to do; for on the earth, as we find it, there are a hundred grades of civilization, in aspects physical, moral, religious, political. Something analogous to this I was myself able to attain, when, in the summer of 1853, I was ap-

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pointed to represent my adopted country near the King of the Two Sicilies.

One of the first objects that met my eye, in straying through the streets of Naples, was a large placard, with the proclamation by the then reigning King, Ferdinand II., of Spanish Bourbon race. It contained a law, in the form of a decree, which, on consultation with one of his ministers (as the preamble declared) that monarch thus promulgated to his people for their government; and it was headed in conspicuous capitals: "IL NOSTRO RE ASSOLUTO." No decently concealing veil deemed necessary, the law was honestly labeled as the dictum of "OUR DESPOTIC KING." It carried me back to the times, among our ancestors, when Tudor and Stuart dynasties took pride in proclaiming that they ruled by right divine; and when, as Jefferson has it, "the many were born with saddles on their backs, and the favored few booted and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately by the grace of God."

Nor did a nearer acquaintance with the political state of the country change my first idea. I remember missing for several evenings, from the balls of the nobility, a bright young marquis whom I knew well. "What has become of him?" I asked one of his friends.

"Ah, you have not heard?"—and the speaker, looking round and seeing no one within ear-shot, added, under his breath: "He was carried off from his father's palazzo¹ at midnight, one day last month."

"For what offense?"

"Offense?" with a smile; "we *guess* such things in our country; we are never *told* them. The marquis always was a free-spoken young fellow, and I thought he'd get into trouble some day."

"Will not his relatives interfere and ask the cause of his detention?"

"Certainly not. The only reply would be one or two additional arrests."

Several months passed; then the marquis suddenly appeared at an evening party. By this time I had learned cau-

tion, and did not address him till I saw no one was near. After expressing pleasure at meeting him again, I asked: "Where have you been?"

"I don't know"—smiling sadly: "somewhere about a hundred miles in the interior, it must have been." Then interpreting my look of curiosity, he added: "One night our *portiere* came to my bedroom with two officers of police. 'On the part of the King' was all they said, except to bid me dress speedily and to tell me that I might take with me a small valise. We found a close carriage at the door; traveled all next day, the blinds down, except when we were passing through uninhabited parts of the country; and, in the course of the next night, came to an old fortress, where I was consigned to the jailer."

"You don't know what fortress?"

"I have not the remotest idea."

"Were you cruelly treated?"

"Not what they call cruelly. I was not tortured, nor put in irons; only told that, if I was detected in the slightest action looking to an escape, I should be chained by the neck to the wall of my cell. I saw not a human face there except, once a day, my keeper's, when he brought the coarse prison-fare."

"Of what crime did they accuse you? You were surely confronted with witnesses?"

"Ah, that is an American supposition. I was charged with no crime, confronted with no witness. I *guessed* what was the matter, and was confirmed in my guess when they dismissed me."

"How was your release obtained?"

"By the King's will. He probably thought that would do for the first lesson. Two police officers woke me one night; as before. 'The King's government is merciful as well as just,' said one of them. 'Bear that in mind, young sir, and bridle your tongue, now that you are about to be let off. Mercy may not be granted twice. Up and dress!' I was set at liberty at midnight, at my father's door, and here I am; free, if I can only keep bitter thoughts to myself in the future."

I had read of Richelieu's *lettres de*

¹ All the large houses owned by families of rank in Naples, are called palaces. We are not the only nation that deals in high-sounding terms.

cachet; now I felt, almost as if the experience had been my own, what they meant. I seemed to have gone back a century or two, and to be living in the past.

Naples, in those days, might have read a lesson to those who imagine that national morals can be maintained irrespective of political institutions and governmental action. I made the acquaintance of Don Liborio Romano, an eminent Neapolitan lawyer, who had been banished for years from the kingdom because of his political heresies, and had received a significant hint to be prudent when at last he was permitted to return. But with me he was off his guard; the Liberals of the European Continent are wont to speak freely to the English, and especially to Americans. I met, in Paris in 1859, a French official, named Matter, who, in entrusting to me certain confidential matters, prefaced his disclosure with a strangely candid remark. "You are Anglo-Saxon," he said, "and that is a trustworthy race; I would not confide these facts to one of my countrymen." I wished, as he said it, that we all better deserved such trust than we do. Don Liborio was equally frank.

"Signor Ministro," he said to me, "we live here under one of the worst governments in the world. There is no security, for a single day, to person or property. As regards those of any rank or influence among us, the estimable, the intelligent, the industrious, are considered dangerous characters, and are placed under a system of strictest espionage, dogged even to the privacy of their houses, tracked by spies (sometimes their own companions, often their servants), day and night: while the worthless and indolent, the spendthrift, the debauchee, are regarded as safe and inoffensive persons, whom it would not pay to watch."

"So bad as that?"

"It is the settled rule of policy — a terrible despotism that we have never been able to shake off."

"Yet you had the power, for a time, in 1848."

"Do you know why we did not suc-

ceed in maintaining it? We had no sufficient bond of union. We had no confidence in one another. I never feel assured, even now, that my nearest friend may not betray me to death. The iron, as one of your English writers expresses it, has entered into our souls. It is terrible to say, but we have no TRUTH among us."

"Terrible indeed!"

"And so, when we did get the upper hand, we had not faith enough in each other to retain it."

Here is a lifting of the veil on one of the great mysteries of the past. One perceives the steps of the process whereby a mere handful of men, once installed as despots, might perpetuate throughout century after century their evil rule over millions, nay tens of millions, who, any day, had the power, a hundred times told, to sweep the oppressors who held them in thrall from the face of the earth. Premiums on vice were habitually offered by the tyrants to the millions. The fear of danger, greed, the urgent needs of the hour perhaps, secured their acceptance. Vice thrived and spread. Hence weakness in the individual man; for vice has no generous resolve or abiding strength. And hence, yet more, weakness in the masses as a unit; for vice cannot trust its neighbor, and so cannot combine for the general good.

Are we — republicans, self-rulers, as we boast ourselves — substantially free from the demoralizing influences that held the Neapolitans bound, hand and heart, throughout two terrible centuries of Austrian vice-regal rule, and more than another century of Bourbon despotism? We deceive ourselves if we think so. Public morality is at a lower ebb than it was quarter of a century ago; our legislative bodies are less pure; our public service generally more stained with venality. Office, among us now, is more frequently the reward of questionable partisan service than of honesty and capacity. Nay, the very source whence our political system springs — the election precinct itself — has become subject to invasions of corruption that

have waxed, year by year, more frequent and more shameless. But public immorality reacts on private morals. The vice-diseases which originate in politics, if they assume a malignant type, cannot, by any sanitary cordon, be confined to politics; they are sure to infect, first our business marts, then the home-circle itself. It behooves us well to consider whether, if throughout another quarter century we tolerate the same downward tendency, there will be cohesive honesty enough left to hold our government together.

Our nation has no prescriptive exemption from decadence. Is our boast well founded, that it will always remain "the land of the free and the home of the brave"? Not if we offer premiums on vice; not if we promote the unworthy; not if we applaud or countenance the successful swindlers in public or commercial life. Liberty itself is in peril so long as men grant office except to merit, or friendship or admiration except to probity and worth.

Let us bear in mind that the Neapolitans, who retained till centuries after the Christian era the municipal rights and the liberal constitution bequeathed to them by their Grecian ancestors — and of which distinct traces linger in their political system to this day¹ — though they have recently attained comparative liberty, had not honest vigor enough "themselves to strike the blow." It needed a Garibaldi to rouse and lead them.

I had heard much of the dissolute lives of the Neapolitans; yet, in the society I frequented, there did not come to my knowledge as many surface-proofs of this as I expected. What I did verify, beyond doubt or apology, was the utter *untruthfulness* of this people, from their King down to their beggars. A notable example occurs to me.

I met, at an evening party, a young married lady of good family, recently

¹ The municipal unit, with its mass meetings at which local affairs are settled by vote, — the equivalent of the New England township, — has ever remained, albeit for long centuries a dead letter only, on the Neapolitan statute-book.

from a southern province of the kingdom. Of rare beauty she was, especially rare for her country, which abounds in plain women. (I think I have seen more handsome girls in New York, or Boston, in five weeks, than I saw in Italy throughout five years.) And she had the inimitably graceful and winning manners that seem inborn in that Southern clime. I happened to join a small circle of her friends, to whom she was relating, in animated terms, her adventures of the day before while shopping.

"I had *such* a good time," she said. "I wanted a handsome *moire-antique*, and I knew just where to look for it" — mentioning a noted silk-mercier in the Toledo. "He had a perfect beauty, the richest quality I ever saw, and such a lovely purple! Just one dress pattern left, too. Fifty-eight ducats I finally brought him down to, and not a *grano* lower would he go. It was cheap enough, and I knew I was bound to have it."

"So you bought it?" asked a lady present.

"*Pian piano*, my dear; there is luck in leisure. I told him, carelessly, that, if I could not find as good an article elsewhere at a lower rate, I might perhaps return and take his. Then I went off in the direction of Pietro —'s store; and I saw he noticed that. I knew they were sworn rivals and always underselling each other."

"Had Pietro anything as good?"

"Ah, simple one! I knew his stock of silks by heart; so I merely sauntered about for half an hour, and returned to the other. 'Your friend Pietro,' I said to him, 'has a piece the very same as this. I told him of yours, and finally he said that rather than I should go away, I might have a dress from his for fifty-four ducats.'"

"Pardon! The Signora must have mistaken," he replied. "The man has not a piece of *moire-antique* of this quality in his whole stock."

"He had not yesterday," I answered; "but the piece I saw was from a box which he had just opened." Then I

looked him in the face so innocently and with such sweet unconcern (though my heart was beating all the while) that I saw he hesitated. So I added: "*On my honor*, it was just as good as this; but do as you please. I told you I'd come back and buy from you, if I could not do better, and I like to keep my word. I won't ask you to take less than Pietro offered; but why should I pay fifty-eight ducats for what I can have for fifty-four by walking a few hundred yards?"

"And you have it, you sly *gattina*?"¹ I one of the attentive circle here put in.

"In my trunk at home, along with the four ducats which I saved by taking a half hour's stroll. The man was just fool enough to believe me."

She had evidently not the slightest sense of shame or wrong-doing; nor had her audience for her. Every one seemed delighted, and the lady was heartily congratulated on her quick-wittedness and good fortune. I looked on that faultless Madonna face and its charming smile, feeling that I could have wedded Petruccio's Kate almost as lief as one so fair and false.

As might be expected, the government officials were no exception to the rule; and their barefaced mode of embodying in some of their dispatches — in language that was the pink of courtesy, too — statements transparently untrue was, to one who did not wish to be rude, embarrassing enough. There occurs to me, out of my first year's experience in Naples, an incident in point.

A native Sicilian who had been twelve years in the United States, having become a naturalized citizen and saved money, had taken passage in a merchant vessel from Boston to Messina, intending to pay a short visit to his aged parents, who lived near that city, and to return by the same vessel. He was refused permission to land; and the consul there, unable to manage the case, sent it to me.

I had noticed, in glancing over the official correspondence of my predecessor, Mr. Joy Morris, that he had been

repeatedly annoyed by similar refusals; and though in each case the government had finally given way, it was expressly stated to be as a favor, granted without conceding the favorite principle, "Once a subject, always a subject," so often asserted by European Powers; and I resolved to have that moot point settled on a permanent basis.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs, after delaying action for weeks on various false pretenses, finally admitted the man — "out of a wish to gratify the representative of so great a nation" — but not until the vessel which brought him had sailed on her return voyage. Thereupon I sent in a claim for damages, which I put at ten dollars for each day's detention.

Then ensued a correspondence running through five or six months. I hope the Minister has since repented of the dozens of lies he therein told me, in honeyed words, entirely evading the main question. At first I was content carefully to refute each plea; afterwards, losing patience, I wrote him "that, were it not for the vast amount of business which I knew must be constantly pressing on him, and which had doubtless prevented his Excellency from personally giving to this case the needed attention, I felt assured, in view of his Excellency's well-known discernment and intimate knowledge of international law, that he must not only have perceived that the statements made could not but be known to me as devoid of foundation, but also that they could not possibly have been regarded by himself in any other light." To this came an answer as courteous as it was unsatisfactory.

I had made up my mind to ask a personal audience of the King, if necessary; and, if nothing came of that, to demand my passports and go off to Rome, which I felt sure would bring the government to terms. First, however, I sent word to Commodore Stringham, then at Spezia in command of our Mediterranean squadron, that, if he could conveniently send me a couple of vessels to Naples for a few weeks, it might facilitate a negotiation I had on hand.

¹ Diminutive of *gatta*, a cat.

Then I tried one more letter to the Minister, in which I "hoped I had given proof of my very great desire to preserve intact the amicable relations which had always so happily subsisted," etc., etc.; but added that if an express treaty stipulation, which granted to *all* American citizens right of entry and travel in the dominions of his Majesty, were to be thus habitually violated, the treaty itself became but a bit of waste paper: a state of things which, with every disposition to forbearance on our part, could not but imperil the good understanding between the two countries. A day or two after my letter was sent, the vessels arrived, causing much speculation in the Neapolitan cafés; but for two weeks I had nothing from the Minister. Then came a proof that to every general rule touching shortcomings in national character there are honorable exceptions.

One morning my servant brought me up a card, on which I read: "*M. de Rosa, Intendente¹ di Messina.*" Ah, thought I, this looks like business; and I awaited my visitor, expecting a sharp encounter of wits. An elderly gentleman of pleasant mien advanced with the matchless grace and cordiality of his country, and extended his hand. "This is not," he said smilingly, "the Intendente of Messina asking an audience of the American Minister; it is Monsieur de Rosa come to visit Monsieur Owen."

"Monsieur Owen," I replied, "is much better pleased to welcome Monsieur de Rosa than the Minister would have been to receive the Signor Intendente. Pray be seated."

Then, in a ten minutes' chat, side by side on the sofa, we did more in the way of adjusting this difficulty than a six months' correspondence had effected. The Governor went directly and candidly to the point at issue. "Let me say at once," he began, "that, in this matter, from first to last, you have been in the right and we in the wrong. Your government has an undoubted right to decide *who* are citizens of your coun-

¹ Governor.

try; and it is not for us to gainsay its decision. But does it not seem to you that ten dollars a day is quite too large an amount for a detention involving nothing except a mere loss of time?"

"Your frankness," I answered, "merits frankness in return. Our government holds more to an explicit acknowledgment of a principle, the refusal to accept which has hitherto been a source of annoyance and hard feeling, than to any special rate of damages." We finally agreed on five or six dollars a day, I forget which; and, though I know it is the fashion, in such cases, to insist on extravagant demands, I think my client (a hairdresser by occupation) was well pleased when I sent him thirty-five or forty dollars a week, as compensation for the delay to which he had been subjected.

After that I had no trouble whatever on this point; nor much, indeed, on any other: and that I think was due, in a measure, to the fact that, whenever any of our people were in the wrong, I acknowledged it without scruple—a custom to which first-class powers are little wont to adhere.

Sir William Temple, brother of Lord Palmerston, a genial, cultivated, somewhat indolent specimen of the English gentleman of the old school, whom I liked much, and who was British Minister during the first years of my residence in Naples, died there; and his personal property was sold at auction. A captain of one of our vessels bought four of his oil-paintings, of no great value. Now there was a law that no oil-painting purchased in Naples should be exported, except by a foreign minister, without being first offered to the government, which reserved to itself the right to assume the purchase and retain the picture, if it saw fit: the object being to prevent valuable masterpieces from leaving the country. Sir William's administrator, however, told our captain that the pictures he bought, having been a minister's property, might be freely exported. So he conveyed them on board his vessel, notwithstand-

ing the impassioned remonstrance of a marine-police officer, who kept guard on the quay, and who spoke Italian only, of which the captain did not understand a word.

A week later, I had a letter from the Foreign Minister, inclosing one from the Minister of the Interior, and that again covering the report of the luckless marine guard ; this last a genuine specimen of Italian eloquence. It went on to state "that the undersigned, being at his allotted post, and intent, as usual, in maintaining inviolate the sacred interests of his Sicilian Majesty, did," on such a day and hour, "perceive returning to their boat, from which they had landed some hours before, six young and large American sailors, as the undersigned believes, very strong and daring, and bearing two ponderous boxes, closely nailed; that the undersigned thereupon arrested their progress, and demanded of an officer in uniform, who followed them, what the said boxes contained, and especially whether there were paintings in oil therein, which, the undersigned took pains to explain to the said officer, could not be exported without a government permit: to which the said officer did reply in some harsh-sounding words, that were utterly unintelligible to the undersigned; that then the undersigned, mindful of his official duty, did vehemently remonstrate, and did endeavor to open the said boxes, so as to discover the mystery therein hidden; and that thereupon these seven men, stalwart and fierce-looking, did thrust aside the undersigned violently and by force of arms, and did then hasten to convey the boxes into their boat, and, notwithstanding the menaces and threats with which the undersigned pursued them, did bend to their oars with athletic power, reaching their vessel in an incredibly short time, which vessel did, instantly and with the speed of lightning, set her sails and proceed incontinently on her outward voyage, leaving the undersigned helpless to resent the insult which, in his humble person, had thus been inflicted by these *stranieri Americani* on the Gracious Government of his Majesty."

Infinitely amused as I was by this dramatic narrative, I was annoyed to learn, from my friend Don Liborio, that the law was against us; the privilege granted to a foreign minister not being transferable to a purchaser. So I wrote, through the commodore, to the offending captain, a statement of the case and of the law, leaving it to him to act as he saw fit. He behaved admirably; sent me a letter stating his great regret that he had unintentionally violated any regulations; and added that he was the more sorry to have done so in this instance, because he and his officers during their stay at Naples had been treated with marked kindness and hospitality by the officials and other persons of distinction. Finally he informed me that he had sent back the pictures by an American vessel which happened to be going to Naples; to be forfeited, or otherwise disposed of, as the government might decide.

Greatly pleased, I wrote the facts to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and delivered my dispatch in person, taking the opportunity to translate to him in Italian the captain's letter. It produced an effect quite beyond my anticipations.

"Good God! Signor Ministro," he said, "we did not ask this. You have already convinced us that the pictures were of little value, and not such as we should wish to purchase. Write, I pray you, and prevent their being sent back."

"It is too late," I told him; "the vessel will be here in a day or two. What shall be done with the boxes?"

"Let them be returned, I beg, to your excellent captain; and do me the great favor to express to him, on our part, the sense we entertain of his noble conduct in this matter." Then he crossed his hands on his breast, as the Italians when in earnest are wont to do, and added: "Ah, Signor Owen, if the other great powers would but act toward us as you are doing, what a different position ours would be!"

I knew well what he meant. It was within my knowledge that both England

and France, in cases where they were clearly in the wrong, abusing their position as the strong will with the weak, had forced from the Neapolitan Government concessions to which they themselves, had the cases been reversed, would never have assented.

As I took leave, the Minister said to me: "I shall see his Majesty to-morrow morning; and I can assure you that nothing I could communicate will be a greater satisfaction to him than the action of your government in this matter."

From that day on, there was a degree of cordiality, in all my intercourse with the foreign department and with the King himself, out of proportion, I thought, to the petty act of justice which seemed to have produced it.

But enough touching despotism and diplomacy. The physical aspect of Naples was in strange contrast to her moral and political decay. It reminded me of Byron's line, describing another land, —

"Where all but the spirit of man is divine."

I reached the city early in October. The day after my arrival, an English physician, an old resident there, who had married a granddaughter of Richard Arkwright, my grandfather's partner, called on me. "My wife and I," he said, "drive out every afternoon. Take a seat with us, and give us the privilege of showing you Naples."

What a week was that which followed! London is unmatched, in its way; Paris is a dazzling wonder; Switzerland is a marvel of majestic beauty; but — save the rose-hued fairyland of my infancy, Rosebank — that first glorious week in Naples stands alone, unrivaled in memory. What a drive it was we took on the far-famed Strada Nuova, leading in and out along the rock-bound, vineyard-clad shore to Baia — city of wonderful relics! The balmy, delicious climate, in itself a luxury; the atmosphere, marvelous in transparency, through which distant objects showed preternaturally distinct; the matchless bay, dotted with fairy

islands — Capri, Ischia, Procida, Nisida — its waters lying in dreamy, glittering quiet, sharing (fancy suggested) the national languor, in that they were stirred not even by heave of tide; then, as noble background, a lofty Apennine range, with Monte Sant' Angelo, cloud-capped, for a summit; and, more than all and seen from every turn of the road, the purple, lava-encrusted cone of Vesuvius, awaking a thousand memories; the smoke sullenly rising from the summit, a reminder of the power to destroy, that slumbers beneath; all this made up a combination of natural beauty so wondrous and varied that it took captive the senses, as by a spell, and one felt little inclined to treat as hyperbole an encomium of the Neapolitan poet Sanzazaro, who, in allusion to this city of Parthenope and its surroundings, spoke of that region of enchantment as

"Un pezzo di Cielo, caduto in terra."¹

If he who has seen what is fairest in this world may be satisfied to depart in peace, then one can appreciate the force of the adage: "See Naples and die!"

Nor was it inanimate beauty only on which I looked. This country breathes of the past. History is written all over it — over its ruins (once filled with Roman luxury and stained with Roman vice) of palace and temple and bath — the bath rivaling the temple in magnificence; over its tombs and its statues and its buried cities of the past; over picturesque Naples itself, with background of rock and precipitous hill, sprinkled with charming villas and surmounted by castle and monastery.

And it is history of which some of the stone-leaves date back, not only to the heyday of Roman splendor, and even to the times when Xerxes led his many-nationed host, with Libyan chariots and Arabian camels, against astounded Greece, but to a period of which the records were ancient history to Nero and to Xerxes — to an epoch before Homer wrote or Achilles fought. Through a dark grotto partially invaded by water, I was conveyed on the back of a guide to a stone platform, the rest-

¹ A bit of Heaven, dropped down upon earth.

ing-place, as legend affirms, of the Sibyl who prophesied the destruction of Troy. The long record stretches back full three thousand years. Comparative antiquity dwindles before it, even in the eyes of the peasant who exhibits to strangers the wonders of his country. "Is it ancient?" I said to one of these who had guided me to a massive, venerable-looking pile of brick; the ruins, I believe, of an aqueduct. He smiled at my ignorance, and replied with a shrug: "O no, Eccellenza; è un affare di tre, quattro cent' anni."¹

Then there is not only the legendary but the mythological; the lake of Avernus, poisonous with mephitic gases, so that birds flying across it dropped dead into its waves; the entrance by which Ulysses descended to the regions of the dead; and, not far distant, the Elysian Fields. Agrippa connected the waters of Avernus with the sea, drained its marshes, cut down the dark forests on the Avernine hills, sacred to Hecate; and since his day the lake is like any other quiet piece of water, with no hint of infernal entrance, nor of deadly exhalations fatal to the feathered tribe. While the Roman admiral was about it, it was a pity he did not drain the Elysian Fields also: they seemed to me, when I visited them, to resemble some of those new town sites on our Western rivers, where, according to Dickens, the speculator in lots got a fair proportion of water as well as land for his money.

The climate of Naples exhibits a marked contrast to ours in one particular, its constancy. The seasons seem to respect each other's territory. Winter, as if content with its three months, encroaches on no others; never severe, yet scarcely a mild day intervening. So of summer, when it fairly sets in; the welcome afternoon sea-breeze being the only cooling agency. So of spring and autumn; never very warm, never cold; and each almost strictly running its

¹ "A mere affair of some three or four hundred years." To an old man, or in other similar case, the word *vecchio* is applied; but I had used the word *antico* — a dignified term, inapplicable except to an antiquity of one or two thousand years' date.

ninety days. This equability of climate is at once pleasant and healthful. The range, during the five years I was there, did not exceed sixty-five degrees; from twenty-eight to ninety-three: not more than half the extreme variation in the United States.

There are but two drawbacks to all this: a rainy season in winter, of three or four weeks; and, in summer, a succession of some sixty or seventy dusty, sultry days, —

"Shining on, shining on, by no shadows made tender," —

until one wearies of the eternal blaze, and prays for clouds and showers.

I kept up open wood fires for more than three months of the year; but most of the houses occupied by natives, including those of the nobility, had no fire-places except in the kitchen. I have frequently, when ushered during wintry weather into luxurious apartments, found the lady occupants sitting around a brazier,² with bonnets and thick shawls on; and when my visit was returned, the visitor usually recoiled from my cheerful fire, "fearing to take cold," as I was told when I first looked my surprise.

Naples, notwithstanding her narrow, crowded, and often filthy streets, was healthy while I was there, except during the cholera of 1854.

It is when a season of pestilence overtakes us that a neglect of sanitary regulations tells; and seldom has this been more terribly exemplified than in Naples and other cities of the kingdom, during a year that will long be remembered there.

In Naples itself, the most populous of Italian cities, having four hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, the alarm was so great as to cause some fifty thousand persons to seek refuge elsewhere. The disease spread rapidly from the most densely populated quarters over the entire city, until the deaths acknowledged in the official returns numbered

² A brass pan of charcoal, left outside until the coal comes to a red heat, without smoke, and then set in the centre of parlor or drawing-room; it is seldom used in any other apartment.

twelve or thirteen hundred a day; but this was probably an underestimate. This death-rate continued for two or three weeks, during which time there was seldom, either by day or night, an interval of more than five or ten minutes during which there did not reach me, from the street, the peculiar bell-tinkle which announced the passing of the Host, borne by a priest as viaticum to the dying. This melancholy iteration, sounding especially dismal during the still hours of midnight, told at last on the hardest nerves, and the Archbishop of Naples was petitioned to authorize its discontinuance. He replied that the rules of the church did not permit such an innovation.

This hierarch, whose name I regret to have forgotten, evinced, during these trying days, a courage and self-devotion which reminds one of Carlo Borromeo. Not only did he expend, in relief to the sufferers, every dollar he possessed, but he sold his valuable service of plate, and used the proceeds in the same benevolent cause. He gave also his entire time to the sick, bringing to the lowliest beds temporal and spiritual comfort. On one occasion when, accompanied by three or four young priests, he was about to enter a squalid cellar in one of the poorest and most crowded alleys, he noticed the momentary hesitation of his attendants to follow him down the dark entrance-steps, and quietly said to them: "Rest here till I return, my children. This is too much for you."

In one of the streets near the centre of the city, the *becchini*¹ reported but six persons remaining alive. These were removed to the Government Hospital,² and the street was walled up at both ends.

As the epidemic increased, the inhabitants seemed afraid to leave their houses except when business required. The streets were comparatively deserted,

and in the grounds of the Villa Reale,³ where, in fine weather, from five hundred to a thousand visitors were wont to congregate, I met scarcely fifteen or twenty persons during my daily walks there, which I never discontinued.

At this time there came to see me, one day, our consul, Alexander Hammett; a worthy man and faithful officer, then eighty years old, who had been appointed to the Neapolitan consulate by Thomas Jefferson in 1809 and had occupied the post ever since. "Mr. Owen," he said, "the cholera has appeared in the second street from where I live; in a day or two it will reach us, and I shall take it and die."

"I dare say you will," said I: "those who are so confident of dying by the cholera usually do. But there are plenty of country places which the disease is not at all likely to reach, and where I think you would be safe. Why not leave the city for a few weeks, until the danger here is over? I should be *very* sorry to lose so valuable an officer as you."

"It is kind in you to say so, and I had thought of going, but then I considered that it would tie you down here. Some one should be in the city to see about our citizens, in case any arrive."

"Make yourself easy on that score. I shall remain, whether you go or not. I do not in the least expect to take the cholera; and at all events it is useless to risk two lives."

I did not see him again for six or seven weeks, when he returned much improved by his trip. Meanwhile three persons died in the house in which I had my apartments; a child on the floor above, a sister of the *portiere*, and my coachman, in whom I lost an excellent servant. My family, fortunately, were absent at Stuttgart, where I had left them for a year, that the children might have the benefit of German teachers. No member of my household other than the coachman was attacked, except the stable-boy, who slept in a small room

¹ Men whose office it was to collect and bury the bodies of those who died.

² The Albergo del Poveri, a very large building, fronting nearly a quarter of a mile on the Strada Foria in the northeast part of the city, where patients were received gratuitously.

³ The only public grounds within the city proper, extending nearly three quarters of a mile along the Chiaja, the most fashionable street in Naples, and fronting the bay on the south.

adjoining the stables which were in the lower floor of the palazzo, as is usual in that country. He was attended by his mother; and when I found that his case was serious, I sent to ask if she would object to my giving him some cholera medicine which I had by me, compounded from a receipt with which the widow of an English officer, who had been many years in India, had kindly supplied me. I was careful not to urge the matter, knowing that the natives, with old tales of *avelenatori* (poisoners) during the plague in their heads, often look with suspicion on such interference; and I was not surprised when my offer was rejected with many thanks. Later, however, when extreme unction had been administered to the poor fellow, I sent again; and the reply was, that, as he was sure to die now, I might give him what I pleased. I found him in what seemed a state of collapse, and administered my remedy every ten minutes for two hours. At the end of that time he revived so much that I had him conveyed to the hospital, with a letter from myself to the governor, officially signed, which I knew would ensure attention to his case.

Several weeks later he came to see me, looking pale and thin, with a basket under his arm. "May the Holy Virgin reward your Excellency!" he said; "they treated me at the hospital like a prince. You saved my life; and all I have to give in return is these grapes," uncovering his basket, "from my mother's little *masseria*,¹ which she sends with her blessing:" a simple expression of gratitude which touched me much.

It was estimated that over thirty thousand Neapolitans perished; probably one in twelve of those who remained in the city throughout the term of the disease. Yet the risk we ran and the sights we witnessed seemed as nothing when compared with the accounts which reached us from luckless Messina.

In that city, when the cholera broke out, the population was estimated at seventy-five thousand. About fifteen

thousand, it is said, left the city; and out of the sixty thousand who remained *upwards of one fourth died*,² within a period of six or eight weeks. No one except those who have passed the frightful ordeal can realize what such a rate of mortality involves. At the height of the distemper, not a coffin could be procured, and interment—to say nothing of funerals—was unthought of. The dead, sometimes naked, were laid on the sidewalk before each door; the dead-carts passed along twice a day; the bodies were pitched by the *becchini* on the accumulating heap, and carried off a mile or two to leeward of the city; there to be piled up and burnt. In some cases the survivors in the house had not strength enough left to carry the corpses down-stairs, and cast them from the windows into the street. Hundreds, deserted, died alone; and their bodies were found, days afterward, by the searchers for the dead. Finally so many of the *becchini* themselves sank under the disease, or fled from their horrible task, that it was necessary to send to Naples to obtain recruits for the ghastly work.

Then, amid a hundred examples of the selfishness to which, alas! our frail nature is prone under temptation so fearful, there came to light deeds of heroism that outshine those ever done on the battle-field. While other foreign consuls at Messina fled from the imminent peril, our consul, an American of German parentage, named Behn, remained, with his brave wife, at his post, throughout the entire period of the epidemic. From morning till night that noble couple passed from house to house in the most infected portion of the city, encouraging by word and example, and dispensing medicine wherever they found the sufferers willing to receive it. Both were slightly attacked with cholera; but, recovering in a day or two, they continued their exertions to the end, doubtless saving many lives.

The King, whom I had never known

¹ A cultivated patch, with a cabin, which I afterwards visited

² The first report was 20,000, making one in three; but later accounts, assented to by the government, placed it at 16,000 only.

to communicate directly with any foreign commercial agent, caused his Minister of Foreign Affairs to address a letter to Mr. Behn, thanking him in the warmest terms, in his own name and in that of his Messinian subjects, for the courageous self-devotion shown during a period of such terror and suffering; and sent a copy of the letter to me. I inclosed a translation of it in a dispatch to our State Department, in which I narrated the chief incidents connected with the cholera at Messina, together with the conduct of the consul and his wife; adding a warm expression of my admiration and gratitude for the honor their conduct had conferred on our country and our common humanity.

I am sorry to have a sequel, which does little honor to one of our chief magistrates, to add here. In the summer of 1859, being then in Washington making a final settlement of my affairs as Minister, I learned that Mr. Behn would probably be dismissed from office and another appointed in his stead. At the Department I ascertained that the applicant based his claims upon important partisan services which he had rendered to Mr. Buchanan during the canvass for the Presidency in 1856. Thereupon I made a copy of my dispatch above referred to, and of my translation of the letter of thanks to Mr. Behn, and carried it to the Assistant Secretary of State, young Mr. Cass; his father, General Cass, then Secretary, being too ill to attend to business. When I had read these documents to Mr. Cass, he entered warmly into my views, and told me he expected to see the President that evening, and that the papers should be placed at once in his hands and his attention earnestly invited to them; "but," he added, "I greatly fear it will be in vain. The claims of the applicant on account of electioneering services are pressed by influential politicians, and will probably outweigh all other considerations."

"Is the man well qualified?" I asked.

"Quite the reverse, I imagine. He speaks no language but English, and has no experience whatever in consular affairs."

Mr. Cass, beyond doubt, did his best; but, as he himself had anticipated, without avail. Two days later I saw the new appointment officially announced.

Here was a public officer, eminently qualified for his position, as I myself can testify; faithful, experienced, speaking fluently French, English, and Italian; one who shed lustre on the country that sent him as her commercial representative, and who was beloved and honored by those to whom he was sent: and this man — one of a thousand, whom it was hopeless to replace, richly deserving not maintenance in his post only but advancement to a higher one — is curiously dismissed, like a malfeasant, from office, dismissed to make room for a political hack, skilled in party electioneering and sent abroad as consul on that account. While such things are, our government cannot prosper — *ought* not to prosper. So long as we permit abuses so flagrant, our people deserve to be miserably served, as, in a hundred cases daily coming to light, they are.

I was greatly tempted to send to the newspapers a full exposure of this disgraceful affair. But the preparation of a work, published a few months later, on the spontaneous phenomena of Spiritualism, engrossed, in those days, my time and thoughts; so I let it pass.

I afterwards learned that the new appointee, soon after his arrival at Messina, found it necessary to employ Mr. Behn to transact the consular business for him, allowing him half the salary. Finally, conscious probably of his own unfitness for the office, he resigned; and Mr. Behn, reappointed, resumed the place.

I have more to say of my life in Naples, but in another chapter.

Robert Dale Owen.

A GAMBREL ROOF.

How pleasant! This old house looks down
 Upon a shady little town,
 Whose great good luck has been to stay
 Just outside of the modern way
 Of tiresome strut and show.
 The elm-trees overhead have seen
 Two hundred new-born summers green
 Up to their tops for sunshine climb;
 And, since the old Colonial time,
 The road has wound just so:

This way through Salem Village; that,
 Along the Plains (the place is flat,
 And names itself so); toward the tide
 Of sea-fed creeks, past Rial Side,
 And round by Folly Hill,
 Whose sunken cellar now is all
 Memorial of a stately hall,
 Where yule-logs roared, and red wine flowed;
 From its lost garden to the road
 A gold bloom trickles still:

Woad-waxen gold, — a foreign weed,
 Spoiling the fields for useful seed,
 Yet something to recall the day
 When we were under royal sway,
 And paid our taxes well.
 And from that memory, as a thread,
 The shuttle of my rhyme is fed.
 Upon this ancient gambrel roof
 The warp was spun; behold the woof,
 And all there is to tell.

About a hundred years ago,
 When Danvers roadsides were aglow
 With cardinal flowers and golden-rod, —
 Months ere in Lexington the sod
 Was dewed with soldiers' blood;
 Though warlike rumors filled the air,
 And red-coats loitered here and there,
 Eye-sores to every yeoman free, —
 When from the White Hills to the sea
 Swelled Revolution's bud;

In this old house, even then not new,
 A Continental Colonel true
 Dwelt, with a blithe and willful wife,
 The sparkle on his cup of life:
 A man of sober mood,

He felt the strife before it came,
 Within him, like a welding flame,
 That nerve and sinew changed to steel;
 And, at the opening cannon-peal,
 Ready for fight he stood.

Cheap was the draught, beyond a doubt,
 The mother country served us out;
 And many a housewife raised a wail,
 Hearing of fragrant chest and bale
 To thirstless mermaids poured.
 And Mistress Audrey's case was hard,
 When her tall Colonel down the yard
 Called, "Wife, be sure you drink no tea!"
 For best Imperial, prime Bohea,
 Were in her cupboard stored, —

Young Hyson, too, the finest brand;
 And here the goodwife made a stand:
 "Now, Colonel, well enough you know,
 Our tea was paid for long ago,
 Before this cargo came,
 With threepence duty on the pound;
 It won't be wasted, I'll be bound!
 I've asked a friend or two to sup,
 And not to offer them a cup
 Would be a stingy shame."

Into his face the quick blood flew.
 "Wife, I have promised, so must you,
 None shall drink tea inside my house.
 Your gossips elsewhere must carouse."
 The lady curtsied low:
 "Husband, your word is law," she said;
 But archly turned her well-set head
 With roguish poise toward this old roof,
 Soon as she heard his martial hoof
 Along the highway go.

"Late dusk will fall ere he comes back.
 Quick, Dill!" Whereat a figure black
 A strange, grotesque, swift shadow made
 Between the silent elm-trees' shade,
 Where all was grass and sun.
 Then maid and mistress passed within
 The pantry, hung with glittering tin,
 Tiptoeing every sanded floor,
 Till, at the china-closet door,
 They saw their work begun.

The egg-shell porcelain, crystal-fine,
 Was polished to its utmost shine:

The silver tea-spoons gleamed as bright,
 Upon the damask napkin white :
 And many a knowing smile
 Flashed from the fair face to the black,
 Across the kitchen chimney-back,
 While syllabubs and custards grew
 To comely shape betwixt the two;
 And cakes, a toothsome pile.

But lightly dined the dame, that day.
 Her guests, in Sunday-best array,
 Came, and not one arrived too soon,
 In the first slant of afternoon :
 An hour or two they sat,
 In the low-studded western room,
 Where hollyhocks threw rosy bloom
 On sampler framed, and quaint Dutch tile :
 They knit; they sewed long seams; the while
 Chatting of this and that :

Of horrors scarcely died away
 From memory of the heads grown gray
 On neighboring farms: how wizard John
 And Indian Tituba went on,
 When sorcerers were believed;
 How Parson Parris tried to make
 Poor Mary Sibley's conjuring-cake
 The leaven of that black witchcraft-curse,
 That grew and spread, from bad to worse,
 And even the elect deceived;

Of apparitions at Cape Ann,
 And spectral fights,—the story ran;
 Of pirate-gold in Saugus' caves;
 Sea-serpents off Nahant, the waves
 Lashing with fearsome trail;
 Of armies flashing in the air
 Auroral swords; prefiguring there
 Some dreadful conflict, bloodshed, death.
 And needles stopped, and well nigh breath,
 As eerier grew the tale.

Dame Audrey said, "The sun gets low :
 Good neighbors mine, before you go,
 Come to the housetop, pray, with me !
 A goodly prospect you shall see,
 I promise, spread around.
 If we must part ere day decline,
 And if no hospitable sign
 Appear, of China's cheering drink,
 Not niggardly your hostess think !
 We all are patriots sound."

They followed her with puzzled air;
 But saw, upon the topmost stair,
 Within the railed walk, dark-faced Dill
 Guarding the supper-board, as still
 As solid ebony.

"A goodly prospect, as I said,
 You here may see before you spread.
Upon a house is not within it:
 But now we must not waste a minute;
 Neighbors, sit down to tea!"

How madam then her ruse explained,
 What mirth arose as sunset waned,
 In the close covert of these trees,
 No leaf told the reporter-breeze:
 But when the twilight fell,
 And hoof-beats rang down Salem road,
 And up the yard the Colonel strode,
 No soul beside the dame and Dill
 Stirred in the mansion dim and still:
 The game was played out well.

Let whoso chooses, settle blame
 Betwixt the Colonel and his dame,
 Or dame and country. That the view
 Is from this housetop fine, is true,
 And needs but visual proof.
 And if a woman's will found way
 Years since, up here, its pranks to play,
 Under mansards the sport goes on.
 Moral of all here said or done:
 I like a gambrel roof.

Lucy Larcom.

PRUDENCE PALFREY.

V.

THE ROMANCE OF HORSESHOE LANE.

JOHN DENT did not return to Willowbrook to dinner. The meal was passed in unwonted silence. Mr. Dent was preoccupied, and Prudence was conscious of something in the atmosphere inimical to conversation. Once or twice her guardian looked up from his plate as if to address her, and then seemed to change his mind.

"Where is Cousin John?" at length

asked Prudence, setting the almonds and raisins nearer to Mr. Dent.

"Oh, by the way, I forgot to say he was not coming to dinner. He — he dines in town."

"At the Blydenburghs'?"

There was a certain Miss Veronica Blydenburgh, and a very pretty girl, let me tell you.

"I don't know. How should I know?" replied Mr. Dent, crisply.

"Will he return to tea?" ventured Prudence, after a pause.

"I don't think he will," Mr. Dent said, pushing back his chair. "In fact, I do not think he will return here at all; he has some matters in town requiring his attention for a few days, and then he is off. He sent good-by to you," added Mr. Dent, committing a little amiable perjury in the attempt to rob his nephew's sudden departure of its brusqueness.

Then Mr. Dent walked out of the dining-room.

"Not coming back at all, and sent good-by to me?" said Prudence to herself. "Assuredly, Cousin John has not strained many points to be polite, after being our guest for six weeks."

Then she recalled the walk which Cousin John had taken with his uncle in the morning; she put this and that together, and became pensive.

As Prudence and her guardian were sitting on the piazza an hour or two later, Clem Hoyt, the local Mercury and expressman, drove up to the gate with an order for Mr. J. Dent's trunk, and an unsealed note for Miss Palfrey which Mr. Dent handed to her with an indescribable grimace.

The writer expressed his regret on not being able to say his adieux to her in person; he had been called away unexpectedly; he would never forget her kindness to him during the past six weeks, but would always be her very faithful cousin John Dent. That was all.

Prue turned the paper over and over, and upside down, to see if a postscript had not escaped her; but that was the whole of it. It was almost as telegraphic as the royal epistle to the queen in "*Ruy Blas*," — *Madam, the wind is high, and I have killed six wolves.*

"Uncle Ralph," said Prue, folding up the note and slipping it back into the envelope, "I know that something unpleasant has happened."

"What does he say?"

"He? — nothing. But something has happened."

Mr. Dent tilted back his chair and made no rejoinder.

"What is it? Have you quarreled with him?"

"We did have a misunderstanding."

"What about, uncle?"

"About money matters chiefly."

"If it was all about money," said Prudence, "I have no business to ask questions."

"The boy made a fool of himself generally," returned Mr. Dent, incautiously.

"Then it was not money chiefly?" said Prudence, walking up to him and looking into his eyes. "Uncle Ralph, was it anything connected with me?"

"Prue, my dear, I would rather not discuss the subject."

"But, uncle, if it was about me, I ought to know it. It would make me very unhappy to be the cause of dissension between you and your nephew, and not know what I have done. I might keep on doing it all the time, you know."

"You have n't done anything, child; it is Jack's doing."

"What is Jack's doing?"

"Since you will have it, I suppose I must tell you."

But Mr. Dent was at a loss how to tell her, and hesitated. Should he treat the affair lightly or seriously? The idea of Prue having a lover was both comical and alarming to him.

"Well, what did Cousin John do?"

"He did me the honor, this morning, to say that he was in love with you, — did you ever hear anything so absurd?"

Prudence opened her eyes wide.

"Well?"

"Well? Well, I thought it rather absurd myself."

"That anybody should love me?" said Prue, slyly.

"Not at all; but that Jack should allow himself to be interested in any one under the circumstances. I pointed out to him the mistake of his even dreaming of marriage in his present position. What folly! Setting you entirely aside, what could Jack do with a wife? She would be a millstone tied to his neck. Of course I refused to sanction his insanity, and offered to establish him in business if he would behave himself sensibly."

"That is, if he would n't love anybody?"

"Precisely."

"And then what did *he* say?" asked Prudence, leaning on her guardian's arm persuasively, and smiling up in his face.

Mr. Dent was pleased to see that his ward took the matter with so much composure, and felt that the subject was one which could be treated best from a facetious point of view.

"He said he'd see me — no, he did not say that exactly; but he meant it. He declared he would go off somewhere and make his fortune in a few weeks, or hours, I forget which, and then come back and marry you. Upon my word, Prue, I think there is something wrong with his brain. He refused my advice and assistance point-blank."

"Then you quarreled?"

"Yes, I suppose we quarreled. He was as unreasonable as a lunatic. He cut off my head," said Mr. Dent, grimly.

"Cut off — your head?"

"Substantially. He snipped off the top of a thistle with his walking-stick, and looked me straight in the eye, as much as to say, 'Consider your head off!'"

"Oh!" cried Prue, faintly. "But how did it end?"

"It ended by my forbidding him to come to the house."

Prue's hand slipped from her guardian's shoulder with a movement like lightning.

"You turned him out of doors!"

"Well, perhaps that is stating it rather strongly."

"It was generous in him not to speak of his love to me, and brave of him to go to you, — and you have turned him out of doors!" and Prue's eyes flashed curiously.

Now it was not, perhaps, a frightful thing in itself, Prue's eyes flashing; but since she was a baby, when her eyes could not flash, she had never given Mr. Dent such a look, and it all but withered him. It was so sudden and unlike her!

"Why, Prue!" he managed to cry,

"you don't mean to say you love the fellow!"

"I do love him!" cried Prudence, with red cheeks. "I did n't love him, but you have made me love him! I have beggared him, and made him wretched besides, and I'd marry him to-morrow if he'd ask me!"

"Gracious heaven, Prue! what else could I do?"

"You ought to have sent him to *me*!"

Struck by this reply into "amazement and admiration," Mr. Dent found no words at his command as the girl glided by him and into the house.

"And Prue loves him," he said, in a subdued voice, leaning against the balustrade heavily, like a wounded man, "my Prue!"

Between his nephew and his ward Mr. Ralph Dent had had a hard day of it.

If John Dent could have caught only an echo of Prudence Palfrey's words as she swept by her guardian that afternoon, he would not have been the forlorn creature he was, over there in Rivermouth, trying to read musty books on knotty doctrinal points, borrowed from Parson Hawkins's library, but forever leaving them to wander down to points on the river, where was afforded what the poet Gray would have called "a distant prospect" of Willowbrook chimneys.

A week had passed since the rupture with his uncle, and Dent's plans were matured. He had fallen in with a brother knight-errant, a Rivermouth boy and quondam school-mate of his, and the two had agreed to set forth together in search of fortune. Their plan was to go to San Francisco overland, and, failing of adventures there, to push on to the mining districts. It was a mad idea, and John Dent's own. The day had long gone by when great nuggets were unearthed by private enterprise in California; but he had drawn the notion into his brain that his fortune was to be made at the mines. How or when the fancy first took possession of him, I cannot say. Perhaps the accounts of the Australian gold-fields,

then a comparatively recent discovery, had something to do with it; perhaps it was born solely of his necessity. He wanted money, he wanted a large quantity, and he wanted it immediately. A gold-mine seemed to simplify the matter. To bring it down to a fine point, it was a gold-mine he wanted. He brooded over the subject until it became a fixed fact in his mind that there was a huge yellow nugget waiting for him somewhere, hidden in the emerald side of a mountain or lying in the bed of some pebbly stream among the gulches. Æons and æons ago Nature had secreted it in her bounteous bosom to lavish it lovingly on some man adventurous and faithful above the rest. The Golden Fleece at Colchis was not more real to Jason and his crew. John Dent was a poet in those days. Every man is a poet at some period of his life, if only for half an hour.

In Parson Hawkins's library was a work on metallography, together with a certain history of the gold-fever in the early days of California: young Dent had pored over these volumes as Cervantes's hero pored over the books on chivalry, until his brain was a little touched; and also like the simple gentleman of La Mancha, John Dent had not been long in finding a simpler soul to inoculate with his madness,—to wit, Deacon Twombly's son Joe.

Their preparations for the journey were completed, and Joseph Twombly, set on fire by his comrade's enthusiasm, was burning to be gone; but John Dent lingered irresolutely day after day in the old town by the river. An unconquerable longing had grown up in his heart to say good-by to Prudence Palfrey.

In the mean while the days were passing tranquilly but not happily at Willowbrook.

Mr. Dent was gloomy and *distract*, and Prudence had lost her high spirits. She had also lost a rose or two from her cheek, but they came back impetuously whenever she thought of the confession she had made to her guardian. It had been almost as much a surprise to her-

self as to him. John Dent's name had not been breathed by either since that afternoon. Whether he was still at Rivermouth or not, neither knew. Both had cast a hasty glance over the congregation, on entering the church the succeeding Sunday, one half dreading and the other half hoping he might be there; but John Dent, seated in the gallery behind the choir, had eluded them. He sat with his eyes riveted on the back of Prue's best bonnet, and it had not done the young man any appreciable good.

As matters stood Prudence could not, and Mr. Dent did not, go to Rivermouth. Having declared to him that she loved a man who had not asked her for her love, she had cut herself off from the town while young Dent remained there. This involved a serious deprivation to Prue, for she longed to carry her trouble to the good old parson in Horseshoe Lane, who had been her counselor and comforter in all her tribulations as far back as she could remember.

Towards the end of the second week Prudence became restless. No doubt John Dent had quitted the place long ago. And suppose he had not? suppose he had decided to live there? Was she to shut herself up forever like a nun? There were calls owing in town, at the Blydenburghs' and elsewhere. The whole routine and pleasure of life was not to be interrupted because her uncle had quarreled with his nephew.

At the breakfast table she said, "I am going to town this morning, uncle."

"Will you have the phaeton?" asked Mr. Dent, but not with effusion, as the French say.

"I think I shall walk, for the sake of the exercise."

"But Prue" —

"If you infer that I am going to town to hunt up a young man who ran away from me," Prudence broke out with a singular dash of impatience, "I will stay at home."

"I do not infer anything of the kind," Mr. Dent answered. "I was simply going to say you had better ride; it is dusty walking."

Prudence bit her lip.

"I want you to be your own sensible self, Prue. You are very strange recently. Many a time you must have felt the lack of a gentler hand than mine to guide you. You never needed guidance more than now. I wish I knew what wise words Mercy would speak to her child, if she were alive."

Prudence rose from her chair and went over to his side.

"If my mother were here, I think she would tell me to ask your forgiveness for all the annoyance I have been to you from the time I was a baby until now. I am very sorry for the way I spoke the other day. I could not help liking John Dent, but I needn't have been a fierce wolf about it, need I?"

Mr. Dent smiled at the fierce wolf, but he could not help recognizing the appositeness of simile. It was the first time he had smiled in two weeks, and it was to Prue like a gleam of pure sunshine after dog-days. So the cloud between them broke, floated off a little way, and halted; for life to these two was never to be just what it had been.

"If you don't wish me to go" — said Prue, humbly.

"But I do," Mr. Dent answered. Then he made a forlorn effort to be merry, and bade her hurry off to town and get married, and come back again as soon as possible.

And Prue said she would. She resolved, however, that if by any chance John Dent was still in Rivermouth, and if by any greater chance she encountered him, — and nothing was more remote from her design, — she would behave with faultless discretion. She would not marry him to-morrow, now, if he asked her; she loved him, but her love should never be a millstone about his neck. That phrase of her guardian's had sunk into her mind.

As she drew near the town, and saw the roof-tops and spires taking sharper outlines against the delicate lilac sky, her pulse quickened. What if she were to meet him on the bridge, or run against him suddenly at a street corner? Would his conceit lead him to suppose

she was searching for him, or even wished to meet him?

The thought sent the blood blooming up to her temples, and she was half-inclined to turn back. Then, with a little imperious toss of the head, like a spirited pony taking the bit between its teeth, she went on.

Prudence avoided the main thoroughfares, and, by a circuitous route through Pickering's Court, reached the gate of the parsonage without accident. She closed the gate behind her carefully, with a dim apprehension that if she let it swing to with a bang, John Dent, walking in a street a mile or two away, might hear the click of the latch and be down on her. An urchin passing the house at that instant gave a shrill whistle through his fingers, in facile imitation of a steam-engine, and the strength went quite out of Prue's knees. Sniling at her own nervousness she ran up the graveled walk.

At the farther end of the piazza, completely screened by vines from the street, sat John Dent, with corrugated brow, reading Adam Smith on "The Wealth of Nations."

As Prudence stretched out her hand towards the knocker, the young man looked up wearily from the book and saw her, and then her eyes fell upon him.

"I — I thought you had gone!" stammered Prudence, grasping at the flat-nosed brass cherub for support.

"No, I have n't gone yet," replied John Dent, with beaming countenance.

"So I see," said Prue, recovering herself.

"I hated to go without saying good-by to you, and of course I could not come to the house."

"Of course not," said Prue.

"And so I waited."

"Waited for me to come to you!" cried Prue, flushing. "You might have waited a long time if I had suspected it."

"And you would n't have come?"

"No."

A No kept on ice for a twelvemonth could not have been colder than that.

"Are you angry with me, too?"

"I am very angry with you. You were entirely in the wrong to quarrel with your uncle, John Dent; he was your only friend."

"He left me no choice, you see. I went to him in great trouble and uncertainty, wanting kindly advice, and he treated me harshly, as I think. Unless he has told you why we fell out, I shall say nothing about it. Did he tell you, Prue?"

"Yes, he told me," said Prudence slowly.

"What could I do but go to him?"

"I was very sorry it happened."

"What if I had come to you instead?"

"I should have been still more sorry."

"Then after all," said John Dent, "it seems that I chose the lesser evil. There is some small merit in that. But the mischief is done,—the cat has eaten the canary,—and the only atonement I can make is to take myself off as soon as may be. I cannot tell you what a comfort it is to see you once more. I have spent two or three hours here every day, hoping some lucky chance would bring you. Parson Wibird, you know, was my father's most intimate friend when our family lived in the town, and I didn't seem to have any one nearer to me; so I've given him a good deal of my unpleasant society. I have been reading the parson's theological works," he went on with a dreary air, "and some books on mining, and I'm pretty well up on the future state and geology."

It was all Prudence could do not to laugh.

"But the minutes hung on my hands, I can tell you. About the wretchedest hours of my life I have passed on that little pine seat yonder."

Many a time afterwards Prudence recalled these words, sitting disconsolately herself on that same green bench under the vines.

"All that is past, now you are here; but I don't believe I could have stood it another week, even with the hope of seeing you at the end of it. Cousin

Prue, there are several things I want to say to you; I hardly know how to say them. May I try?"

"That depends on what they are," returned Prudence. "There are some things which you should not say to me."

"I may tell you I love you?"

"No, you must not tell me that."

"I need not, you mean. Uncle Ralph has saved me the confusion of confession. If he had trusted me fully I believe I should have gone away with the word unspoken. I don't see the harm of speaking it now. I am very proud of loving you. I know I have laid up a store of unhappiness, may be one that will last me my days; but I shall never regret it. I stand higher in my own estimation that I couldn't live in the same house with you week after week and not love you."

"But I—I never gave you"—

"Now you are on dangerous ground," said John Dent. "If you hate me, don't tell me; if you love me, don't tell me, for I could not bear that either. I pledge you my honor I don't know, I only hope, and would not know for the world."

Here was a lover—one man out of ten thousand—who was ready to bind himself hand and foot for his sweetheart, and would have no vows from her, even if she were willing to make them. He said nothing less than the truth when he declared his ignorance of the nature of Prue's feelings. She liked him, of course,—that went without saying; but farther than that he did not know. He was content to go away with so much hope as lies in uncertainty, and perhaps he was wise.

"You speak of love and hate," said Prue, smiling, "as if there was nothing between. What prevents me from being your friend? Your plans and welfare interest me very deeply, and I am glad of the chance to talk with you about them. Where are you going when you leave Rivermouth?"

"To California."

"So far!"

"I am going to the mines—the only short cut to fortune open to me. I'm

sadly in lack of that kind of nerve which enables a man to plod on year in and year out for a mere subsistence. I am not afraid of hard work; I am ready to crowd the labor of half a life-time into a few months for the sake of having the result in a lump. But I must have it in a lump. I won't accept fortune in dribblets. I don't think I would stoop to pick up less than an ounce of gold at a time. I've a conviction, Prue, I shall light on some fat nuggets; they can't all have been found."

"I hope not," responded Prudence, smiling.

John Dent did not smile. As he spoke, his face flushed, and a lambent glow came into his eyes, as if he saw rich masses of the yellow ore cropping out among Parson Hawkins's marigold-beds.

"I have a theory," he said, "that a man never wants a thing as I want this, and is willing to pay the price for it, without getting it. I mean to come back independent, or not at all. I have discovered that a man without money in his pocket, or the knuck to get it, had better be in his family tomb—if he has a family tomb. That is about the only place where he will not be in the way. Moralists, surrounded by every luxury, frown down on what they call the lust of riches. It is one of the noblest of human instincts. The very pen and paper, and the small amount of culture which enables these ungrateful fellows to write their lopsided essays, would have been impossible without it. Some one has said this before,—but not so well," added John Dent, complacently, suddenly conscious that he was hammering away at one of Mr. Arthur Helps's ideas. "There was more sound sense in Iago's advice than he gets credit for. I mean to put money in my purse, Prue, and then come back to Rivermouth, and ask you to be my wife. There, I have said it. Are you angry?"

"N-o, not very," said Prudence. "But suppose I have married 'auld Robin Gray' in the mean time?" she added slyly.

"You are free to do it."

"And you'll not scowl at him, and make a scene of it when you come back?"

"I shall hate him," cried John Dent, as a venerable figure of a possible "auld Robin Gray" limped for an instant before his mind's eye. "No, Prue; I shall have no right to hate him. I shall only envy him. Perhaps I'll be magnanimous if he's a poor man,—though he was n't poor in the ballad,—and turn over my wealth to him; it would be of no use to me without you. Then I'd go back to the wilds again."

He said this with a bleak laugh, and Prudence smiled, and her heart was as heavy as lead. It required an effort not to tell him that she would not marry though he stayed away a thousand years. If John Dent had asked Prudence that moment if she loved him, she would have thrown her cautious resolves to the winds; if he had asked her to go to the gold-fields with him, she would have tightened her bonnet-strings under her chin, and placed her hand in his. But the moment went by.

Prudence had moved away from the front door, and seated herself on the small bench at the end of the piazza, much to the chagrin of the Widow Murgidge, who had been feverishly watching the interview, and speculating on its probable nature, from a rear attic window across the street.

"I must go now," said Prudence, rising hastily. "I promised Uncle Ralph not to be long. I'm afraid I have been long. He will wonder what has kept me, and I have not seen the parson yet."

"I suppose I may write to you?" said John Dent. "I shall want to write only two letters," he added, quickly; "one on my arrival at the mines, and one some months afterwards, to tell you the result of the expedition. As I shall send these letters under cover to Uncle Dent, there will be no offense. I do not ask you to answer them."

"He cannot object to that," said Prudence. "In spite of what has passed, I am sure he will be glad to

hear of your movements, and anxious for your success."

"I am not so positive on that head."

"You do him injustice, then," returned Prudence, warmly. "You don't know how good he is."

"I know how good he is n't."

"You mistake him entirely. He was willing to look upon you as his own son."

"But not as his son-in-law," suggested John Dent.

"He has not told me the particulars of the conversation," said Prudence, "but I am convinced he said nothing to you that was not wise and kind and candid."

"It was certainly candid."

"I see we shall not agree on this subject; let us speak of something pleasanter. When are you going away?"

"My going away is a pleasanter subject, then?"

"Yes, because it is something we cannot easily quarrel over."

"I shall leave Rivermouth to-morrow. Now that I have seen you, there is nothing to detain us."

"Us? you don't go alone, then?"

"No; Joe Twombly is going with me; you know him, the deacon's son. A very good fellow, Joe. His family made a great row at first. He had to talk over the two old folks, six grown sisters, the twins, and the baby. He's been bidding them good-by ever since the week before last. I quite envy him the wide-spread misery he is causing. I have only you and Parson Hawkins in the whole world to say good-by to, and you can't begin to be as sorry as six sisters."

"But I can be as sorry as one," said Prue, giving him her ungloved hand, and not withdrawing it. It was as white and cold as a snow-flake.

"I'd like to know what that Palfrey gal's a-doin' with Squire Dent's nevy on the parson's front piazza," muttered the Widow Mugridge, as she stretched her pelican-like neck out of the attic window.

"What, Prue!—you're not crying?"

"Yes, I am," said Prudence, looking up through two tears which had been troubling her some time. "Cannot a sister cry if she wants to?"

"If you are my sister"—and John Dent hesitated.

Prudence gave a little sob.

"If you are my sister, you will let me kiss you good-by."

"Yes," said Prudence.

Then John Dent stooped down and kissed her.

"Hoity-toity! what's this?" cried Parson Hawkins, appearing suddenly in the door-way with one finger shut in a vast folio, and his spectacles pushed up on his forehead, giving him the aspect of some benevolent four-eyed monster.

"There's the parson now," soliloquized the Widow Mugridge. "Mebbe he didn't come 'fore he's wanted. Sech goin's on!"

As Prue drew back, she pressed into John Dent's hand a little bunch of fuchsias which she had worn at her throat; he thanked her with a look, and was gone.

So the two parted, — Prudence Palfrey to resume the quiet, colorless life of Willowbrook, and John Dent to go in search of his dragons.

VI.

CONCERNING A SKELETON IN A CLOSET.

PRUE, on returning home, said nothing to her guardian touching the interview with John Dent at the parsonage.

She did not intend to hide the matter, but it was all too new and distracting for her to speak about just then. She was flurried, and wanted time to think it over. She lay awake half the night thinking of it, and began reproaching herself for her coldness and coquetry. How generous John Dent had been with her, and how calculating and worldly wise she had been on her part. He was going away to face hardship and danger, perhaps death itself, for her sake, — she understood clearly it was for her sake, — and she had let him go without speak-

ing the word that would have made this comparatively easy for him. It was true, he had begged her not to speak the word; but she might have spoken it like an honest girl. She had given him a marble cheek to salute, when she ought to have thrown her arms around his neck. What was there to prevent her loving him and telling him so?

The generosity had been wholly on the side of her lover, and no woman is content with that; so Prue's heart warmed to him all the more because she had not been allowed to sacrifice herself in the least, and she fell asleep with the vow upon her lips that if she did not marry John Dent she would never marry.

At the breakfast-room door the next morning, Prudence met her guardian returning from a walk. He had been marketing at Rivermouth bright and early, and had had the unlooked-for satisfaction of beholding at a distance his nephew and Joseph Twombly standing in the midst of their luggage on the platform of the railway station. But it chanced that on the way home Mr. Dent had picked up a piece of intelligence which turned the edge of his satisfaction.

Gossip never sleeps in Rivermouth, but stalks about night and day seeking whom it may devour. There are entire families in the town whose sole purpose and pursuit in life seems to be to pry into the affairs of their neighbor. If this is not their *raison-d'être*, then there is no other obvious explanation of their existence.

"Laws 'a mercy, if that ain't Mr. Ralph Dent!" cried a shrill, querulous voice at his elbow, as that gentleman turned into Penhallow Place. It was the Widow Mugridge sweeping the flag-stones in front of her domicile. "Who'd 'a thought you'd ketch me tidyin' up a bit this airly in the mornin'! It's the airly bird that gits the worm, Mr. Dent. Ben to see your nevy off to Califerny, I s'pose! I see him an' Miss Prudence a-chirpin' thicker'n blackbirds over there on the parson's piazzer yisterday forenoon, an'

thought likely 's not he was goin' away at last. An' Joe, too — dear me! They do say Deacon Twombly's folks is draffally cut up" —

Buz, buz, buz! Mr. Dent did not wait to hear more, but lifting his hat to the old lady, hurried down the street.

"I'd wager a cookey, now," said the good soul, leaning on the broom-handle meditatively, and following Mr. Dent's vanishing figure with a lack-lustre blue eye, "I'd wager a cookey, now, young Dent has ben settin' up to that Palfrey gal, an' there's ben trouble. Thought so all 'long. Clem Hoyt fetched away young Dent's trunk more 'n two weeks ago, and he has n't set in the family pew sence. Guess things musten ben purty lively up to Willowbrook house. Well, now, it's cur'ous, how folks will fall to sixes an' sevens, 'specially relations, right in the face of their Creator!"

Mr. Dent gave Prudence a frigid good morning. He had no heart to arraign her for her seeming duplicity; he had no heart for anything. Prue loved his nephew, and the two had met, — met in secret. One had defied him and the other had deceived him.

I scarcely know how to describe the emotions and perplexities that beset Mr. Dent at this period, without shearing him of some of those practical attributes which I have claimed for him.

When his nephew, that day on the road to Rivermouth, declared his intentions regarding Prue, Mr. Dent was startled and alarmed. That Prue would marry some time or other, had occurred to him faintly as a possibility, — a possibility so far in the future as not to be considered; but John Dent had taught him that the time was come when his hold on Prue would be slight, were the right man to demand her. John Dent was clearly not the right man, and Mr. Dent had opposed the arrangement, chiefly, as he imagined, because his nephew was not in a position to marry; but under it all was a strangely-born and indefinable jealousy. Prue's declaration on the piazza that afternoon fell upon Mr. Dent like lightning from

a cloudless sky; by the flash of her love he saw the depth of his own affection. It sometimes happens, outside the covers of romances, that a man rears an adopted girl from the cradle, and falls in love with her when she gets into long dresses, — that the love creeps into existence unsuspected, and asserts itself suddenly, full-grown. It was something very like this that had happened to Mr. Dent.

There is said to be a skeleton in every house. Until then there had never been a skeleton at Willowbrook, at least since Mr. Dent owned the property; but there was one now, and Mr. Dent's task henceforth was to see that the ghastly thing did not peep out of its closet. Prudence should never dream of its existence; he would stand a grim sentinel over the secret until the earth covered him and it. He thought it hard, after the disappointment of his youth, that such a burden should be laid upon his later years; but he would bear it as he had borne the other.

He saw his duty plainly enough, but there were almost insuperable difficulties in the performance of it. It was next to impossible for him to meet Prue on the same familiar footing as formerly; the unrestrained intimacy that had held between them was full of peril for his secret. He must be always on his guard lest she should catch a glimpse into the Bluebeard chamber where he had hidden his stifled love: an unconsidered word or look might be a key to it. Now it so fell out, in his perplexity as to which was the least dangerous method to pursue, that this amiable and honest gentleman began treating the girl with a coldness and constraint which gradually merged into a degree of harshness he was far from suspecting.

Acknowledging to herself that she had given her guardian some grounds for displeasure, Prudence was ready to make any advances towards a reconciliation; but Mr. Dent gave her no encouragement; he was ice to her. At this stage business called him to Boston, where he remained a fortnight.

"He will forgive me before he comes

home," Prudence said to herself; but he came home as he went away, gelid.

As she leaned over his chair at bedtime that night to offer him her forehead to kiss, a pretty fashion which had outlived her childhood, he all but repulsed her. Prue shrank back, and never attempted to repeat the caress.

"He is still angry," she thought, "because he fancies there is some engagement between me and John Dent."

But she was too proud now, as she had been too timid before, to tell him what had passed at Parson Hawkins's. He evidently knew they had met there; she had forfeited his confidence and respect, and that was hard to bear, harder than John Dent's absence, a great deal. She would have borne that cheerfully if her guardian had let her; but he made even that heavier.

The old parson was Prue's only resource at this time. Whenever household duties gave her leave, she went straight to the parsonage, and sat for hours on the little green bench under the vines, nearly leafless now, where John Dent had waited for her. She called it her stool of penitence. Here she actually read through Adam Smith on "The Wealth of Nations," a feat which I venture to assert has been accomplished by few young women in New England or elsewhere. It was like a novel to her.

Sometimes the parson would bring his arm-chair out on the piazza into the sunshine, and the two would hold long discourses on California and John Dent; for the parson had a fondness for the young fellow; he had taught Jack Latin when he was a kid; besides, the boy's father had been dear to him. How far the young man had taken Parson Hawkins into his confidence, I do not know; but it is presunable that Prudence told her old friend all there was to tell. Often the parson was absent from home, visiting parishioners, and Prue sat there alone, thinking of John Dent. She had fallen into so pitiable a state that this became her sole pleasure, — to walk a mile and a quarter to a place where she could be thoroughly miserable.

These frequent pilgrimages to Horse-shoe Lane filled Mr. Dent with lively jealousy. He grew to hate the simple old gentleman, whose society was openly preferred to his own, though he did not make his own too agreeable.

He blamed the parson for coming between him and Prudence; most of all he blamed him for allowing John Dent to meet her clandestinely under his roof. He made no doubt but the intriguing old woman, — for what was he but an old woman? — had connived at the meeting, very likely brought it about. Perhaps he saw a pitiful marriage-fee at the end of his plots and his traps, the wretched old miser!

If Prue was rendered unhappy by her guardian's harsh humor, he was touched to the heart by her apparent indifference. They saw each other rarely now, only at meals and sometimes in the sitting-room after dinner. Mr. Dent spent his time mostly in the library, and Prudence kept out of the way. She no longer played chess with him or read to him of an evening. The autumn evenings were dull and interminable at Willowbrook. If it had been Mr. Dent's purpose to make Prudence miss his nephew every hour of the day, Machiavelli himself could not have improved on the course he was pursuing.

One afternoon, after nearly three months of this, Mr. Dent received an envelope from his nephew inclosing a letter for Prudence. Mr. Dent's first impulse was to throw the missive into the grate; but he followed his second impulse, and carried it to her, though it burnt his fingers like a hot coal.

Prudence started and colored when her eyes fell upon the superscription, but she made no motion to take the letter; she let it lie on the table where he had placed it.

"She wishes to read it alone," said Mr. Dent to himself, bitterly. He was marching off to the door as stiff as a grenadier when Prudence intercepted him.

"Are we never going to be friends again?" she said, touching him lightly on the arm. "Are you never going to

like me any more? I begin to feel that I am a stranger in the house; it is no longer my home as it was. Do you know what I shall do when I am convinced you have entirely ceased to care for me? I shall go away from you."

He gave a quick glance at Prue's face, and saw that she meant it.

"Go away from me?" he exclaimed. "What in God's world could I do without you!"

"I cannot go on living here if you don't love me. I have done nothing to deserve your unkindness. I saw John Dent only by chance, I did not go to meet him, there is no engagement between us; but I love him, and shall love him always. I regret every day of my life that I did not tell him so, like an honest girl. That is really my only fault. For all this I ask your forgiveness so far as you consider yourself disobeyed. You have been unjustly severe with me. In a little while your severity will lose the power of wounding, and I shall think only of your injustice."

Then Prue walked away and sat down by the work-table.

Every word of this was a dagger to Mr. Dent. Had he been cruel to her? It was plain he had. He was struck now by the change that had taken place in Prudence within three months. He had not noticed until then how pale she was; there were dark circles under her eyes that seemed to darken her whole face, and the eyes themselves were grown large and lustrous, like a consumptive's. As her hands lay in her lap, he observed how white and thin they were; and his conscience smote him. It was not enough he should keep the skeleton securely locked in its closet; his duty went farther; the girl's health and happiness were to looked after a little, and he had neglected that.

"Prue," he said, with sudden remorse, "I have been very blind and unreasonable. Only be a happy girl again, and I will ask you to do nothing else except to forgive me for not finding it easy to yield you up to the first young fellow that came along and asked for you. You have been my own girl for

so many years, that the thought of losing you distracted me. But we won't speak about that. Write to Jack, and tell him to come home; he shall be welcome to Willowbrook. I'll bury a bushel of gold eagles in the lawn for him to dig up, if he is still mad on the subject. All I have is yours and his. What do I care for beyond your happiness?" and Mr. Dent put his arm around Prudence and kissed her much the same as he might have done before John Dent ever came to Rivermouth.

The wisest way to treat a skeleton is to ignore it. There is nothing a skeleton likes more than coddling; nothing it likes less than neglect. Neglect causes it to pine away — if a skeleton, even in a metaphor, can be said to pine away — and crumble into dust.

"And now," cried Mr. Dent, "let us see what the young man has to say for himself."

He never did things by halves, this honest gentleman. When he made beer he made the best beer Rivermouth ever tasted; though he was no longer proud of it.

He picked up the letter and handed it to Prudence, who could not speak for surprise and joy over this sudden transformation. She sat motionless for a minute, with her eyes bright with tears, and then broke the seal.

"I'll read it aloud," said Prue primly, as one with authority.

The letter was not from California, as they had expected, but was dated at an obscure little post-village with a savage name somewhere on the frontiers of Montana.

Bewildering rumors of gold discoveries in the Indian Territory had caused a change in the plans of the adventurers at the last moment.¹ Instead of proceeding to San Francisco, they had struck for the other side of the Rocky Mountains. They were now on their way to the new gold regions. At Salt Lake City, where they had halted to

purchase mining implements, tents, provisions, etc., John Dent had been too busy to write; he did not know when he would be able to write again; probably not for several months. They were going into the wilds where postal arrangements were of the most primitive order. The country was said to be infested by bushwhackers, on the lookout for unprotected baggage trains bound for the diggings, and for lucky miners returning with their spoils. Besides, scouting parties of the Bannock tribe had an ugly fashion of waylaying the mail and decorating their persons with canceled postage-stamps. Under these circumstances communication with the States would be difficult and might be impossible. Dent and Twombly were traveling with a body of forty or fifty men, among whom certain claims already secured were to be divided on their arrival at the point of destination in Red Rock Cañon. Their special mess consisted of Twombly, Dent, and a young man named Nevins, whom they had picked up at Salt Lake City. This Nevins, it appeared, had made a fortune in California in '56, and lost it in some crazy silver-mining speculation two years before. He had come over with a crowd from Nevada, and found himself in Salt Lake City with one suit of clothes and a large surplus of unemployed pluck. He was thoroughly up in gold-digging, a very superior fellow in every way, and would be of immense service to the tyros. The three were to work on shares, Nevins putting his knowledge and experience against their capital and ignorance. John Dent was in high spirits.

If there was any gold in Montana, he and Twombly and Nevins had sworn to have it. There was no doubt of the gold; and three bold hearts and three pairs of strong hands were going to seek it all they knew. "I thank my stars," he wrote, "that Uncle Ralph opposed me as he did in a certain matter; if he had not, I should probably at this moment be lying around New York on a beggarly salary, instead of marching along with a score or so of brave fellows

¹ In point of fact, the discovery of gold in Montana took place at a period somewhat later than that indicated here.

to pick up a princely fortune in Red Rock Cañon."

"Well, I hope he will pick up the princely fortune, with all my heart," remarked Mr. Dent, when they came to the end of the disjointed and incoherent four pages.

There was not a word of love in them, and no allusion to the past, except the passage quoted, and the reading had been without awkwardness.

Prue was relieved, for she had broken the seal with some doubt as to the effect of a love-letter on her guardian even in his present blissful mood; and Mr. Dent himself was well satisfied with the absence of sentiment, though the spirit underlying the letter was evident enough.

"If I were a man," Prudence said, "I would not be a clerk in a shop, or sit all day like a manikin on a stool with a pen stuck behind my ear, while new worlds full of riches and adventures lay wide open for gallant souls. Cousin John was right to go, and I would not have him return until he has done his best like a man. It will be a great thing for him, uncle, it will teach him self-assurance and" —

"But, Prue, dear, I don't think that was a quality he lacked," put in Mr. Dent, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Well, it will do him good, anyhow," said Prue didactically; then, sinking her voice to a minor key and sweeping her guardian from head to foot with her silken lashes, she added, "and I do not mind so much his being away, now you are kind to me. What trouble could be unbearable while I can turn to you who have been father, mother, lover, and all the world to me!"

She was rewarding him for his concessions. The words dropped like honey from the girl's lips. An hour before they would have been full of bitterness to him; but he was a new man within these sixty minutes; he had trampled his folly under foot, and was ready to accept as very precious the only kind of affection she had to give him. The color must be lured back into those cheeks and the troubled face taught

to wear its happy look again. What a cruel egotist he had been, nursing his own preposterous fancies and breaking down the health of the girl!

"A perfect dog in the manger," he said to himself, as he marched up and down the garden walks, in the afternoon sunshine, with a lighter heart than he had carried for many a week. "And what a sentimental old dog! I shall be writing verses next, and printing them in the poet's corner in the Rivermouth Barnacle. I declare I am alarmed about myself. A man ought n't to be in his dotage at fifty-six. If Jack knew of this he would be justified in placing me in the State Lunatic Asylum."

So Mr. Dent derided himself pleasantly that afternoon, and said severer things of his conduct than I am disposed to set down here, though it is certainly a great piece of folly for a young lad of fifty-six to fall in love with an old lady of eighteen, — particularly when she is his ward, and especially when she loves his nephew.

The four or five months that succeeded the receipt of John Dent's letter sped swiftly and happily over the Willowbrook people. Mr. Dent was, if anything, kinder to Prudence than he had ever been. His self-conquest was so complete that on several occasions he led himself in chains, so to speak, to the parsonage, and took a morbid pleasure in playing backgammon with the old clergyman.

No farther tidings had come to them from John Dent; but Prudence had been prepared for a long silence, and did not permit this to disturb her. She was her old self again, filling the house with sunshine.

Mr. Dent said to her one day: "Prue, I really believe that you love Jack."

Prudence beamed upon him.

"What made you?" asked her guardian, thoughtfully.

"He did."

"I suppose so; but I don't see how he did it."

"Well, then, you did."

"I?"

"Yes, — by opposing us!"

"Oh, if I had shut my eyes and allowed Jack to make love to you, then you would n't have loved him?"

"Possibly not."

"I wish I had let him!"

"I wish you had," said Prue, demurely.

"It was obstinacy, then?"

"Just sheer obstinacy," said Prue, turning a hem and smoothing it on her knee with the rosy nail of her forefinger. Then she leaned one elbow on the work, and, resting her chin on her palm, looked up into her guardian's face after the manner of that little left-hand cherub in the foreground of Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto.

Mr. Dent went on with his newspaper, leaving Prue in a brown study.

The period preceding John Dent's visit seemed to Prudence like some far-off historical epoch with which she could not imagine herself contemporary. Her existence had been so colorless before, made up of unimportant happy nothings. It was so full now of complicated possibilities. A new future had opened upon her, all unlike that eventless one she had been in the habit of contemplating, in which she was to glide from merry girlhood with its round hats, into full-blown spinstership with its sedate bonnets, and thence into serene old age with its prim caps and silver-bowed spectacles, — mistress of Willowbrook in these various stages, placidly pouring out tea for her guardian and executing *chefs-d'œuvre* in worsted to be sold for the benefit of the heathen.

This tranquil picture — with that vague background of cemetery which *will* come into pictures of the future — had not been without its charm for Prudence. To grow old leisurely in that

pleasant old mansion among the willows, and to fall asleep in the summer or winter twilight after an untroubled, secluded-violet sort of life, had not appeared so hard a fate to her. But now it seemed to Prudence that that would be a very hard fate indeed.

In the mean while the days wore on, not unhappily, as I have said. Nearly a year went by, and then Prudence began to share the anxiety of the Twombly family, who had heard nothing from Joseph since the inclosure sent in John Dent's letter.

"You remember what he wrote about the uncertainty of the mails," said Mr. Dent, cheerfully. "More than likely the Bannock braves are at this moment seated around the council-fire, with all their war-paint on, perusing Jack's last epistle, and wondering what the deuce he is driving at."

Prue laughed, but her anxiety was not dispelled by the suggestion. She had a presentiment which she could not throw off that all was not well with the adventurers. What might not happen to them, among the desperate white men and lawless savages, out there in the territory? Mr. Dent called her his little pocket Cassandra, and tried to laugh down her fancies; but in the midst of his pleasantries and her forebodings a letter came, — a letter which Prue read with blanched lip and cheek, and then laid away, to grow yellow with time, in a disused drawer of the old brass-mounted writing-desk that stood in her bedroom. It was a letter with treachery and shipwreck and despair in it. A great calamity had befallen John Dent. He had made his pile — and lost it. But how he made it and how he lost it must be told by itself.

T. B. Aldrich.

A CHAIN OF ITALIAN CITIES.

ONE day in midwinter some years since, during a transit from Rome to Florence too rapid to admit of much wayside dalliance with the picturesque, I waited for the train at Narni. There was time to stroll far enough from the station to have a look at the famous old bridge of Augustus, broken short in mid-Tiber. While I stood observing, the measure of enjoyment was filled up by the unbargained spectacle of a white-cowled monk trudging up a road which wound into the gate of the town. The little town stood on a hill, a good space away, boxed in behind its perfect gray wall, and the monk crept slowly along and disappeared within the aperture. Everything was distinct in the clear air, and the view was like a bit of background in a Perugino. The winter is bare and brown enough in Southern Italy, and the earth has even a shabbier aspect than with ourselves, with whom the dark side of the year has a robust self-assurance which enables one to regard it very much as a fine nude statue. But the winter atmosphere in these regions has often an extraordinary charm; it seems to smile with a tender sense of being sole heir to the duty of cheering man's heart. It gave such a charm to the broken bridge, the little walled town, and the trudging friar, that I turned away with an impatient vow that in some blessed springtime of the future I would take the journey again and pause to my heart's content at Narni, at Spoleto, at Assisi, at Perugia, at Cortona, at Arezzo. But we have generally to clip our vows a little when we come to fulfill them; and so it befell that when my blessed springtime arrived, I had to begin resignedly at Assisi.

I suppose enjoyment would have a simple zest which it often lacks, if we always did things when we want to; for we can answer too little for future moods. Winter, at least, seemed to me

to have put something into these mediæval cities which the May sun had melted away — a certain delectable depth of local color, an excess of duskiness and decay. Assisi, in the January twilight, looked like a vignette out of some brown old missal. But you'll have to be a fearless explorer now to find of a fine spring day a quaint Italian town which does n't primarily remind you of the style of portraiture enshrined between the covers of Bädcker. There were plenty of Bädckers at Assisi, and a brand new inn for their accommodation has just been opened cheek by jowl with the church of Saint Francis. I don't know that even its dire discomfort makes it seem less impertinent; but I confess I stayed there, and the great view seemed hardly less beautiful from my window than from the gallery of the convent. It embraces the whole wide plain of Umbria, which, as twilight deepens, becomes an enchanting counterfeit of the misty sea. The traveller's first errand is with the church; and it is fair, furthermore, to admit that when he has crossed the threshold, the position and the quality of his inn cease for the time to be matters of moment. This double temple of Saint Francis is one of the very sacred places of Italy, and it is hard to fancy a church with a greater look of sanctity. It seems especially solemn if you have just come from Rome, where everything ecclesiastical is, in aspect, so very much of this world — so florid, so elegant, so full of profane suggestiveness. Its position is superb, and they were brave builders who laid its foundation-stones. It rises straight from a steep mountain side and plunges forward on its great substructure of arches, like a headland frowning over the sea. Before it stretches a long, grassy piazza, at the end of which you look along a little gray street, and see it climb a little way the rest of the hill, and then pause and

leave a broad green slope, crowned, high in the air, with a ruined castle. When I say before it, I mean before the upper church; for by way of doing something supremely handsome and impressive, the sturdy architects of the thirteenth century piled temple upon temple, and bequeathed a double version of their idea. One may fancy them to have intended perhaps an architectural image of the relation between human heart and head. Entering the lower church at the bottom of the great flight of steps which leads from the upper door, you seem to penetrate at last into the very heart of Catholicism. For the first few minutes after leaving the hot daylight, you see nothing but a vista of low, black columns, closed by the great fantastic cage which surrounds the altar; the place looks like a sort of gorgeous cavern. With time you distinguish details, and become accustomed to the penetrating chill, and even manage to make out a few frescoes; but the general effect remains magnificently sombre and subterranean. The vaulted roof is very low and the pillars dwarfish, though immense in girth—as befits pillars with a small cathedral on top of them. The “tone” of the place is superb—the richest harmony of lurking shadows and dusky corners, relieved by scattered images and scintillations. There was little light but what came through the windows of the choir, over which the red curtains had been dropped and were beginning to glow with the declining sun. The choir was guarded by a screen, behind which half a dozen venerable voices were droning vespers; but over the top of the screen came the heavy radiance, and played among the ornaments of the high fence around the shrine, and cast the shadow of the whole elaborate mass forward into the dusky nave. The gloom of the vault and the side-chapels is overwrought with vague frescoes, most of them of Giotto and his school, out of which the terribly distinct little faces which these artists loved to draw stare at you with a solemn formalism. Some of them are

faded and injured, and many so ill-lighted and ill-placed that you can only glance at them with reverential conjecture; the great group, however,—four paintings by Giotto on the ceiling above the altar,—may be examined with some success. Like everything of Giotto’s, they deserve examination; but I don’t know that they repay it by any great increase of cheerfulness. He was an admirably expressive genius, and in the art of making an attitude unmistakable I think he has hardly been surpassed; it is perhaps this rigid exactness of posture that gives his personages their formidable grinnings. Meagre, primitive, undeveloped as he is, he seems immeasurably strong, and suggests that if he had lived a hundred and fifty years later, Michael Angelo might have found a rival. Not that Giotto is fond of imaginative contortions. The curious something that troubles and haunts in his works resides in their intense reality.

It is part of the wealth of the lower church that it contains an admirable primitive fresco by an artist of genius rarely encountered—a certain Pietro Cavallini, pupil of Giotto. It represents the Crucifixion; the three crosses rising into a sky spotted with the winged heads of angels, with a dense crowd pressing below. I have never seen anything more direfully lugubrious; it comes near being as impressive as Tintoretto’s great renderings of the scene in Venice. The abject anguish of the crucified, and the straddling authority and brutality of the mounted guards in the foreground, are contrasted in a fashion worthy of a great dramatist. But the most poignant touch is the tragic grimaces of the little angelic heads, as they fall like hail-stones through the dark air. It is genuine, realistic weeping that the painter has depicted, and the effect is a singular mixture of the grotesque and the pitiful. There are a great many more frescoes beside; all the chapels on one side are lined with them; but they are chiefly interesting in their general effect—as they people the dim recesses with startling

shadows and dwarfish phantoms. Before leaving the church, I lingered a long time near the door, for it seemed to me I should not soon again enjoy such a feast of chiaroscuro. The opposite end glowed with subdued color; the middle portion was vague and brown, with two or three scattered worshipers looming through the dusk; and all the way down, the polished pavement, with its uneven slabs, glittering dimly in the obstructed light, seemed to me the most fascinating thing in the world. It is certainly desirable, if one takes the lower church of Saint Francis to represent the human heart, that one should find a few bright places in it. But if the general effect is gloomy, is the symbol less valid? For the contracted, passionate, prejudiced heart let it stand!

One thing, at all events, I can say: that I would give a great deal to possess as capacious, symmetrical, and well-ordered a head as the upper sanctuary. Thanks to these merits, in spite of a great array of frescoes of Giotto which have the advantage of being easily seen, it lacks the picturesqueness of its counterpart. The frescoes, which are admirable, represent certain leading events in the life of Saint Francis, and suddenly remind you, by one of those anomalies which abound amid the picturesqueness of Catholicism, that the apostle of beggary—the saint whose only tunic in life was the ragged robe which barely covered him—is the hero of this massive structure. Church upon church—nothing less will adequately shroud his consecrated clay. The great reality of Giotto's designs increases the helpless wonderment with which we look at the passionate pluck of Saint Francis—the sense of being separated from it by an impassable gulf—the reflection on all that has come and gone to make us forgive ourselves for not being capable of such high-strung virtue. An observant friend, who has lived long in Italy, lately declared to me that she detested the name of Saint Francis—she deemed him the chief propagator of that Italian vice which is most trying to those who

have a kindness for the Italian character—the want of personal self-respect. There is a solidarity in cleanliness, and every cringing beggar, idler, liar, and pilferer seemed to her to flourish under the shadow of this great man's unwashed sanctity. She was possibly right; at Rome, at Naples, at least, I would have admitted that she was right; but at Assisi, face to face with Giotto's vivid chronicles, it is impossible to refuse to the painter's ascetic hero that compassionate respect which we feel for all men whose idea and life have been identical, whose doctrine was an unflinching personal example.

I should find it hard to give a very definite account of my subsequent adventures at Assisi; for there is incontestably such a thing as being too good-humored to discriminate, too genial to be critical. One needn't be ashamed to confess that the ultimate result of one's meditations at the shrine of Saint Francis was a great clarity. My charity led me slowly up and down for a couple of hours through the steep little streets, and finally stretched itself on the grass beside me in the shadow of the great ruined castle which decorates so magnificently the eminence above the town. I remember edging along against the sunless side of the moldy little houses, and pausing very often to look at nothing very particular. It was all very hot, very still, very dreadfully antique. A wheeled vehicle at Assisi is a rarity, and the foreigner's interrogative tread in the blank sonorous lanes has the privilege of bringing the inhabitants to their door-ways. Some of the better houses, however, have an air of sombre stillness which seems a protest against all curiosity as to what may happen in the nineteenth century. You may wonder, as you pass, what lingering Old-World social types are vegetating there, but you'll not find out. Yet in one very silent little street I had a glimpse of an open door which I have not forgotten. A long-haired peddler, with a tray of mass-books and rosaries, was offering his wares to a stout old priest. The priest had opened the door rather

stingily, and seemed to be half-heartedly dismissing him. But the peddler held up something which I could n't see; the priest wavered, with an air of timorous concession to profane curiosity, and then furtively pulled the peddler into the house. I should have liked to go in with the peddler. I saw later some gentlemen of Assisi who also seemed bored enough to have found entertainment in a peddler's tray. They were at the door of the café on the Piazza, and were so thankful to me for asking them the way to the cathedral that they all answered in chorus, and smiled as if I had done them a favor. The Piazza has a fine old portico of an ancient Temple of Minerva — six fluted columns and a pediment, of beautiful proportions, but sadly battered and decayed. Goethe, I believe, found it much more interesting than the mighty mediæval church, and Goethe, as a cicerone, doubtless could have persuaded you that it was so; but in the humble society of Murray we shall most of us find deeper meanings in the church. I found some very quaint ones in the dark yellow façade of the small cathedral as I sat on a stone bench beside the oblong green which lies before it. It is a very pretty piece of Italian Gothic, and, like several of its companions at Assisi, it has an elegant wheel window and a number of grotesque little sculptures of creatures human and bestial. If, with Goethe, I inclined to balance something against the attractions of the great church, I should choose the ruined castle on the hill above the town. I had been having glimpses of it all the afternoon at the end of steep street vistas, and promising myself half an hour beside its gray walls at sunset. The sun was very long setting, and my half-hour became a long lounge in the lee of an abutment which arrested the gentle up-roar of the wind. The castle is a magnificent piece of ruin, perched upon the summit of the mountain to whose slope Assisi clings, and dropping a pair of stony arms to inclose the little town in its embrace. The city-wall, in other words, straggles up the steep green slope

and meets the crumbling porticoes of the castle. On the side away from the town the mountain plunges into a deep ravine, on the other side of which rises the powerful undraped shoulder of Monte Scabasio—a fierce reflector of the sun. Gorge and mountain are wild enough, but their frown expires in the teeming softness of the great vale of Umbria. To lie aloft there on the grass, with a silver-gray castle at one's back and the warm rushing wind in one's ears, and watch the beautiful plain mellowing into the tones of twilight, was as exquisite a form of repose as ever fell to a tired tourist's lot.

At Perugia is an ancient castle; but unhappily one must speak of it in earnest as that unconscious humorist, the classic American traveller, is found invariably to speak of the Coliseum: it will be a very handsome building when it is finished. Even Perugia is going the way of all Italy—straightening out her streets, repairing her ruins, laying her venerable ghosts. The castle is being completely *remis à neuf*—a Massachusetts school-house could not be less feudal and murmur fewer reminiscences. There are shops in the basement and fresh putty on all the windows. The only thing proper to a castle that it has kept is its magnificent position and view, which you may enjoy from the broad platform where the Perugini assemble at eventide. Perugia is chiefly known to fame as the city of Raphael's master; but it has an even higher claim to renown, and ought to be set down in one's sentimental gazetteer as the City with the Views. The little dusky, crooked town is full of picturesqueness; but the view, somehow, is ever-present, even when your back is turned to it, or fifty house-walls conceal it, and you are forever rushing up by-streets and peeping round corners in the hope of catching another glimpse of it. As it stretches away before you in all its lovely immensity, it is altogether too vast and too fair to be described. You can only say, and rest upon it, that you prefer it to any other in the world. For it is such a wondrous mixture of

blooming plain and gleaming river and waving multitudinous mountains, vaguely dotted with pale gray cities, that placed as you are, roughly speaking, in the centre of Italy, your glance seems to compass the lovely land from sea to sea. Up the long vista of the Tiber you look — almost to Rome; past Assisi, Spello, Foligno, Spoleto, all perched on their respective mountains and shining through the blue haze. To the north, to the east, to the west, you see a hundred variations of the prospect of which I have kept no record. Two notes only I have made: one (I have made it over and over again) on the exquisite elegance of mountain forms and lines in Italy — it is exactly as if there were a sex in mountains, and their contours and curves and complexions were here all of the feminine gender: second, on the possession of such an outlook on the world really going far to make a modest little city like Perugia a kind of esthetic metropolis. It must deepen the civic consciousness and take off the edge of *ennui*. It performs this kindly office, at any rate, for the traveller who is overstaying his curiosity as to Perugino and the Etruscan relics. It continually solicits his eyes and his imagination, and doubles his entertainment. I spent a week in the place, and when it was gone, I had had enough of Perugino but I had not had enough of the view.

I should, perhaps, do the reader a service by telling him just how a week at Perugia may be spent. His first care must be not to be in a hurry — to walk everywhere, very slowly and very much at random, and gaze good-naturedly at anything his eye may happen to encounter. Almost everything that meets the eye has an ancient oddity which ekes out the general picturesqueness. He must look a great deal at the huge Palazzo Pubblico, which indeed is very well worth looking at. It masses itself gloomily above the narrow street to an immense elevation, and leads up the eye along a cliff-like surface of rugged wall, mottled with old scars and new repairs, to the *loggia* dizzily perched upon its cornice. He must repeat his visit to

the Etruscan Gate, whose extreme antiquity he will need more than one visit to take the measure of. He must uncap to the picturesque statue of Pope Julius III., before the cathedral, remembering that Hawthorne fabled his Miriam to have given rendezvous to Kenyon at its base. Its material is a vivid green bronze, and the mantle and tiara are covered with a delicate embroidery worthy of a silversmith. He must bestow on Perugino's frescoes in the Exchange, and his pictures in the University, all the placid contemplation they deserve. He must go to the theatre every evening in an orchestra chair at twenty-two soldi, and enjoy the curious didacticism of *Amore senza Stima*, *Severità e Debolezza*, *La Società Equivoca*, and other popular specimens of contemporaneous Italian comedy. I shall be very much surprised if at the end of a week of this varied entertainment, he does not confess to a sentimental attachment to Perugia. His strolls will abound in small picturesque chances, of which a dozen pencil-strokes would be a better memento than this vague word-sketching. From the hill on which the town is planted radiate a dozen ravines, down whose sides the houses slide and scramble with an alarming indifference to the cohesion of their little rugged blocks of flinty red stone. You cannot ramble far without emerging upon some little court or terrace from which you may look across a gulf of tangled gardens or vineyards at a cluster of serried black dwellings, which seem to be hollowing in their backs to keep their balance on its opposite edge; on archways and street-staircases and dark alleys boring through a chain of massive basements, and curving and climbing and plunging as they go, on the soundest mediæval principles, you may feast your fill. They are the architectural commonplaces of Perugia. Some of the little streets in out-of-the-way corners always suggested to me a singular image. They were so rugged, so brown, so silent, that you would have fancied them passages long since hewn by the pickax in some deserted stone-

quarry. The battered brown houses looked like sections of natural rock — none the less so when, across some narrow gap, I saw the glittering azure of the great surrounding landscape.

But I ought not to talk of moldy alleys or even of azure landscapes, as if they were the chief delight of the eyes, in this accomplished little city. In the Sala del Cambio, where in ancient days the money-changers rattled their sculptured florins and figured up their profits, you may enjoy one of the serenest artistic pleasures which the golden age of art has bequeathed to us. Bank parlors, I believe, are always luxuriously furnished, but I doubt whether even those of Messrs. Rothschild are decorated in as fine a taste as this little counting-house of a by-gone fashion. Perugino was the artist chosen, and he did his best. He covered the four low walls and ceiling with Scriptural and mythological figures of extraordinary beauty. They are ranged in artless attitudes around the upper half of the room, — the sibyls, the prophets, the philosophers, the Greek and Roman heroes, — looking down with broad serene faces, with their small mild eyes, their small sweet mouths, at the incongruous proceedings of a Board of Brokers. Had finance a very high tone in those days, or was genius simply very convenient, as the Irish say? The great charm of the Sala del Cambio is that it seems to murmur a *yes* to both these questions. There was a rigid probity, it seems to say; there was an abundant inspiration. . . . About the artist there would be much to say — more than I can attempt; for he was not, I think, to an attentive observer, the very simple genius that he seems. He has that about him which leads one to say to one's self that, after all, he plays a proper part enough here as the patron of the money-changers. He is the delight of a million of young ladies; but I suspect that if his works could be exactly analyzed, we should find in them a trifle more of manner than of conviction — of skill than of sentiment. His portrait, painted on the wall of the Sala

(you may see it also at Rome and Florence), might serve for the likeness of Mr. Worldly-Wiseman, in Bunyan's allegory. He was fond of his glass, I believe, and he made his art lucrative. This tradition is not refuted by his portrait, and after some experience of his pictures, you may find an echo of it in their monotonous grace, their somewhat conscious purity. But I confess that Perugino, so interpreted, seems to me hardly less interesting. If he was the inventor of what the French call *la facture*, he applied his system with masterly skill; he was the forerunner of a mighty race. After you have seen a certain number of his pictures, you have taken his measure. They are all unerring reproductions of a single primary type which had the good fortune to be adorably fair — to look as if it had freshly dawned upon a vision unsullied by the shadows of earth. As painter and draughtsman Perugino is delightful; one takes a singular pleasure in being able to count confidently on his unswerving beauty of line, and untroubled harmony of color. Skepticism much more highly developed than Perugino's would be easy to forgive, if it were as careful to replace one conscience by another. The spiritual conscience — the conscience of Giotto and Fra Angelico — must have lurked in a corner of his genius even after the *master* had taken his position. In the sacristy of the charming church of San Pietro — a museum of pictures and carvings — is a row of small heads of saints which formerly ornamented the frame of the artist's Ascension, carried off by the French. It is almost miniature work, and as candidly devout in expression as it is delicious in touch. Two of the holy men are reading their breviaries, but with an air of infantine innocence which makes you feel sure that they are holding the book upside down.

Between Perugia and Cortona lies Lake Trasymene, where Hannibal treated the Romans to an unwonted taste of disaster. The reflections it suggests, are a proper preparation for Cortona itself, which is one of the most

sturdily ancient of Italian towns. It must indeed have been a hoary old city when Hannibal and Flaminius came to the shock of battle, and have looked down afar from its gray ramparts, on the contending swarm, with something of the philosophic composure befitting a survivor of Pelasgian and Etruscan revolutions. These gray ramparts are in great part still visible, and form the chief attraction of Cortona. It is perched on the very pinnacle of a mountain, and I wound and doubled interminably over the face of the great hill, and still the jumbled roofs and towers of the arrogant little city seemed nearer to the sky than to the railway station. "Rather rough," Murray pronounces the local hotel; and rough indeed it was; it fairly bristled with discomfort. But the landlord was the best fellow in the world, and took me up into a rickety old *loggia* on the summit of his establishment and played showman to the wonderful panorama. I don't know whether my loss or my gain was greater that I saw Cortona through the medium of a *festa*. On the one hand the museum was closed (and in a certain sense the smaller and obscurer the town, the more I like the museum), the churches were impenetrably crowded, and there was not an empty stool nor the edge of a table at the café. On the other I saw — but this is what I saw. A part of the mountain top is occupied by the church of Saint Margaret, and this was Saint Margaret's Day. The houses pause and leave a grassy slope, planted here and there with lean black cypresses. The peasantry of the place and of the neighboring country had congregated in force, and were crowding into the church or winding up the slope. When I arrived, they were all kneeling or uncovered; a bedizened procession, with banners and censers, bearing abroad, I believe, the relics of the saint, was reëntering the church. It was vastly picturesque. The day was superb, and the sky blazing overhead like a vault of deepest sapphire. The brown *contadini*, in no

great "costume," but decked in various small fineries of scarlet and yellow, made a mass of motley color in the high wind-stirred light. The procession chanted in the pious hush, and the boundless prospect melted away beneath us in tones of azure hardly less brilliant than the sky. Behind the church was an empty, crumbling citadel, with half a dozen old women keeping the gate for coppers. Here were views and breezes and sun and shade and grassy corners, to one's heart's content. I chose a spot which fairly combined all these advantages, and spent a good part of my day at Cortona, lying there at my length and observing the situation over the top of a novel of Balzac. In the afternoon, I came down and hustled awhile through the crowded little streets, and then strolled forth under a scorching sun, and made the outer circuit of the walls. I saw some tremendous uncemented blocks; they were glaring and twinkling in the powerful light, and I had to put on a blue eye-glass, to throw the vague Etruscan past into its proper perspective.

I spent the next day at Arezzo, in very much the same uninvestigating fashion. At Arezzo, you are far from Rome, you are well within genial Tuscany, and you encounter Romance in a milder form. The ruined castle on the hill, for instance (like Assisi and Cortona, Arezzo is furnished with this agreeable feature), has been converted into a blooming market-garden. But I lounged away the hot hours there, under a charm as potent as fancy could have foreshadowed it. I had seen Santa Maria della Pieve and its campanile of quaint colonnades, the impressive cathedral and John of Pisa's elaborate marble shrine, the museum and its Etruscan vases and majolica platters. The old pacified citadel was more delicious. There were lovely hills all around it, cypresses casting straight shadows on the grassy bastions at its angles, and in the middle, a wondrous Italian tangle of growing wheat and corn, vines and figs, peaches and cabbages.

H. James, Jr.

NOONING IN FLORIDA.

THE morning sun that opened up
Its disk of grand auroral flower,
As well as the tiny buttercup
And tamarind clocks that mark the hour,
Now sleeps through all the midday calm
In furrowed field and grassy meadow,
Or glimmers on the pine and palm
That stand foot deep in pools of shadow.

The lizard turns from green to mauve,
Expands his pouch, and bobs, and settles;
The water-lily's fingered glove
Half closes on its disk of petals;
The yellow goats-beard goes to sleep;
The aster nods; the salvia dozes;
The fuchsias wink, and try to keep
Awake, among the sleepy roses,

Till musing memory shifts the scene;
A drowsy shadow passes over:
I see the fields of Northern green,
And smell the musk of Northern clover.
Out of the orchards, drawing near,
I hear the tired axles creaking,
And I know the wheat is in the ear —
I hear the whetted scythe a-speaking.

So, summer dozes North and South
From frosty lake to southern champaign,
And greedy bees, about her mouth,
Suck honey all the harvest campaign:
While I lie here, in drowsy ease,
The languid airs about me swooning,
Lulled by the songs of hives of bees,
In beds of phlox and heart's-ease, nooning.

Will Wallace Harney.

THE ANTISLAVERY CONVENTION OF 1833.

IN the gray twilight of a chill day of late November, forty years ago, a dear friend of mine residing in Boston made his appearance at the old farm-house in East Haverhill. He had been deputed by the abolitionists of the city, William L. Garrison, Samuel E. Sewall, and others, to inform me of my appointment as a delegate to the Convention about to be held in Philadelphia for the formation of an American Antislavery Society; and to urge upon me the necessity of my attendance.

Few words of persuasion, however, were needed. I was unused to traveling; my life had been spent on a secluded farm; and the journey, mostly by stage-coach, at that time was really a formidable one. Moreover, the few abolitionists were everywhere spoken against, their persons threatened, and in some instances a price set on their heads by Southern legislators. Pennsylvania was on the borders of Slavery, and it needed small effort of imagination to picture to one's self the breaking up of the Convention and maltreatment of its members. This latter consideration I do not think weighed much with me, although I was better prepared for serious danger than for anything like personal indignity. I had read Governor Trumbull's description of the tarring and feathering of his hero MacFingal, when, after the application of the melted tar, the feather-bed was ripped open and shaken over him, until

"Not Maia's son, with wings for ears,
Such plumes about his visage wears,
Nor Milton's six-winged angel gathers
Such superfluity of feathers;"

and I confess I was quite unwilling to undergo a martyrdom which my best friends could scarcely refrain from laughing at. But a summons like that of Garrison's bugle-blast could scarcely be unheeded by one who, from birth and education, held fast the traditions of

that earlier abolitionism which, under the lead of Benezet and Woolman, had effaced from the Society of Friends every vestige of slave-holding. I had thrown myself, with a young man's fervid enthusiasm, into a movement which commended itself to my reason and conscience, to my love of country, and my sense of duty to God and my fellow-men. My first venture in authorship was the publication, at my own expense, in the spring of 1833, of a pamphlet entitled, "Justice and Expediency;" on the moral and political evils of slavery, and the duty of emancipation. Under such circumstances I could not hesitate, but prepared at once for my journey. It was necessary that I should start on the morrow, and the intervening time, with a small allowance for sleep, was spent in providing for the care of the farm and homestead during my absence.

So the next morning I took the stage for Boston, stopping at the ancient hostelry known as the Eastern Stage Tavern; and on the day following, in company with William Lloyd Garrison, I left for New York. At that city we were joined by other delegates, among them David Thurston, a Congregational minister from Maine. On our way to Philadelphia we took, as a matter of necessary economy, a second-class conveyance, and found ourselves, in consequence, among rough and hilarious companions, whose language was more noteworthy for strength than refinement. Our worthy friend the clergyman bore it awhile in painful silence, but at last felt it his duty to utter words of remonstrance and admonition. The leader of the young roisterers listened with a ludicrous mock gravity, thanked him for his exhortation, and expressing fears that the extraordinary effort had exhausted his strength, invited him to take a drink with him. Father Thurston buried his grieved face in his cloak-

collar, and wisely left the young reprobrates to their own devices.

On reaching Philadelphia we at once betook ourselves to the humble dwelling on Fifth Street occupied by Evan Lewis, a plain, earnest man, and lifelong abolitionist, who had been largely interested in preparing the way for the Convention. In one respect the time of our assembling seemed unfavorable. The Society of Friends, upon whose coöperation we had counted, had but recently been rent asunder by one of those unhappy controversies which so often mark the decline of practical righteousness. The martyr-age of the society had passed, wealth and luxury had taken the place of the old simplicity, there was a growing conformity to the maxims of the world in trade and fashion, and with it a corresponding unwillingness to hazard respectability by the advocacy of unpopular reforms. Unprofitable speculation and disputation on one hand, and a vain attempt on the other to enforce uniformity of opinion, had measurably lost sight of the fact that the end of the gospel is love, and that charity is its crowning virtue. After a long and painful struggle the disruption had taken place; the shattered fragments, under the name of Orthodox and Hicksite, so like and yet so separate in feeling, confronted each other as hostile sects, and

“Never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs that have been torn asunder
A dreary sea now flows between;
But neither rain nor frost nor thunder
Can wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once has been.”

We found about forty members assembled in the parlors of our friend Lewis, and, after some general conversation, Lewis Tappan was asked to preside over an informal meeting, preparatory to the opening of the Convention. A handsome, intellectual-looking man, in the prime of life, responded to the invitation, and in a clear, well-modulated voice, the firm tones of which inspired hope and confidence, stated the objects of our preliminary council,

and the purpose which had called us together, in earnest and well-chosen words. In making arrangements for the Convention, it was thought expedient to secure, if possible, the services of some citizen of Philadelphia of distinction and high social standing to preside over its deliberations. Looking round among ourselves in vain for some titled civilian or doctor of divinity, we were fain to confess that to outward seeming we were but “a feeble folk,” sorely needing the shield of a popular name. A committee, of which I was a member, was appointed to go in search of a president of this description. We visited two prominent gentlemen, known as friendly to emancipation and of high social standing. They received us with the dignified courtesy of the old school, declined our proposition in civil terms, and bowed us out with a cool politeness equaled only by that of the senior Winkle towards the unlucky deputation of Pickwick and his unprepossessing companions. As we left their doors we could not refrain from smiling in each other’s faces at the thought of the small inducement our proffer of the presidency held out to men of their class. Evidently our company was not one for Respectability to march through Coventry with.

On the following morning we repaired to the Adelphi Building on Fifth Street, below Walnut, which had been secured for our use. Sixty-two delegates were found to be in attendance. Beriah Green, of the Oneida (N. Y.) Institute, was chosen president, — a fresh-faced, sandy-haired, rather common-looking man, but who had the reputation of an able and eloquent speaker. He had already made himself known to us as a resolute and self-sacrificing abolitionist. Lewis Tappan and myself took our places at his side as secretaries, on the elevation at the west end of the hall.

Looking over the assembly, I noticed that it was mainly composed of comparatively young men, some in middle age, and a few beyond that period. They were nearly all plainly dressed, with a view to comfort rather than ele-

gance. Many of the faces turned towards me wore a look of expectancy and suppressed enthusiasm; all had the earnestness which might be expected of men engaged in an enterprise beset with difficulty and perhaps with peril. The fine, intellectual head of Garrison, prematurely bald, was conspicuous; the sunny-faced young man at his side, in whom all the beatitudes seemed to find expression, was Samuel J. May, mingling in his veins the best blood of the Sewalls and Quineys; a man so exceptionally pure and large-hearted, so genial, tender, and loving, that he could be faithful to truth and duty without making an enemy.

"The de'il wad look into his face,
And swear he couldna wrang him."

That tall, gaunt, swarthy man, erect, eagle-faced, upon whose somewhat martial figure the Quaker coat seemed a little out of place, was Lindley Coates, known in all eastern Pennsylvania as a stern enemy of slavery; that slight, eager man, intensely alive in every feature and gesture, was Thomas Shipley, who for thirty years had been the protector of the free colored people of Philadelphia, and whose name was whispered reverently in the slave cabins of Maryland as the friend of the black man, — one of a class peculiar to old Quakerism, who in doing what they felt to be duty, and walking as the Light within guided them, knew no fear and shrank from no sacrifice. Braver men the world has not known. Beside him, differing in creed, but united with him in works of love and charity, sat Thomas Whitson of the Hicksite school of Friends, fresh from his farm in Lancaster County, dressed in plainest homespun, his tall form surmounted by a shock of unkempt hair, the odd obliquity of his vision contrasting strongly with the clearness and directness of his spiritual insight. Elizur Wright, the young professor of a Western college who had lost his place by his bold advocacy of freedom, with a look of sharp concentration in keeping with an intellect keen as a Damascus blade, closely watched the proceedings through his

spectacles, opening his mouth only to speak directly to the purpose. The portly form of Dr. Bartholomew Fustell, the beloved physician, from that beautiful land of plenty and peace, which Bayard Taylor has described in his *Story of Kennett*, was not to be overlooked. Abolitionist in heart and soul, his house was known as the shelter of runaway slaves, — and no sportsman ever entered into the chase with such zest as he did into the arduous and sometimes dangerous work of aiding their escape and baffling their pursuers. The youngest man present was, I believe, James Miller McKim, a Presbyterian minister from Columbia, afterwards one of our most efficient workers. James Mott, E. L. Capron, Arnold Buffum, and Nathan Winslow, men well known in the antislavery agitation, were conspicuous members. Vermont sent down from her mountains Orson S. Murray, a man terribly in earnest, with a zeal that bordered on fanaticism, and who was none the more genial for the mob-violence to which he had been subjected. In front of me, awakening pleasant associations of the old homestead in Merrimack valley, sat my first school-teacher, Joshua Collin, the learned and worthy antiquarian and historian of Newbury. A few spectators, mostly of the Hicksite division of Friends, were present in broad brims and plain bonnets, among them Esther Moore and Lucretia Mott.

Committees were chosen to draft a Constitution for a National Antislavery Society, nominate a list of officers, and prepare a declaration of principles to be signed by the members. Dr. A. L. Cox of New York, while these committees were absent, read something from my pen eulogistic of William Lloyd Garrison; and Lewis Tappan and Amos A. Phelps, a Congregational clergyman of Boston, afterwards one of the most devoted laborers in the cause, followed in generous commendation of the zeal, courage, and devotion of the young pioneer. The president, after calling James McCrannell, one of the two or three colored members of the Conven-

tion, to the chair, made some eloquent remarks upon those editors who had ventured to advocate emancipation. At the close of his speech a young man rose to speak, whose appearance at once arrested my attention. I think I have never seen a finer face and figure, and his manner, words, and bearing were in keeping. "Who is he?" I asked of one of the Pennsylvania delegates. "Robert Purvis, of this city, a colored man;" was the answer. He began by uttering his heart-felt thanks to the delegates who had convened for the deliverance of his people. He spoke of Garrison in terms of warmest eulogy, as one who had stirred the heart of the nation, broken the tomb-like slumber of the church, and compelled it to listen to the story of the slave's wrongs. He closed by declaring that the friends of colored Americans would not be forgotten. "Their memories," he said, "will be cherished when pyramids and monuments shall have crumbled in dust. The flood of time which is sweeping away the refuge of lies, is bearing on the advocates of our cause to a glorious immortality."

The committee on the Constitution made their report, which after discussion was adopted. It disclaimed any right or intention of interfering, otherwise than by persuasion and Christian expostulation, with slavery as it existed in the States, but affirming the duty of Congress to abolish it in the District of Columbia and Territories, and to put an end to the domestic slave-trade. A list of officers of the new society was then chosen: Arthur Tappan of New York, President, and Elizur Wright, Jr., William Lloyd Garrison, and A. L. Cox, Secretaries. Among the Vice-Presidents was Dr. Lord of Dartmouth College, then professedly in favor of emancipation, but who afterwards turned a moral somersault, a self-inversion which left him ever after on his head instead of his feet. He became a querulous advocate of slavery as a divine institution, and denounced woe upon the abolitionists for interfering with the will and purpose of the Creator. As the cause

of freedom gained ground, the poor man's heart failed him, and his hope for church and state grew fainter and fainter. A sad prophet of the Evangel of Slavery, he testified in the unwilling ears of an unbelieving generation, and died at last despairing of a world which seemed determined that Canaan should no longer be cursed, nor Onesimus sent back to Philemon.

The committee on the Declaration of Principles, of which I was a member, held a long session discussing the proper scope and tenor of the document. But little progress being made, it was finally decided to entrust the matter to a sub-committee consisting of William L. Garrison, S. J. May, and myself; and after a brief consultation and comparison of each other's views, the drafting of the important paper was assigned to the former gentleman. We agreed to meet him at his lodgings in the house of a colored friend early the next morning. It was still dark when we climbed up to his room, and the lamp was still burning by the light of which he was writing the last sentence of the declaration. We read it carefully, made a few verbal changes, and submitted it to the large committee, who unanimously agreed to report it to the Convention.

The paper was read to the Convention by Dr. Atlee, chairman of the committee, and listened to with the profoundest interest.

Commencing with a reference to the time, fifty-seven years before, when, in the same city of Philadelphia, our fathers announced to the world their Declaration of Independence, — based on the self-evident truths of human equality and rights, — and appealed to arms for its defense, it spoke of the new enterprise as one "without which that of our fathers is incomplete," and as transcending theirs in magnitude, solemnity, and probable results, as much "as moral truth does physical force." It spoke of the difference of the two in the means and ends proposed, and of the trifling grievances of our fathers, compared with the wrongs and sufferings of the slaves, which it forcibly character-

ized as unequaled by any others on the face of the earth. It claimed that the nation was bound to repent at once, to let the oppressed go free, and to admit them to all the rights and privileges of others; because, it asserted, no man has a right to enslave or imbrute his brother; because liberty is inalienable; because there is no difference, *in principle*, between slaveholding and man-stealing, which the law brands as piracy; and because no length of bondage can invalidate man's claim to himself, or render slave laws anything but "an audacious usurpation."

It maintained that no compensation should be given to planters emancipating slaves, because that would be a surrender of fundamental principles; "slavery is a crime, and is, therefore, not an article to be sold;" because slave-holders are not just proprietors of what they claim; because emancipation would destroy only nominal, not real property; and because compensation, if given at all, should be given to the slaves.

It declared any "scheme of expatriation" to be "deceptive, cruel, and dangerous." It fully recognized the right of each State to legislate exclusively on the subject of slavery within its limits, and conceded that Congress, under the present national compact, had no right to interfere; though still contending that it had the power, and should exercise it, "to suppress the domestic slave-trade between the several States," and "to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia and in those portions of our territory which the Constitution has placed under its exclusive jurisdiction."

After clearly and emphatically avowing the principles underlying the enterprise, and guarding with scrupulous care the rights of persons and States under the Constitution, in prosecuting it, the declaration closed with these eloquent words:—

"We also maintain that there are, at the present time, the highest obligations resting upon the people of the free States to remove slavery by moral and political action, as prescribed in the Constitution of the United States.

They are now living under a pledge of their tremendous physical force to fasten the galling fetters of tyranny upon the limbs of millions in the Southern States; they are liable to be called at any moment to suppress a general insurrection of the slaves; they authorize the slave-owner to vote on three fifths of his slaves as property, and thus enable him to perpetuate his oppression; they support a standing army at the South for its protection; and they seize the slave who has escaped into their territories, and send him back to be tortured by an enraged master or a brutal driver. This relation to slavery is criminal, and full of danger. *It must be broken up.*

"These are our views and principles, —these our designs and measures. With entire confidence in the overruling justice of God, we plant ourselves upon the Declaration of Independence and the truths of Divine revelation as upon the everlasting rock.

"We shall organize antislavery societies, if possible, in every city, town, and village in our land.

"We shall send forth agents to lift up the voice of remonstrance, of warning, of entreaty and rebuke.

"We shall circulate unsparingly and extensively antislavery tracts and periodicals.

"We shall enlist the pulpit and the press in the cause of the suffering and the dumb.

"We shall aim at a purification of the churches from all participation in the guilt of slavery.

"We shall encourage the labor of freemen over that of the slaves, by giving a preference to their productions; and

"We shall spare no exertions nor means to bring the whole nation to speedy repentance.

"Our trust for victory is solely in God. We may be personally defeated, but our principles never. TRUTH, JUSTICE, REASON, HUMANITY, must and will gloriously triumph. Already a host is coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and the prospect before us is full of encouragement.

"Submitting this Declaration to the candid examination of the people of this country, and of the friends of liberty all over the world, we hereby affix our signatures to it;—pledging ourselves that, under the guidance and by the help of Almighty God, we will do all that in us lies, consistently with this declaration of our principles, to overthrow the most execrable system of slavery that has ever been witnessed upon earth—to deliver our land from its deadliest curse—to wipe out the foulest stain which rests upon our national escutcheon—and to secure to the colored population of the United States all the rights and privileges which belong to them as men and as Americans—come what may to our persons, our interests, or our reputations—whether we live to witness the triumph of JUSTICE, LIBERTY, and HUMANITY, or perish untimely as martyrs in this great, benevolent, and holy cause."

The reading of the paper was followed by a discussion which lasted several hours. A member of the Society of Friends moved its immediate adoption. "We have," he said, "all given it our assent: every heart here responds to it. It is a doctrine of Friends that these strong and deep impressions should be heeded." The Convention, nevertheless, deemed it important to go over the declaration carefully, paragraph by paragraph. During the discussion, one of the spectators asked leave to say a few words. A beautiful and graceful woman, in the prime of life, with a face beneath her plain cap as finely intellectual as that of Madame Roland, offered some wise and valuable suggestions, in a clear, sweet voice, the charm of which I have never forgotten. It was Lueretia Mott, of Philadelphia. The President courteously thanked her, and encouraged her to take a part in the discussion. On the morning of the last day of our session, the declaration, with its few verbal amendments, carefully engrossed on parchment, was brought before the Convention. Samuel J. May rose to read it for the last time. His sweet, persuasive voice faltered with the

intensity of his emotions as he repeated the solemn pledges of the concluding paragraphs. After a season of silence, David Thurston, of Maine, rose as his name was called by one of the secretaries, and affixed his name to the document. One after another passed up to the platform, signed, and retired in silence. All felt the deep responsibility of the occasion:—the shadow and forecast of a life-long struggle rested upon every countenance.

Our work as a Convention was now done. President Green arose to make the concluding address. The circumstances under which it was uttered may have lent it an impressiveness not its own; but as I now recall it, it seems to me the most powerful and eloquent speech to which I have ever listened. He passed in review the work that had been done, the constitution of the new society, the declaration of sentiments, and the union and earnestness which had marked the proceedings. His closing words will never be forgotten by those who heard them:—

"Brethren, it has been good to be here. In this hallowed atmosphere I have been revived and refreshed. This brief interview has more than repaid me for all that I have ever suffered. I have here met congenial minds; I have rejoiced in sympathies delightful to the soul. Heart has beat responsive to heart, and the holy work of seeking to benefit the outraged and despised has proved the most blessed employment.

"But now we must retire from these balmy influences and breathe another atmosphere. The chill hoar-frost will be upon us. The storm and tempest will rise, and the waves of persecution will dash against our souls. Let us be prepared for the worst. Let us fasten ourselves to the throne of God as with hooks of steel. If we cling not to Him, our names to that document will be but as dust.

"Let us court no applause; indulge in no spirit of vain boasting. Let us be assured that our only hope in grappling with the bony monster is in an Arm that is stronger than ours. Let us fix

our gaze on God, and walk in the light of his countenance. If our cause be just — and we know it is — his omnipotence is pledged to its triumph. Let this cause be entwined around the very fibres of our hearts. Let our hearts *grow* to it, so that nothing but death can sunder the bond.”

He ceased, and then, amidst a silence broken only by the deep-drawn breath of emotion in the assembly, lifted up his voice in a prayer to Almighty God, full

of fervor and feeling, imploring his blessing and sanctification upon the Convention and its labors. And with the solemnity of this supplication in our hearts we clasped hands in farewell, and went forth each man to his place of duty, not knowing the things that should befall us, as individuals, but with a confidence, never shaken by abuse and persecution, in the certain triumph of our cause.

John G. Whittier.

WHEREFORE?

BLACK sea, black sky! A ponderous steamship driving
Between them, laboring westward on her way,
And in her path a trap of Death's contriving
Waiting remorseless for its easy prey.

Hundreds of souls within her frame lie dreaming,
Hoping and fearing, longing for the light:
With human life and thought and feeling teeming
She struggles onward through the awful night.

Upon her furnace fires fresh fuel flinging,
The swarthy firemen grumble at the dust
Mixed with the coal — when suddenly upspringing,
Swift through the smoke-stack like a signal thrust,

Flares a red flame, a dread illumination!
A cry, — a tumult! Slowly to her helm
The vessel yields, 'mid shouts of acclamation,
And joy and terror all her crew o'erwhelm;

For looming from the blackness drear before them
Discovered is the iceberg — hardly seen,
Its ghastly precipices hanging o'er them,
Its reddened peaks, with dreadful chasms between,

Ere darkness swallows it again! and veering
Out of its track the brave ship onward steers,
Just grazing ruin. Trembling still, and fearing,
Her grateful people melt in prayers and tears.

Is it a mockery, their profound thanksgiving?
Another ship goes shuddering to her doom
Unwarned, that very night, with hopes as living,
With freight as precious, lost amid the gloom,

With not a ray to show the apparition
 Waiting to slay her, none to cry "Beware!"
 Rushing straight onward headlong to perdition,
 And for her crew no time vouchsafed for prayer!

Could they have stormed heaven's gate with anguished praying,
 It would not have availed a feather's weight
 Against their doom. Yet were they disobeying
 No law of God, to beckon such a fate.

And do not tell me the Almighty Master
 Would work a miracle to save the one,
 And yield the other up to dire disaster,
 By merely human justice thus outdone!

Vainly we weep and wrestle with our sorrow —
 We cannot see his roads, they lie so broad:
 But his eternal day knows no to-morrow,
 And life and death are all the same with God.

Celia Thaxter.

OVER ILIUM AND IDA.

As the great steamers of the Austrian Company, on their journeys between Constantinople and the lower Levant, pass from the mouth of the Dardanelles into the Ægean, their decks are apt to fill with groups of curious gazers, peering over at the landmarks of a memorable coast. In the eastern horizon lifts a mountain with a cap of gleaming snow. From its base drop terraces of low hills covered with wood. The hills soften once more into a drowsy, uneven plain, down which course two sluggish streams to the sea. Close by the shore extend a number of conical mounds, like the barrows of Sweden, or the burial mounds of the North American Indians. Over the objects of this landscape hang perpetual dreamy mist and a low sky. The scene is the field of Troy, against the base of Mount Ida! The rivers are Simois and Scamander of old. The barrows are the tombs of the heroes of Homer. The territory is that of the Iliad. Along this narrow

strip of coast between the mountain and the sea, headed on the north by the bay at the foot of the Dardanelles, and extending downwards a dozen miles along the Ægean, for more than two thousand years have been sought the traces of that divinely recorded conflict of gods and men. The tumuli by the shore were as classic landmarks to the pagan Greek fisherman who flung out his sail to gather the breezes about Tenedos as they remain to-day.

Draw a line fifty miles in length, from the mouth of the Hellespont to the head of the long gulf over Mytilene, and you have dropped into the Ægean the triangle of ancient Mysia which modern geography marks as the Troad.

Mother Ida seems to have settled down very comfortably into this Asian angle, gathering up its space with her fingering spurs, almost to the sea. Everything in this westward direction must have been in tolerably clear vision to the gods perched upon her summit,

but their mountain crowded hard upon the water's edge the level fighting room for mortal heroes.

A week's journey hardly suffices to compass the whole territory of the Troad, though the immediate landmarks of the Homeric battles lie only a few hours apart, on this bit of shore running from the Hellespont down the *Ægean*.

Riding between the Turkish castles at the mouth of the neighboring strait, modern travel, as has been intimated, casts an eye of greater or less curiosity on this historic plain. Sometimes an Englishman or other ardent wanderer out of Western Europe, willing to defer for a few hours his advent at Constantinople, halts in his upward passage from Smyrna or Athens, while he may run over this border of the Trojan field by the coast. Once or twice in a generation something further, perhaps, is attempted. Byron, passing along here in the "*Pilgrimage*," hailed Ida with a stanza from the sea, and made some epistolary description of the sites of Troy, which he visited afterwards. Since his time, less than half a dozen Western pilgrims have given the public some record of research here. But the visitors of the Troad have been few, indeed, who have not contented themselves with a glimpse of the white peak of Ida from the distance of fifty miles, and then left the old land to its brooding silence. I had half conceived the existence of the classic mountain to be a myth, but, coming from the Marmora, as I turned into the straits of the Hellespont, there it towered and gleamed aloft in the Mysian sunrise as it has towered and gleamed in all the centuries since Homer. Achilles and his Greeks reached it from Tenedos, but a modern visit to the field of Troy is made most conveniently from the town of the Dardanelles, half-way down the famous strait. Some of these old lands grasped by the Turk are being rudely penetrated by railways, but the soil whereon rested the city of the *Iliad* is as virginal still from such innovations as in the primitive Pelasgian days.

As for roads over it of any sort, there are none — not even such as *Æneas* may have escaped over, carrying his father to the seashore. To *do*, in English phraseology, Homer's land, now, is an enterprise removed to the utmost from a classic performance — or, it might rather be said, exactly resembling it in its bald severities. It is to see it, in short, from the galling peak of a Turkish saddle mounted upon the cropping vertebrae of the skinny Asia Minor horse — an animal that suggests neither the fleetness of an Arab charger, nor the hardihood of the Syrian mule. So bestriding, into this land, known three thousand years to authentic history, you go a pioneer, prepared to rough it, with your cook, your guide, and Turkish *Swirgee*, mounted on still meaner beasts behind you.

My own plan of following the visions of Homer was to pass from the Sigean promontory at the mouth of the Dardanelles to the southward Lectum Cape, thence along the lower coast to the head of the Adrametum Gulf, and back again over the peak of Ida to the Hellespont, — thus describing a triangle around the whole field of the Troad.

While I awaited the preparation of the rude equine train I have described, I stayed, the guest of a morning, at the Dardanelles, in the stately house of the resident English Calverts, picking up, meanwhile, the gossip of the adjacent localities. To hear my hosts speak familiarly of their farming lands owned and cultivated, a dozen miles distant, almost on the very site of classic Troy, produced in the mind a novel association of ideas. But the novelty was quickly outdone by the information of the successful introduction of Louisiana cotton, during the American Civil War, on the Sigean promontory itself, at the point where the Greek ships anchored during the famous siege.

The May sun had fallen half-way down the west over the Thracian Chersonesus before the half-starved Asian jades appeared for their mission of bearing me over Ida. I had not been able to attract

for the Trojan adventure a single companion from among the scholarly English loungers at Constantinople, and so turned alone down the Hellespont, with my vision and purpose fixed none the less on Priam's dreamy kingdom. As I proceeded along the shore there grew into vision over the Thracian peninsula on my right the coast of Imbros, while out of the rearward depths of the sea rose the ancient abode of the Cabiri, the mountain island, Samothrace. Finally the sun went down behind remoter Thasos, leaving the short splendid Levantine twilight, in whose atmosphere natural objects, obscured in the day-glare, move into sight with the effect of heavenly bodies crossing the edge of a telescopic field. Then the low line of distant Lemnos, and from a hundred miles the high conical peak of Mount Athos, came faintly into view amid the red light over the Ægean. Darkness dropped like a curtain of cloud over the picture as I watched it from the Greek village of Remkeni, on the hill at the southern extremity of the Hellespont, where night found me with one foot already in Homer's land. Below the hill where I sat, flitted a few torches of fishing boats around about the ancient harbor of the Greek fleet.

Before the morning sunrise I had already advanced to Hissarlik, or Ilium Novum, three miles distant from this port of the Achæans. I had come there from my night quarters in the Greek village, wandering down either side of the straggling sluggish stream of the Simois, plucking wild roses from its borders. The Turks call the modern creek — for it is nothing more — Dumbrek, and the insignificance of its appearance as your horse splashes half a dozen times within an hour through its tortuous muddy current, reconciles you to the offense against the Homeric nomenclature. Classic Simois, in fact, as it runs down the plain half obscured by weeds, scarcely makes its mark in the modern landscape of the Troad.

Hissarlik, or New Troy, is a long ridge, rising over the low plain by the Hellespont, and hewn by ancient

art into the form of an amphitheatre. Here, three miles removed from the sea, in the opinion of Strabo and other classic writers, stood Ilium, while modern scholarship generally translates the site seven or eight miles southwards, and farther from the naval beach, to the locality of the Turkish village of Bounarbashi. What the evidence of the conflicting commentators may be in favor of either of the disputed sites, concerns a shelf of volumes in the British Museum. For my own part I preferred erring with antiquity, to being correct with Professor Smith, and had prepared to rouse my imagination on this particular spot, to the effort the traveler feels called on to make in the neighborhood of celebrated transactions. So far as Homer is concerned, one has a sense of being a little nearer the spirit of his localities in agreeing with Xerxes and Alexander, who came here in the pagan centuries, in memory of the great bard, to view this site of Hissarlik. And it is to be remembered that the latter of these warriors stood here with the Iliad in his pocket — though if history be right, he must have laid the immortal epic temporarily aside with his tunic, running the circuit of Achilles' tomb yonder on the sea-shore.

Assuming this as the site of Troy, what, in this year of our Lord, remains superficially visible of King Priam's towers, are a few masses of scarred earth mixed with fragments of pottery and hewn stone on a hill terrace. Something more, however, has been interiorly discovered. Before sitting down on the summit of the ridge to scan the Homeric landmarks, I examined the shafts recently sunk from this surface by the zealous Doctor Schlieman, an American German, who has recently attempted to exhume the city of the Iliad. These excavations were commenced in the summer of 1870, and, with intervals of interruption by the jealous Ottoman authority at Constantinople, have been continued since. The shafts almost unexpectedly struck, at a depth of a dozen feet from the surface, a range of walls of Cyclopean structure

laid with rectangular blocks of sandstone around and under the amphitheatre — like Hissarlik ridge.

What further exploration will decide as to this ancient masonry, whether it belongs to the wall of a city, or to the foundations of a citadel or theatre, is a question perhaps of the extent of the excavation itself. But there seems hardly a probability that any disclosure will determine the dispute of the ancient city's locality; even if the question of its exact identification essentially concerns the interest of the half mythological narrative of the *Iliad*. This corner of old Mysia is strewn with ruins of prehistoric cities, and the remote period of the Trojan conflict precludes the possible discovery of coins or written memorials, by which to authenticate a definite spot as its central scene. The enthusiastic excavator assumes that his exhumed walls are as old as the Trojans themselves, while the judgment of the scholarly Calverts, at the Dardanelles, decides them to be of not earlier date than six centuries before the modern eras.

Some shepherds brought me a few coins which they had found on the spot where I stood, and which belonged to the period of the Roman city here. I also picked from the chinks of the uncovered walls some fragments of human vertebrae and broken earthenware which fancy easily converted into *débris* of Priam's sons and pottery.

This site of the Turkish Hissarlik, agreed upon by the ancients as that of Troy, certainly meets the requirements of Homer's locality. Here, at least, you tread the actual classic soil of the *Iliad*. Whether here, or yonder at Bomarbashi, Ilium stood, Achilles' feet must have passed from the ships over this ground to reach it. Upon the spot the lofty cloud-wreathed Samothrace — Jupiter's watch-tower — looks down yet, as in the poet's description, over low intermediate lying Imbros. Out that way between the two islands was the cave under the Ægean from which Poseidon emerged towards the conflict. And there towards the north and west,

girding the field of struggle, are those everlasting barriers, older than history, the tumuli of Achilles and beloved Patroclus and their brother heroes. Just beyond, advanced from the shore, ran the wall in front of the Greek ships, where on that fourth day of the Homeric battles the sons of Priam broke through with loud hurrahs and horrible slaughter, to be forced back again by the Ajaxes — Greater and Lesser. Still behind, where the vision drops on the Hellespontic harbor, the mind crowds the space with the enumerated myriad ships that were all too many for the limited shore and stood several lines deep. There, through the dreary years of the contest, these vessels of the Greeks, desperately defended as their last hope of return to dear Argos, had lain already, at the outset of the epic narrative, till their timbers were decayed and their cordage rotted.

This stretch of three miles between Hissarlik and the shore was crossed a hundred times by the alternately advancing and retreating forces of the combatants, the plain underneath them sprinkled with the dead, ground by brazen chariot-wheels into furrows and trampled by the plunging steeds of the warrior chieftains into dust-heaps, until, amid the cloud and clangor of enormous, never-ending battle, there grew despair on either side. All this when you have come here, out of the skeptical West, under the Mysian sky, with Homer and Homer's accurately described landscape to guide you, is not so hard to believe in — not more difficult to recall than Waterloo or Antietam. The field is every whit as suggestive of battle. And how those poor Greek soldiers, unfurloughed veterans after ten years, must have grown weary of it all, and homesick, until death almost, fighting here for the harlot-bride of their King, Homer records, and can be well realized too. They were still looking across the Ægean towards their land and kindred after witnessing from this narrow strip of shore three thousand sunsets over its waters. Athos, Imbros, and Samothrace must have re-

mained the most vivid images in their memories long after their return to Greece.

I went down from Hissarlik towards the Hellespont once more, to get a near view of the tumuli of Ajax, Achilles, and Ilius. These are conical earth-mounds thrown up in the prehistoric times, twenty or thirty feet above the ground level. They have borne always as now, save the profanities bestowed upon them by the modern Turk, the names of the individual heroes assigned to sepulture in them. That they are the actual work of human hands and for burial purposes has been fully demonstrated. About three quarters of a century ago the mound of Achilles was dug into by a Frenchman, Choiseul, who discovered, fifteen feet under its summit, a bronze vase and a figure of Minerva among the charred *débris* of antique funeral rites. Some fragments of metal and pottery procured at a more recent date from this tomb were exhibited to me at the Dardanelles. Another of the larger of these mounds of the Troad, opened as lately as 1853, was estimated to contain nearly thirty thousand feet of calcined bones. In the stratum of earth above the ashes were numerous jar tombs, and, in a vault underneath, reposed in its earthen case free from the upper fire a single skeleton evidently placed there at a very remote age. This vast mass of human remains appears to have been the deposit from an immense funeral pyre after some great battle of the ancient period, when, as after the first engagement of the Iliad, the dead on both sides were heaped and burned. On that occasion the Greeks raised a mound over the slain, and Homer's account of Patroclus' burial tells how the warrior's tomb was formed:—

"Designing next the compass of the tomb
They marked the boundaries with stones, then filled
The wide inclosure hastily with earth,
And having heaped it to its height, returned."

The mounds still suggest this manner of their making. The tomb of Ajax is earth heaped over a vault of solid masonry. It may be entered with diffi-

culty by a ruined passage-way at its base. On the summit of the barrow are visible the remains of the monument which the Romans erected above the redoubtable warrior of the Iliad, when they took possession of this part of geography. I crept half-way into the mound to conjure up, if possible, the great friendly ghost of Ajax, and after a few minutes passed out again over to the Sigeon point, a mile off, to see if Homer's pet hero, Achilles, would come to the fancy, standing over his burial spot, clearer than in those far-away hours of boyhood when I stood by the professor's throne, scanning the sonorous hexameters recording how the first fighter among the Greeks sat dissentient here on this sea corner, brooding over the lost Briseis. Varying Alexander's plan on the premises, I retained my garments and rode soberly round the hillock and then through Choiseul's old ditch of excavation cleaving its centre, plucking, as I rode, a poppy-flower from over the warrior's three thousand years' sleep.

Bouuarbashi, the Ilium Vetus of the moderns, is an afternoon's journey down the whole length of the Trojan plain from the Sigeon point. The way is by the Scamander, yellow and with deep swirling eddies as of old, where it rose to join in the fray with Achilles and overflowed the plain, bearing away alike Troy's besiegers and defenders. Mendere is the modern travesty of the old river's name. Two leaps of an English hunting horse would span its current now; though feats like those epic ones it might do still, if provoked by storms into flood. But Homer, from the want of a wide range of geographical imagination,—a defect of his date,—appears to have exaggerated all the landmarks here. Far away and winding through the plain, its line of waving willows traced the course of the ancient stream into the defiles of Ida, and from far away came the memories of the past, as I wandered down its banks deeply into this land where, as in that of the Lotos Eaters, it seems always afternoon. My fancy

kept struggling, almost unconsciously, with the question of what kind of realities those were of the antique life and civilization here — whether these faded shores could have ever had any more vivid realities than now, when passage over them is like a dream. The level plain I traversed on either side of the Scamander was the fertile ground on which the opulent Eriethonius of the *Odyssey* pastured his three thousand mares.

When the day was finished, I had already reached and explored the ruins on the Bounarbashi site, at the end of the plain, and had come down from the craggy heights of the Balidagh above them, whereon, if modern opinion be right, rested the lofty palace of the Trojan kings. This hill, in fact, is the supposed Pergamus itself; and certainly no citadel locality could be more splendid and commanding. Down a chasm opening from the fir-clad ranges of Ida, the Scamander comes rushing here a thousand feet below and against this precipitous steep, turning its south and east into a mighty semicircular bastion. The ancients affirmed that Hercules had torn Ida apart at this point for the river's passage-way. The panorama of the Scamander pouring through the rent mountain is, indeed, striking enough to have been fabled the result of an immortal labor.

Westward from the Balidagh Acropolis lies, once more, the vision of the islands in the *Ægean*. In front, rises out of the plain a lofty conical barrow which, assuming this to be Homer's city, is the tomb of *Æsyetes*, — the Trojan outlook, about which the warriors mustered under Hector and *Æneas* before the battles.

This hill of the Pergamus was uncovered at its summit, ten years ago, by an Austrian consul in the Mediterranean, and there was disclosed a gigantic wall girdling its whole circumference. The stones and layers of this wall, like the foundations exhumed at Hissarlik, look ancient enough to satisfy the most antiquarian fancy. But the hill-tops of the whole Troad are crowned

with the ruins of citadels. If this be the actual Pergamus, Troy's castle, it is more than sufficiently removed southward from the harbor of the Greeks; and, standing here looking at its difficult approach in front, a modern soldier would quickly conceive a contempt for the classic strategy which failed to suggest the detail of a part of the Greek fleet to a station down the western coast of the Troad, below Tenedos, for a basis, from which to storm Priam's seat by a night attack, from the rear — instead of braving it out for ten years with bulky day fights in front. But then we should have lost the *Iliad* itself, which is all there is of Troy, after all; and the stories of its demi-god warriors who appear to have preferred these pitched battles in the sunshine for the express purpose of making, with their lofty speeches before charging the enemy, a Homeric benefit.

On this high ground of Bounarbashi it is somewhat easier than at Hissarlik to recall the picturesque domestic details of the siege — the doings of Helen and Paris, the wordy debates of the chiefs inside of the "high wide-paved city," as well as the rushing to and fro of heralds about the Scæan gate, to overlook the battle-field, and the swarming of the warriors in and out through its portals; though to conceive Achilles' feat of dragging dead Hector at his chariot's rear around these steeps where a goat could scarcely get footing, is a more difficult matter.

The thought comes, when you have reached, at the end of a few hours' journey, this high ground at the extremity of the narrow Ilian plain, that the Trojan domain, after all, was a very petty affair, — a piece of territory altogether too insignificant for the basis of the gigantic political epic of the *Iliad*. A like thought occurs when, after a week's travel on horseback, along the borders of smaller Asia, you have compassed all the localities out of which Homer makes his mighty enumeration of warriors gathered for the conflict around Troy, and which appeared to his fancy so remotely apart

from each other. Whole nations would seem to have generated inside of territorial limits not too spacious for the estates of a modern prairie farmer. These reflections had all passed, as I sat among the broken columns and friezes of the later Greek city, strewn over the ground at the foot of the Pergamus hill, watching another sunset over the Ægean. I was trying to fix in my memory the picture made against the flushed west, by the long, waving line of Imbros lifting to peaked Samothrace. Suddenly, I was surrounded by a troop of Yuruks, fantastically garbed, stalwart sons of the mountain, who, returning at sunset to their clay lodgings here among the scattered marbles of the ancient city, had been attracted by the appearance of a Western stranger. These Yuruks are a people who appear to have inhabited the Troad in the antiquity before the Turkoman invasion. Their pursuits are of the hunting and pastoral sort, and their shaggy, bush-covered huts are fixed high up in the woolly recesses of Ida, or at the foot of its spurs, as here at Bounarbashi. Despite their rude occupation and dwellings, they stalk through these classic wilds like the princes of the East they look, vying, in the contrast of scarlet and purple jackets against white nether garments, with the Albanian himself who keeps spotless, smoking his nargile in the shades of Montenegro. And such examples of physical superiority as the race presents are matched rarely in the civilizations of the West. Among the group which had gathered about me, hardly one was under the six feet stature of manhood, and their apparent chief was of such proportions as would not ill fit the description given, — perhaps on the very spot where he stood, — of Ulysses, by Priam, when, questioning of his history, he pointed out that warrior to Helen : —

— “not tall as Atreus’ son,

But brouder shouldered and of ample chest;”

and the sight of his naked calves would have filled Edwin Forrest himself with envy. Observing my admiration of his muscles, the hardy mountaineer came

and stood by my side, exhibiting the girth of his chest and the measure of his colossal limbs. It was no test of the giant’s strength; but my own vigor seemed to have wonderfully rallied with the few days’ riding in this breezy land of heroes; and, taking him by the convenient hunting belt, I lifted him, as many a pupil of Winship might have done, before he was aware, to my shoulder, from where he tumbled to the grass. The feat of lifting their solid chief from the earth instantly secured me consideration from his companions, who chaffed him, as he arose from the ground, over his discomfiture.

I rested in the rude clay cabin of a Mussulman, who assured me — falsely I think — that I was the first Frank who had visited Bounarbashi — old Troy — for five years. The next morning I rose to see Greek women, whose huts were also on these premises, washing their garments in the fountains alleged to be those described by Homer as the sources of the Scamander. It was the exact scene of the *Iliad*! — the

— “washing troughs

Of well-wrought stone; — where erst the wives of Troy

And daughters fair their choicest garments washed
In peaceful times, ere came the sons of Greece.”

From the heights of Chigri, an hour’s ride southward from old Troy, I looked down upon the accomplished length of the plain; but the journey of Homer’s land was only begun. Ida lifted her glittering summit into the noonday far to the east, while I was still peering over towards the west and Tenedos. That way before the sea was reached lay wooded hills and unpeopled, fertile valleys. Three hours later, under the haze of the May afternoon, that seemed midsummer, I was wandering there, misguided and hopelessly lost, through the olive groves up the farther hill-slopes into the dense shades of a vast oak forest. It was the forgotten city of Alexander Troas! I had expected to find a few paltry remains of an ancient town scattered along the beach of the Ægean, but here, miles away up the immense ridge from the sea, with its site overgrown with thick, tangled grass,

and giant oaks whose roots clasped its fallen marbles, stretched the ruins of the great city. Ten miles would hardly gird their outermost extent, and days would be required to explore the monuments strewn thickly through the lonely overreaching forest, amid whose green tops pierce here and there into the sunlight above, masses of majestic ruins visible afar off to travelers of the Ægean. Here, somewhere, exist the remains of the house from whose windows young Eutychus fell in his sleep, and was taken up for dead the night St. Paul landed at Troas from Thrace and restored him.

Who has not bathed in the Ægean knows, perchance, but has not *felt* the love of Greece. Coming out of the tangled grass of the oak forest to its lonely beach, I hailed the sea as a discoverer, and plunged from an ancient mole under its waves with the double zest of school-boy delight. Dripping from its waters, I turned to wave an adieu to Tenedos, that seemed hardly more than a stone's throw distant, and then went off Paul's foot-sore track towards Assos and Mytilene.

The journey from Alexander Troas to the rearward slopes of Ida lies seventy miles around the Ægean coast. I passed a night under a tree amid the airy oak forests of the southern Troad; another on the open deck of a Greek fishing-smack at Assos; and, at the end of a third day, found myself emerged from the vast olive groves of southeastern Mysia, ascending Ida from the neighborhood of ancient Adrametum. This remote and unusual ascent is particularly wild and rugged, and can be made only under the direction of guides from the immediate vicinity. I left the Turkish village of Narli with the olive groves at sunset, and climbed still three or four hours onward into the dark, and pitched my bivouac high up on the slopes of the mountain. My three followers, wild enough looking for bandits themselves, and certainly far enough off from presenting a pecuniary bait to brigandage, refused to advance a step farther, on the double

plea of exhaustion and fear of robbery. And, indeed, without the usual military guard offered by Turkish authority in these parts, we were fairly tempting the dangers with which the slopes of Ida have been infested for centuries.

Our camp fire, kindled and fed with the dry pine logs of the mountain, blazed far down over woody blackness to the Ægean. Then there burst suddenly a gust of storm, with the thunder and lightning of these hasty latitudes, across our perch on the mountain terrace, converting it for the night into a very witches' roost of unrest. We were drenched with rain before we could secure a hasty covering of green branches. The forest, below to the sea, and above, to the mountain's crest, was black and white with alternating flashes of storm, and, through the intervals of thunder, was heard the crackling rush of terrified wild animals down the heights. For Ida, as when Homer described it, is the "mother of wild beasts" still. On the following morning the fresh tracks of both deer and bear were within twenty yards of our night's bivouac, and the whole mountain side as we advanced was literally ploughed by the rooting of multitudinous wild boars.

The most famous sport in the East is to be had over these heights when the Governor of Beiramitch, a town on the upper Scamander, brings to Ida some distinguished Frank stranger for a hunt. At the command of this Turkish potentate, for a few liras the whole Yuruk population of the Eastern Troad assemble with their rude arms, girdle the mountain slopes, and press the animals from their fastnesses. There is a ringing of musket-balls, a shouting of picturesque savage huntsmen, a hooting rush of savage boars down the gorges, and universal scream and clangor that transform the old mountain from its loneliness into the most exciting holiday spot in the world. But the gods who sat on its peak looked down upon scarcely more perilous ventures about Troy than these of chasing wild boars on the sides of Ida. Many a horse ripped open by gleaming long

tusks is left dead upon the slopes; often a poor Yuruk is carried to his brushy cabin down in the valley, to join no more in the hazardous pastime.

Nine peaks rise propped against each other out of the Southern Ægean towards Ida's crest, and form the steps by which the traveler passes upwards. From the sea to the last of the lower summits the sides of the mountains are heavily clothed with the pine forest from which — *Ἰδη* — it derives its name. And such a forest was worthy to give name even to a hill of the gods. Stupendous and straight the pine giants on the lower terraces lift their bulks into aerial spaces level with the cliffs. Not even the pines of Norway match these colossal classic trunks of the South. The air of these wooded heights, too, is wonderfully sweet and pure.

As I toiled around the shadowy summits, Mytilene and the islands of the Smyrna coast dropped through lofty vistas down into the whiteness of the sea behind: the wood-covered steepes and valleys of the Idan ranges were seen far away, underneath stretches of blue mist drawn like veils over their blackness, while, as some unusual height was gained, the openings between distant western peaks were luminous with an intense purple splendor. My guides led by no path, but on over woody summits, through ways along which they had often tracked the bear and boar, descending here a cliff, and mounting now into clean spaces where flashes of white Asian landscapes shot from afar through the gloom of the upper forests.

The atmosphere over Ida in the months of May and June is of that perfect temperature that gives no suggestion of season. The stillness of the heights, together with the incense-like odor of the pines mixed with the stimulating breath of the mountain, produces an intoxication of the senses, a feeling, as it were, that immortality itself had been found among these lofty and beautiful regions. I even conceived for the moment that Homer might have planted his gods on Ida from such sensuous in-

spiration. At frequent intervals in the darkly picturesque recesses of these slopes are ruined monasteries of the early priests, who found here in the days of the Greek empire a meditative retreat equal to Athos or Vallombrosa. From morning till noon as I advanced towards the Idan crest, one summit had concealed the next until the inferior ranges had all been surmounted, when, at last, one mighty cone of mountain, abruptly shaking the pine forest from its sides, stood like a naked white Titan, with head among the clouds. It was Homer's "topmost Gargarus," fringed at the base with marble rocks and covered with patches of snow!

Leaving our horses on the plateau at the end of the pine wood, in an hour more I had struggled with my guides to the very apex of the gods. There is no mistaking Jupiter's outlook. The pinnacle of Ida towers solitarily aloft, domineering over its whole range. It was with a little pardonable vanity that I placed my foot upon it, as I was conscious of being nearly if not quite the only pilgrim from the West of the Atlantic who had attained this classic vantage-ground.

The prospect from the peak of Gargarus is equal to its fame. The panorama lying underneath is Western Asia Minor and European Turkey, modeled, as it has been said to appear, upon a vast surface of glass. Homer could not have more advantageously seated his divinities. Even to mortal eyes, from this summit the plain of Troy, although thirty miles distant, seems almost immediately under the gazer's feet, while all the incidental localities of the Iliad are compassed with a single glance. As I stood in the mid-afternoon upon this glorious outlook, the Hellespont running down from the Propontis appeared a gleaming silver thread dividing Asia from Europe. Farther down, at the lowest limit of the Troad, Cape Lectum, whence Juno, wrapped in a purple cloud, approached Jupiter upon the mountain, projected into the Ægean, whose waters in the sunlight were like a mirror of brass.

In an outer sweep of vision lay a circle of lands and objects that sent to the mind in tumultuous flood a thousand memories of ancient history—the sea of the Propontis, the Asian Olympus, the shores of the Thracian Chersonesus, Thrace itself, Assos, the islands of Imbros, Lemnos, Samothrace, Tenedos, Eubœa, the Gulf of Smyrna and its islands, almost all of Mysia and Bithynia, parts of Lydia and Ionia and the peninsula of Greece itself; while at my back the remoter Idan chain, taking its measure from Gargarus, swung down its wall of misty peaks into the fastnesses of Asia.

It is said that the towers of Constantinople are sometimes visible from the top of Ida. I saw clearly from the place the crest of the Mysian Olympus, amid whose snows I had been lost only a month before.

The Turks call Gargarus *Kaz-dagh*, or Goose-height, from its white appearance resembling the breast of a goose. The level surface of its summit is about a thousand yards in extent—sufficient standing room for all the gods imposed upon it by Homer. Bacchus is the only divinity of whom there are any present indications upon the sacred mountain; the evidences of his modern worship being lavishly sprinkled over the peak in the form of broken bottles of *Rakce* and other fierce liquors consumed by the Yuruks, who once a year, on the occasion of a festival of superstition, ascend this lofty Gargarian height and carouse for days and nights together.

Half-way down the sides of Ida descending towards the west are the real sources of the Scamander, in a vast cavern called by the natives *Buyuk-Megara*; and which must be traversed with the aid of guides bearing pine torches. At the extremity of a spacious hall, a hundred feet in length, the clear waters gush in mighty volume from the bowels of the earth, and run with an almost appalling sound over the rocky bottom of the cave. The grooved roof

of this cavern has suggested its resemblance to the well-known “Ear of Dionysius” at Syracuse. Its gloomy and rocky windings have never been explored to their full extent, but certainly no source to the grand Homeric river could be more appropriate than this magnificent cavern, high up amid the pine groves of Ida. From its mouth the view down the valley of the Scamander is enchanting—a picture so fair that hardly the touches of Tennyson’s pen, in the *Ænone*, have done it justice. The English poet, in his description of the vales of Ida, has taken the liberty to represent the towers of Troas and Troy as visible from the foot of the mountain where *Ænone* tended her flocks, though a range of hills entirely closes out the sight of the Ilian plain and the valley of the lower Scamander from the region of the upper river. But the glades around the base of Ida need no adornment of fancy to make them the perfect ideal scenes for the wandering of the sweet shepherd maid whom Paris deserted for the charms of Helen. These valleys are still the grazing-fields of flocks. As, worn out with the fatigue of descending the mountain, I lay asleep in one of the most romantic of their dells, I was awakened by the warbling of a reed flute—the exquisite and perfect reminiscence of the ancient pastoral time. It was a Yuruk shepherd with his little flock from the mountain, playing one of those plaintive wild airs of the primitive world, that seem to express at once the beauty and the sadness of existence.

Another night passed upon the turf by the side of the upper Scamander, listening to the rush of its waters and to the wolves calling to each other from the spurs of Ida, and another day of hard westward riding, and I touched the Hellespont again. I looked once more from the plain of Troy to the mist-covered mountain of the gods, and came out of the ancient land.

William J. Armstrong.

BADDECK AND THAT SORT OF THING.

II.

During the pilgrimage everything does not suit the tastes of the pilgrim. — *TURKISH PROVERB.*

ONE seeking Baddeck, as a possession, would not like to be detained a prisoner even in Eden — much less in St. John, which is unlike Eden in several important respects. The tree of knowledge does not grow there, for one thing; at least St. John's ignorance of Baddeck amounts to a feature. This encountered us everywhere. So dense was this ignorance, that we, whose only knowledge of the desired place was obtained from the prospectus of travel, came to regard ourselves as missionaries of geographical information in this dark provincial city.

The clerk at the Victoria was not unwilling to help us on our journey, but if he could have had his way, we would have gone to a place on Prince Edward's Island, which used to be called Bedeque, but is now named Summerside, in the hope of attracting summer visitors. As to Cape Breton, he said the agent of the Inter-colonial could tell us all about that, and put us on the route. We repaired to the agent. The kindness of this person dwells in our memory. He entered at once into our longings and perplexities. He produced his maps and time-tables, and showed us clearly what we already knew. The Port Hawksbury steamboat from Shediac for that week had gone, to be sure, but we could take one of another line which would leave us at Pictou, whence we could take another across to Port Hood, on Cape Breton. This looked fair, until we showed the agent that there was no steamer to Port Hood.

"Ah, then you can go another way. You can take the Inter-colonial railway round to Pictou, catch the steamer for Port Hawksbury, connect with the steamer on the Bras d'Or, and you are all right."

So it would seem. It was a most obliging agent; and it took us half an hour to convince him that the train would reach Pictou half a day too late for the steamer, that no other boat would leave Pictou for Cape Breton that week, and that even if we could reach the Bras d'Or we should have no means of crossing it, except by swimming. The perplexed agent thereupon referred us to Mr. Brown, a shipper on the wharf, who knew all about Cape Breton, and could tell us exactly how to get there. It is needless to say that a weight was taken off our minds. We pinned our faith to Brown, and sought him in his warehouse. Brown was a prompt business man, and a traveler, and would know every route and every conveyance from Nova Scotia to Cape Breton.

Mr. Brown was not in. He never is in. His store is a rusty warehouse, low and musty, piled full of boxes of soap and candles and dried fish, with a little glass cubby in one corner, where a thin clerk sits at a high desk, like a spider in his web. Perhaps he is a spider, for the cubby is swarming with flies, whose hum is the only noise of traffic; the glass of the window sash has not been washed since it was put in, apparently. The clerk is not writing, and has evidently no other use for his steel pen than spearing flies. Brown is out, says this young votary of commerce, and will not be in till half past five. We remark upon the fact that nobody ever is "in" these dingy warehouses, wonder when the business is done, and go out into the street to wait for Brown.

In front of the store is a dray, its horse fast asleep, and waiting for the revival of commerce. The travelers note that the dray is of a peculiar construction, the body being dropped down from the axles so as nearly to touch the ground — a great convenience in loading and unloading; they propose to in-

troduce it into their native land. The dray is probably waiting for the tide to come in. In the deep slip lie a dozen helpless vessels, coasting schooners mostly, tipped on their beam ends in the mud, or propped up by side pieces as if they were built for land as well as for water. At the end of the wharf is a long English steamboat unloading railroad iron, which will return to the Clyde full of Nova Scotia coal. We sit down on the dock, where the fresh sea-breeze comes up the harbor, watch the lazily swinging crane on the vessel, and meditate upon the greatness of England and the peacefulness of the drowsy afternoon. One's feeling of rest is never complete unless he can see somebody else at work—but the labor must be without haste, as it is in the Provinces.

While waiting for Brown, we had leisure to explore the shops of King's Street, and to climb up to the grand triumphal arch which stands on top of the hill and guards the entrance to King's Square. Of the shops for dry goods I have nothing to say, for they tempt the unwary American to violate the revenue laws of his country; but he may safely go into the book-shops. The literature which is displayed in the windows and on the counters has lost that freshness which it once may have had, and is, in fact, if one must use the term, fly-specked, like the cakes in the grocery windows on the side streets. There are old illustrated newspapers from the States, cheap novels from the same, and the flashy covers of the London and Edinburgh six-penny editions. But this is the dull season for literature, we reflect.

It will always be matter of regret to us that we climbed up to the triumphal arch, which appeared so noble in the distance, with the trees behind it. For when we reached it, we found that it was built of wood, painted and sanded, and in a shocking state of decay; and the grove to which it admitted us was only a scant assemblage of sickly locust-trees, which seemed to be tired of battling with the unfavorable climate, and

had, in fact, already retired from the business of ornamental shade-trees. Adjoining this square is an ancient cemetery, the surface of which has decayed in sympathy with the moldering remains it covers, and is quite a model in this respect. I have called this cemetery ancient, but it may not be so, for its air of decay is thoroughly modern, and neglect, and not years, appears to have made it the melancholy place of repose it is. Whether it is the fashionable and favorite resort of the dead of the city we did not learn, but there were some old men sitting in its damp shades, and the nurses appeared to make it a rendezvous for their baby-carriages—a cheerful place to bring up children in, and to familiarize their infant minds with the fleeting nature of provincial life. The park and the burying-ground, it is scarcely necessary to say, added greatly to the feeling of repose which stole over us on this sunny day. And they made us long for Brown and his information about Baddeck.

But Mr. Brown, when found, did not know as much as the agent. He had been in Nova Scotia; he had never been in Cape Breton; but he presumed we would find no difficulty in reaching Baddeck by so and so, and so and so. We consumed valuable time in convincing Brown that his directions to us were impracticable and valueless, and then he referred us to Mr. Cope. An interview with Mr. Cope discouraged us; we found that we were imparting everywhere more geographical information than we were receiving, and as our own stock was small, we concluded that we should be unable to enlighten all the inhabitants of St. John upon the subject of Baddeck before we ran out. Returning to the hotel, and taking our destiny into our own hands, we resolved upon a bold stroke.

But to return for a moment to Brown. I feel that Brown has been let off too easily in the above paragraph. His conduct, to say the truth, was not such as we expected of a man in whom we had put our entire faith for half a day—a long while to trust anybody in these times—a man whom we had ex-

alted as an encyclopedia of information, and idealized in every way. A man of wealth and liberal views and courtly manners we had decided Brown would be. Perhaps he had a suburban villa on the heights overlooking Kennebecasis Bay, and, recognizing us as brothers in a common interest in Baddeck, notwithstanding our different nationality, would insist upon taking us to his house, to sip provincial tea with Mrs. Brown and Victoria Louise, his daughter. When, therefore, Mr. Brown whisked into his dingy office, and, but for our importunity, would have paid no more attention to us than to up-country customers without credit, and when he proved to be willingly, it seemed to us, ignorant of Baddeck, our feelings received a great shock. It is incomprehensible that a man in the position of Brown—with so many boxes of soap and candles to dispose of—should be so ignorant of a neighboring province. We had heard of the cordial unity of the provinces in the new Dominion. Heaven help it, if it depends upon such fellows as Brown! Of course, his directing us to Cope was a mere fetch. For as we have intimated, it would have taken us longer to have given Cope an idea of Baddeck, than it did to enlighten Brown. But we had no bitter feelings about Cope, for we never had reposed confidence in him.

Our plan of campaign was briefly this: To take the steamboat at eight o'clock, Thursday morning, for Digby Gut and Annapolis; thence to go by rail through the poetical Acadia down to Halifax; to turn north and east by rail from Halifax to New Glasgow, and from thence to push on by stage to the Gut of Canso. This would carry us over the entire length of Nova Scotia, and, with good luck, land us on Cape Breton Island Saturday morning. When we should set foot on that island, we trusted that we should be able to make our way to Baddeck, by walking, swimming, or riding, whichever sort of locomotion should be most popular in that province. Our imaginations were kindled by reading that the "most superb

line of stages on the continent" ran from New Glasgow to the Gut of Canso. If the reader perfectly understands this programme, he has the advantage of the two travelers at the time they made it.

It was a gray morning when we embarked from St. John, and in fact a little drizzle of rain veiled the Martello tower, and checked, like the cross strokes of a line engraving, the hill on which it stands. The miscellaneous shipping of such a harbor appears best in a golden haze, or in the mist of a morning like this. We had expected days of fog in this region; but the fog seemed to have gone out with the high tides of the geography. And it is simple justice to these possessions of her Majesty, to say that in our two weeks' acquaintance of them they enjoyed as delicious weather as ever falls on sea and shore, with the exception of this day when we crossed the Bay of Fundy. And this day was only one of those cool interludes of low color, which an artist would be thankful to introduce among a group of brilliant pictures. Such a day rests the traveler, who is over-stimulated by shifting scenes played upon by the dazzling sun. So the cool gray clouds spread a grateful umbrella above us as we ran across the Bay of Fundy, sighted the headlands of the Gut of Digby, and entered into the Annapolis Basin, and into the region of a romantic history. The white houses of Digby, scattered over the downs like a flock of washed sheep, had a somewhat chilly aspect, it is true, and made us long for the sun on them. But as I think of it now, I prefer to have the town and the pretty hill-sides that stood about the basin in the light we saw them; and especially do I like to recall the high wooden pier at Digby, deserted by the tide and so blown by the wind that the passengers who came out on it, with their tossing drapery, brought to mind the windy Dutch harbors that Backhuysen painted. We landed a priest here, and it was a pleasure to see him as he walked along the high pier, his broad hat flapping and the wind blowing his long skirts away from his ecclesiastical legs.

It was one of the coincidences of life, for which no one can account, that when we descended upon these coasts, the Governor-General of the Dominion was abroad in his Provinces. There was an air of expectation of him everywhere, and of preparation for his coming; his lordship was the subject of conversation on the Digby boat, his movements were chronicled in the newspapers, and the gracious bearing of the Governor and Lady Dufferin at the civic receptions, balls, and picnics, was recorded with loyal satisfaction; even a literary flavor was given to the provincial journals by quotations from his lordship's condescension to letters in the "High Latitudes." It was not without pain, however, that even in this un-American region we discovered the old Adam of journalism in the disposition of the newspapers of St. John toward sarcasm touching the well-meant attempts to entertain the Governor and his lady in the provincial town of Halifax, — a disposition to turn, in short, upon the demonstrations of loyal worship the faint light of ridicule. There were those upon the boat who were journeying to Halifax to take part in the civic ball about to be given to their excellencies, and as we were going in the same direction, we shared in the feeling of satisfaction which proximity to the Great often excites.

We had other if not deeper causes of satisfaction. We were sailing along the gracefully molded and tree-covered hills of the Annapolis Basin, and up the mildly picturesque river of that name, and we were about to enter what the provincials all enthusiastically call the Garden of Nova Scotia. This favored vale, skirted by low ranges of hills on either hand, and watered most of the way by the Annapolis River, extends from the mouth of the latter to the town of Windsor, on the river Avon. We expected to see something like the fertile valleys of the Connecticut or the Mohawk. We should also pass through those meadows on the Basin of Minas, which Mr. Longfellow has made more sadly poetical than any other spot on the Western Continent. It is, — this

valley of the Annapolis, — in the belief of provincials, the most beautiful and blooming place in the world, with a soil and climate kind to the husbandman, a land of fair meadows, orchards, and vines. It was doubtless our own fault that this land did not look to us like a garden, as it does to the inhabitants of Nova Scotia; and it was not until we had traveled over the rest of the country, that we saw the appropriateness of the designation. The explanation is, that not so much is required of a garden here, as in some other parts of the world. Excellent apples, none finer, are exported from this valley to England, and the quality of the potatoes is said to approach an ideal perfection here. I should think that oats would ripen well also in a good year, and grass, for those who care for it, may be satisfactory. I should judge that the other products of this garden are fish and building-stone. But we anticipate. And have we forgotten the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks"? Nobody, I suppose, ever travels here without believing that he sees these trees of the imagination, so forcibly has the poet projected them upon the universal consciousness. But we were unable to see them, on this route.

It would be a brutal thing for us to take seats in the railway train at Annapolis, and leave the ancient town with its modern houses and remains of old fortifications, without a thought of the romantic history which saturates the region. There is not much in the smart, new restaurant, where a tidy waiting-maid skillfully depreciates our currency in exchange for bread and cheese and ale, to recall the early drama of the French discovery and settlement. For it is to the French that we owe the poetical interest that still invests, like a garment, all these islands and bays, just as it is to the Spaniards that we owe the romance of the Florida coast. Every spot on this continent that either of these races has touched has a color that is wanting in the prosaic settlements of the English. Without the historical light of French adventure upon this

town and basin of Annapolis, or Port Royal, as they were first named, I confess that I should have no longing to stay here for a week; notwithstanding the guide-book distinctly says that this harbor has "a striking resemblance to the beautiful Bay of Naples." I am not offended at this remark, for it is the one always made about a harbor, and I am sure the passing traveler can stand it, if the Bay of Naples can. And yet this tranquil basin must have seemed a haven of peace to the first discoverers.

It was on a lovely summer day in 1604, that the *Sieur de Monts*, and his comrades *Champlain* and the *Baron de Poutrincourt*, beating about the shores of Nova Scotia, were invited by the rocky gate-way of the Port Royal Basin. "They entered the small inlet, says *Mr. Parkman*, when suddenly the narrow strait dilated into a broad and tranquil basin, compassed with sunny hills, wrapped with woodland verdure and alive with water-falls. *Poutrincourt* was delighted with the scene, and would fain remove thither from France with his family. Since *Poutrincourt's* day, the hills have been somewhat denuded of trees, and the water-falls are not now in sight; at least, not under such a gray sky as we saw.

The reader who once begins to look into the French occupancy of Acadia, is in danger of getting into a sentimental vein, and sentiment is the one thing to be shunned in these days. Yet I cannot but stay, though the train should leave us, to pay my respectful homage to one of the most heroic of women, whose name recalls the most romantic incident in the history of this region. Out of this past there rises no figure so captivating to the imagination as that of *Madame de la Tour*. And it is noticeable that woman has a curious habit of coming to the front in critical moments of history, and performing some exploit that eclipses in brilliancy all the deeds of contemporary men; and the exploit usually ends in a pathetic tragedy, that fixes it forever in the sympathy of the world. I need not copy out of the pages of *De Charlevoix* the well-

known story of *Madame de la Tour*; I only wish he had told us more about her. It is here at Port Royal that we first see her with her husband. *Charles de St. Etienne*, the *Chevalier de la Tour*, — there is a world of romance in these mere names, — was a Huguenot nobleman who had a grant of Port Royal and of La Hève, from *Louis XIII.* He ceded La Hève to *Razilli*, the governor-in-chief of the provinces, who took a fancy to it, for a residence. He was living peacefully at Port Royal in 1647, when the *Chevalier d'Amay Charnisé*, having succeeded his brother *Razilli* at La Hève, tired of that place, and removed to Port Royal. *De Charnisé* was a Catholic; the difference in religion might not have produced any unpleasantness, but the two noblemen could not agree in dividing the profits of the peltry trade — each being covetous, if we may so express it, of the hide of the savage continent, and determined to take it off for himself. At any rate, disagreement arose, and *De la Tour* moved over to the *St. John*, of which region his father had enjoyed a grant from *Charles I. of England*, — whose sad fate it is not necessary now to recall to the reader's mind, — and built a fort at the mouth of the river. But the differences of the two ambitious Frenchmen could not be composed. *De la Tour* obtained aid from Governor *Winthrop* at Boston, thus verifying the Catholic prediction that the Huguenots would side with the enemies of France on occasion. *De Charnisé* received orders from *Louis* to arrest *De la Tour*; but a little preliminary to the arrest was the possession of the fort of *St. John*, and this he could not obtain, although he sent all his force against it. Taking advantage, however, of the absence of *De la Tour*, who had a habit of roving about, he one day besieged *St. John*. But *Madame De la Tour* headed the little handful of men in the fort, and made such a gallant resistance that *De Charnisé* was obliged to draw off his fleet with the loss of thirty-three men — a very serious loss, when the supply of men was as distant as France. But *De Charnisé* would not be balked by a

woman; he attacked again; and this time, one of the garrison, a Swiss, betrayed the fort, and let the invaders into the walls by an unguarded entrance. It was Easter morning when this misfortune occurred, but the peaceful influence of the day did not avail. When Madame saw that she was betrayed, her spirits did not quail; she took refuge with her little band in a detached part of the fort, and there made such a bold show of defense, that De Charnisé was obliged to agree to the terms of her surrender, which she dictated. No sooner had this unchivalrous fellow obtained possession of the fort and of this Historic Woman, than, overcome with a false shame that he had made terms with a woman, he violated his noble word, and condemned to death all the men, except one, who was spared on condition that he should be the executioner of the others. And the poltroon compelled the brave woman to witness the execution, with the added indignity of a rope round her neck, — or as De Charlevoix much more neatly expresses it, “*obligea sa prisonnière d’assister à l’exécution, la corde au cou.*”

To the shock of this horror the womanly spirit of Madame de la Tour succumbed; she fell into a decline and died soon after. De la Tour, himself an exile from his province, wandered about the New World in his customary pursuit of peltry. He was seen at Quebec for two years. While there, he heard of the death of De Charnisé, and straightway repaired to St. John. The widow of his late enemy received him graciously, and he entered into possession of the estate of the late occupant with the consent of all the heirs. To remove all roots of bitterness, De la Tour married Madame de Charnisé, and history does not record any ill of either of them. I trust they had the grace to plant a sweet-brier on the grave of the noble woman to whose faithfulness and courage they owe their rescue from obscurity. At least the parties to this singular union must have agreed to ignore the lamented existence of the Chevalier d’Aunay.

With the Chevalier de la Tour, at

any rate, it all went well thereafter. When Cromwell drove the French from Acadia, he granted great territorial rights to De la Tour, which that thrifty adventurer sold out to one of his co-grantees for £16,000; and he no doubt invested the money in peltry for the London market.

As we leave the station at Annapolis, we are obliged to put Madame de la Tour out of our minds to make room for another woman whose name, and we might say presence, fills all the valley before us. So it is that woman continues to reign, where she has once got a foothold, long after her dear frame has become dust. Evangeline, who is as real a personage as Queen Esther, must have been a different woman from Madame de la Tour. If the latter had lived at Grand Prè, she would, I trust, have made it hot for the brutal English who drove the Acadians out of their salt-marsh paradise, and have died in her heroic shoes rather than float off into poetry. But if it should come to the question of marrying the De la Tour or the Evangeline, I think no man who was not engaged in the peltry trade would hesitate which to choose. At any rate, the women who love have more influence in the world than the women who fight, and so it happens that the sentimental traveler who passes through Port Royal without a tear for Madame de la Tour, begins to be in a glow of tender longing and regret for Evangeline as soon as he enters the valley of the Annapolis River. For myself, I expected to see written over the railway crossings the legend, —

“Look out for Evangeline while the Bell rings.”

When one rides into a region of romance he does not much notice his speed or his carriage; but I am obliged to say that we were not hurried up the valley, and that the cars were not too luxurious for the plain people, priests, clergymen, and belles of the region, who rode in them. Evidently the latest fashions had not arrived in the Provinces, and we had an opportunity of

studying anew those that had long passed away in the States, and of remarking how inappropriate a fashion is when it has ceased to be the fashion.

The river becomes small shortly after we leave Annapolis and before we reach Paradise. At this station of happy appellation we looked for the satirist who named it, but he has probably sold out and removed. If the effect of wit is produced by the sudden recognition of a remote resemblance, there was nothing witty in the naming of this station. Indeed, we looked in vain for the "garden" appearance of the valley. There was nothing generous in the small meadows or the thin orchards; and if large trees ever grew on the bordering hills, they have given place to rather stunted evergreens; the scraggy firs and balsams, in fact, possess Nova Scotia generally as we saw it—and there is nothing more uninteresting and wearisome than large tracts of these woods. We are bound to believe that Nova Scotia has somewhere, or had, great pines and hemlocks that murmur, but we were not blessed with the sight of them. Slightly picturesque this valley is with its winding river and high hills guarding it, and perhaps a person would enjoy a foot-tramp down it; but I think he would find little peculiar or interesting after he left the neighborhood of the Basin of Minas.

Before we reached Wolfville we came in sight of this basin and some of the estuaries and streams that run into it; that is, when the tide goes out; but they are only muddy ditches half the time. The Acadia College was pointed out to us at Wolfville by a person who said that it is a feeble institution, a remark we were sorry to hear of a place described as "one of the foremost seats of learning in the Province." But our regret was at once extinguished by the announcement that the next station was Grand Prê! We were within three miles of the most poetic place in North America.

There was on the train a young man from Boston, who said that he was born in Grand Prê. It seemed impossible

that we should actually be near a person so felicitously born. He had a justifiable pride in the fact, as well as in the bride by his side, whom he was taking to see for the first time his old home. His local information, imparted to her, overflowed upon us, and when he found that we had read *Evangeline*, his delight in making us acquainted with the scene of that poem was pleasant to see. The village of Grand Prê is a mile from the station; and perhaps the reader would like to know exactly what the traveler, hastening on to Baddeck, can see of the famous locality.

We looked over a well-grassed meadow, seamed here and there by beds of streams left bare by the receding tide, to a gentle swell in the ground upon which is a not heavy forest growth. The trees partly conceal the street of Grand Prê, which is only a road bordered by common houses. Beyond is the Basin of Minas, with its sedge shore, its dreary flats; and beyond that projects a bold headland, standing perpendicular against the sky. This is the Cape Blonchon, and it gives a certain dignity to the picture.

The old Normandy picturesqueness has departed from the village of Grand Prê. Yankee settlers, we were told, possess it now, and there are no descendants of the French Acadians in this valley. I believe that Mr. Cozzens found some of them in humble circumstances in a village on the other coast, not far from Halifax, and it is there, probably, that the

"Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their
kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat *Evangeline's* story, —
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neigh-
boring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail
of the forest."

At any rate, there is nothing here now except a faint tradition of the French Acadians, and the sentimental traveler who laments that they were driven out, and not left behind their dykes to rear their flocks, and cultivate the rural virtues, and live in the simplicity of ignorance, will temper his sadness by the reflection that it is to the expulsion he

owes "Evangeline" and the luxury of his romantic grief. So that if the traveler is honest, and examines his own soul faithfully, he will not know what state of mind to cherish as he passes through this region of sorrow.

Our eyes lingered as long as possible and with all eagerness upon these meadows and marshes which the poet has made immortal, and we regretted that inexorable Baddeck would not permit us to be pilgrims for a day in this Acadian land. Just as I was losing sight of the skirt of trees at Grand Prè, a gentleman in the dress of a rural clergyman left his seat, and complimented me with this remark:—

"I perceive, sir, that you are fond of reading."

I could not but feel flattered by this unexpected discovery of my nature, which was no doubt due to the fact that I held in my hand one of the works of Charles Reade on social science, called, "Love me Little, Love me Long," and I said, —

"Of some kinds, I am."

"Did you ever see a work called 'Evangeline'?"

"Oh, yes, I have frequently seen it."

"You may remember," continued this Mass of Information, that "there is an allusion in it to Grand Prè. That is the place, sir!"

"Oh, indeed, is that the place? Thank you."

"And that mountain yonder is Cape Blomedon—blow me down, you know."

And under cover of this pun, the amiable clergyman retired, unconscious, I presume, of his prosaic effect upon the atmosphere of the region. With this intrusion of the commonplace, I suffered an eclipse of faith as to Evangeline, and was not sorry to have my attention taken up by the river Avon, along the banks of which we were running about this time. It is really a broad arm of the basin, extending up to Windsor, and beyond in a small stream, and would have been a charming river if there had been a drop of water in it. I never knew before how much water adds to a river. Its slimy bottom was quite a

ghastly spectacle, an ugly gash in the land that nothing could heal but the friendly returning tide. I should think it would be confusing to dwell by a river that runs first one way and then the other, and then vanishes altogether.

All the streams about this basin are famous for their salmon and shad, and the season for these fish was not yet passed. There seems to be an untraced affinity between the shad and the strawberry; they appear and disappear in a region simultaneously. When we reached Cape Breton, we were a day or two late for both. It is impossible not to feel a little contempt for people who do not have these luxuries till July and August; but I suppose we are in turn despised by the Southerners because we do not have them till May and June. So, a great part of the enjoyment of life is in the knowledge that there are people living in a worse place than that you inhabit.

Windsor, a most respectable old town round which the railroad sweeps, with its iron bridge, conspicuous King's College, and handsome church spire, is a great place for plaster and limestone, and would be a good location for a person interested in these substances. Indeed, if a man can live on rocks, like a goat, he may settle anywhere between Windsor and Halifax. It is one of the most sterile regions in the Province. With the exception of a wild pond or two, we saw nothing but rocks and stunted firs, for forty-five miles, a monotony unrelieved by one picturesque feature. Then we longed for the "Garden of Nova Scotia," and understood what is meant by the name.

A member of the Ottawa government, who was on his way to the Governor-General's ball at Halifax, informed us that this country is rich in minerals, in iron especially, and he pointed out spots where gold had been washed out. But we do not covet it. And we were not sorry to learn from this gentleman, that since the formation of the Dominion, there is less and less desire in the Provinces for annexation to the United States. One of the chief pleas-

ures in traveling in Nova Scotia now is in the constant reflection that you are in a foreign country; and annexation would take that away.

It is nearly dark when we reach the head of the Bedford Basin. The noble harbor of Halifax narrows to a deep inlet for three miles along the rocky slope on which the city stands, and then suddenly expands into this beautiful sheet of water. We ran along its bank for five miles, cheered occasionally by a twinkling light on the shore, and then came to a stop at the shabby terminus, three miles out of town. This basin is almost large enough to float the navy of Great Britain, and it could lie here, with the narrows fortified, secure from the attacks of the American navy, hovering outside in the fog. With these patriotic thoughts we enter the town. It is not the fault of the railroad, but its present inability to climb a rocky hill, that it does not run into the city. The suburbs are not impressive in the night, but they look better then than they do in the day-time; and the same might be said of the city itself. Probably there is not anywhere a more rusty, forlorn town, and this in spite of its magnificent situation.

It is a gala-night when we rattle down the rough streets, and have pointed out to us the sombre government buildings. The Halifax Club House is a blaze of light, for the Governor-General is being received there, and workmen are still busy decorating the Provincial Building for the great ball. The city is indeed pervaded by his lordship, and we regret that we cannot see it in its normal condition of quiet; the hotels are full, and it is impossible to escape the festive feeling that is abroad. It ill accords with our desires, as tranquil travelers, to be plunged into such a vortex of slow dissipation. These people take their pleasures more gravely than we do, and probably will last the longer for their moderation. Having ascertained that we can get no more information about Baddeck here than in St. John, we go to bed early, for we are to depart from this fascinating place at six o'clock.

If any one objects that we are not competent to pass judgment on the city of Halifax by sleeping there one night, I beg leave to plead the usual custom of travelers—where would be our books of travel if more was expected than a night in a place?—and to state a few facts. The first is, that I saw the whole of Halifax. If I were inclined, I could describe it building by building. Cannot one see it all from the citadel hill, and by walking down by the horticultural garden and the Roman Catholic cemetery? and did not I climb that hill through the most dilapidated rows of brown houses, and stand on the green-sward of the fortress at five o'clock in the morning, and see the whole city, and the British navy riding at anchor, and the fog coming in from the Atlantic ocean? Let the reader go to! and if he would know more of Halifax, go there. We felt that if we remained there through the day, it would be a day of idleness and sadness. I could draw a picture of Halifax. I could relate its century of history; I could write about its free school system, and its many noble charities. But the reader always skips such things. He hates information; and he himself would not stay in this dull garrison town any longer than he was obliged to.

There was to be a military display that day in honor of the Governor.

"Why," I asked the bright and light-minded colored boy who sold papers on the morning train, "don't you stay in the city and see it?"

"Pho," said he, with contempt, "I'm sick of 'em. Halifax is played out, and I'm going to quit it."

The withdrawal of this lively trader will be a blow to the enterprise of the place.

When I returned to the hotel for breakfast—which was exactly like the supper, and consisted mainly of green tea and dry toast—there was a commotion among the waiters and the hack-drivers over a nervous little old man, who was in haste to depart for the morning train. He was a specimen of provincial antiquity such as could not

be seen elsewhere. His costume was of the oddest: a long-waisted coat reaching nearly to his heels, short trousers, a flowered silk vest, and a napless hat. He carried his baggage tied up in meal-bags, and his attention was divided between that and two buxom daughters, who were evidently enjoying their first taste of city life. The little old man, who was not unlike a petrified Frenchman of the last century, had risen before daylight, roused up his daughters, and had them down on the sidewalk by four o'clock, waiting for hack, or horse-car, or something to take them to the station. That he might be a man of some importance at home was evident, but he had lost his head in the bustle of this great town, and was at the mercy of all advisers, none of whom could understand his mongrel language. As we came out to take the horse-car, he saw his helpless daughters driven off in one hack, while he was raving among his meal-bags on the sidewalk. Afterwards we saw him at the station, flying about in the greatest excitement, asking everybody about the train; and at last he found his way into the private office of the ticket-seller. "Get out of here," roared that official. The old man persisted that he wanted a ticket. "Go round to the window, clear out!" In a very flustered state he was hustled out of the room. When he came to the window and made known his destination, he was refused tickets, because his train did not start for two hours yet!

This mercurial old gentleman only appears in these records because he was the only person we saw in this Province who was in a hurry to do anything, or to go anywhere.

We cannot leave Halifax without remarking that it is a city of great private virtue, and that its banks are sound. The appearance of its paper money is not, however, inviting. We of the United States lead the world in beautiful paper money; and when I exchanged my crisp, handsome greenbacks for the dirty, flimsy, ill-executed notes of the Dominion, at a dead loss of value, I could not be reconciled to the transac-

tion. I sarcastically called the stuff I received "Confederate money;" but probably no one was wounded by the severity; for perhaps no one knew what a resemblance in badness there is between the "Confederate" notes of our civil war, and the notes of the Dominion; and, besides, the Confederacy was too popular in the Provinces for the name to be a reproach to them. I wish I had thought of something more insulting to say.

By noon on Friday we came to New Glasgow, having passed through a country where wealth is to be won by hard digging if it is won at all; through Truro, at the head of the Cobequid Bay, a place exhibiting more thrift than any we have seen. A pleasant enough country, on the whole, is this which the road runs through up the Salmon and down the East River. New Glasgow is not many miles from Pictou, on the great Cumberland Strait; the inhabitants build vessels, and strangers drive out from here to see the neighboring coal mines. Here we were to dine and take the stage for a ride of eighty miles to the Gut of Canso.

The hotel at New Glasgow we can commend as one of the most unwholesome in the Province; but it is unnecessary to emphasize its condition, for if the traveler is in search of dirty hotels, he will scarcely go amiss anywhere in these regions. There seems to be a fashion in diet which endures. The early travelers as well as the later in these Atlantic provinces all note the prevalence of dry, limp toast and green tea; they are the staples of all the meals; though authorities differ in regard to the third element for discouraging hunger: it is sometimes boiled salt-fish and sometimes it is ham. Toast was probably an inspiration of the first woman of this part of the New World, who served it hot; but it has become now a tradition blindly followed, without regard to temperature; and the custom speaks volumes for the non-inventiveness of woman. At the inn in New Glasgow those who choose dine in their shirt-sleeves, and those skilled in the

ways of this table get all they want in seven minutes. A man who understands the use of edged tools can get along twice as fast with a knife and fork as he can with a fork alone.

But the stage is at the door; the coach and four horses answer the advertisement of being "second to none on the continent." We mount to the seat with the driver. The sun is bright; the wind is in the southwest; the leaders are impatient to go; the start for the long ride is propitious.

But on the back seat in the coach is the inevitable woman, young and sickly, with the baby in her arms. The woman has paid her fare through to Guysborough, and holds her ticket. It turns out however that she wants to go to the district of Guysborough, to St. Mary's Cross Roads, somewhere in it, and not to the village of Guysborough, which is

away down on Chedabucto Bay. [The reader will notice this geographical familiarity.] And this stage does not go in the direction of St. Mary's. She will not get out, she will not surrender her ticket, nor pay her fare again. Why should she? And the stage proprietor, the stage driver, and the hostler, mull over the problem, and sit down on the woman's hair-trunk in front of the tavern to reason with her. The baby joins its voice from the coach window in the clamor of the discussion. The baby prevails. The stage company comes to a compromise, the woman dismounts, and we are off, away from the white houses, over the sandy road, out upon a lilly and not cheerful country. And the driver begins to tell us stories of winter hardships, drifted highways, a land buried in snow, and great peril to men and cattle.

Charles Dudley Warner.

SHERIFF THORNE.

THAT I should be sheriff, and keep the jail,
And that yonder stately old fellow, you see
Marching across the yard, should be
My prisoner — well, 't is a curious tale,
As you'll agree.

For it happens, we've been here once before
Together, and served our time, — although
Not just as you see us now, you know;
When we were younger both by a score
Of years, or so.

When I was a wild colt two thirds grown, —
Too wild for ever a curb or rein,
Playing my tricks till — I need n't explain; —
I got three months at breaking stone,
With a ball and chain.

The fodder was mean, and the work was hard,
And work and I could never agree,
And the discipline — well, in short, you see,
'T was rather a roughish kind of card
That curried me!

A stout steel bracelet about my leg,
A cannon-shot and chain at my feet,
I pounded the stones in the public street,
With a heart crammed full of hate as an egg
Is full of meat.

The schoolboys jeered at my prison rig,
And me, if I moved, they used to call
(For I went with a jerk, if I went at all)
“A gentleman dancing the jail-bird jig —
At a county ball!”

But once, as I sat in the usual place,
On a heap of stones, and hammered away
At the rocks with a heart as hard as they,
And cursed Macadam and all his race,
There chanced that way,

Sir, the loveliest girl! I don't mean pretty,
But there was that in her troubled eye,
In her sweet, sad glance, as she passed me by,
That seemed like an angel's gentle pity
For such as I.

And, sir, to my soul that pure look gave
Such a thrill as a summer morning brings,
With its twitter and flutter of songs and wings,
To one crouched all night long in a cave
Of venomous things.

Down the broad green street she passed from sight;
But all that day I was under a spell,
And all that night — I remember well —
A pair of eyes made a kind of light
That filled my cell.

Women can do with us what they will:
'T was only a village girl, but she,
With the flash of a glance, had shown to me
The wretch I was, and the self I still
Might strive to be.

And if in my misery I began
To feel fresh hope and courage stir, —
To turn my back upon things that were,
And my face to the future of a man, —
'T was all for her.

And that is *my* story. And as for the lady?
I saw her — oh yes — when I was free,
And thanked her, and — well, come with me;
As likely as not, when supper is ready,
She'll pour your tea.

She keeps my house; and I keep the jail;
And the stately old fellow who passed just now,
And tipped me that very peculiar bow—
But that is the wonderful part of the tale,
As you 'll allow.

For he, you must know, was sheriff then,
And he guarded me as I guard him!
(The fetter I wore now fits his limb!)
Just one of your high-flown, straight-laced men,
Pompous and grim,—

The Great Mogul of our little town!
But while I was struggling to redeem
My youth, he sank in the world's esteem:
My stock went up, while his went down,
Like the ends of a beam.

What fault? 'T was not one fault alone
That brought him low, but a treacherous train
Of vices sapping the heart and brain.
Then came his turn at breaking stone,
With a ball and chain.

It seemed, I admit, a sort of treason,
To clip him, and give him the cap and ball,
And that I was his keeper seemed worst of all!
And now, in a word, if you ask the reason
Of this man's fall,—

'T was a woman again—is my reply.
And so I said, and I say it still,
That women can do with us what they will:
Strong men they turn with the twirl of an eye,
For good or ill.

J. T. Trowbridge.

FAITHFUL BEAN.

THERE are some now living (not many) who can remember the day of the American serving-man, the day when the farmer's son came in from the hill-side and took a situation in the village or larger town as the "hired man," gardener, coachman, woodchopper, and so on. Now, America can do something better, and Ireland has taken the place. Mr. Abbott, in his Rollo stories, embalmed the character of the hired man in *Jonas*. The only trouble with *Jonas* was, that he had no glimpse of human fallibility. Had Mr. Abbott named his hero "Abstract Perfection endowed with a Knowledge of the Useful Arts," it would have been a more truthful description; even the smallest child began to fear that *Jonas* was but another name for Abbott. However, there might be high artistic finish claimed for this, for a boy almost believed in the infallibility of the Yankee hired man. He was the Archimedes of kites, the Stephenson of boats and rafts, the Christopher Wren of the workshop, the Agassiz of the neighboring forest and field. Woodchucks and water-rats seemed to come at his bidding; he had all sorts of practical accomplishments; he was the interpreter of nature to the young neophyte, and, if good-tempered and obliging, the best possible company for the growing boys of the family.

Then, the hired man held the happiness of the ladies of the family in the hollow of his hand, for, adding the duty of coachman to his other duties, he could always pretend that "them hosses was n't fit to go out" (if he did not choose to go himself). It is astonishing how many things can happen to a horse, if you want to use him; and the distempers, accidents, and drawbacks which suggest themselves to a pampered coachman in full possession of the situation are like those great perils to the state which are constantly about to happen in the imagination of a rival politician.

As I write, there comes to me the

memory of a large, old-fashioned, and most comfortable country-house in a village in Connecticut, filled with a queer and composite family, a nest of orphans holding all degrees of relationship to each other, but gathered under the roof of one benevolent and kindly soul whom we called "Uncle." This excellent man had a sort of lieutenantancy of Providence; he deemed himself the person to go forward and succor those who had lost father and mother. Uncle was rich, and of great social esteem; his name was quoted throughout the country; but much of the good which he did remained unknown until the sod had covered him. Through his ample and profusely ordered kitchen marched a phalanx of "hired men," designated by the oddest of Puritan names. Benight Plumstone was the one I shall select as the type of the disagreeable; Faithful Bean was the typical saint and success of them all. Benight never had dry wood for the fires, his work was never done; a grumbler by profession, he spoiled every Virginia reel of a whole winter, by declaring that "them hosses was a-freezin' to death," long before the young ladies were ready to go home. "Benight," indeed! be darkness, be desolation, be disappointment, wherever Benight is, or was, or is to be!

Accustomed, as we were, to New England names, we were undoubtedly amused when uncle told us he had hired a man by the name of "Faithful Bean." To sober us, he added gravely that Faithful's mother came from those very fens of Lincolnshire from which Oliver Cromwell drew his Puritan followers, such as "Praise-God Barebones," etc. This, as an historical fact, of course, had a calming influence, and reminded us of the sombre circumstance that the academy demanded of us a history lesson, not yet committed to memory, on the morrow; but youth is elastic and sheds trouble, and a knowledge of history,

easily. We watched for Faithful with considerable tittering.

He made his *entrée* on a scene which he was destined to fill for many years, one cold winter evening, by bringing up to the parlor a leather apron full of wood, and by making so brilliant and successful a fire, that it illuminates now the forsaken shores of the past like some lonely Pharos, burning brightly through the ages. I should be mortified to confess how many years I remember that fire! and how uncle drew up to it, extending his large hands, fan-shaped, from his knees, and exclaimed, "Now, this is something like!"

Uncle was always parenthetical in his expression of satisfaction.

After tea we crept down into that warm, spacious, and enchanting kitchen, which must have covered several acres; a wooden "horse," full of freshly ironed clothes, always seemed like a theatre property, in the background, with the stately form of *Stéfira*, our cook and tyrant, before it; an immense fire-place bore its holocaust of logs, and an altar stone was erected to the perpetual cracking of butternuts. We found that Faithful had already been approached by Dick, the adventurous Columbus of the family, and that he had already cracked some of the most obtuse butternuts which had ever stained the fingers or baffled the zeal of an ardent and exploring people. Faithful knew, what, alas! so few *do* know, the secret of extracting the soft, yellow, satin kernels whole!

In an hour's time, after much pleasant conversation, and a conviction, deep as the butternuts were oleaginous, that Faithful was a good fellow, we bore the plate of butternut "meats," as we called them, proudly and triumphantly to Cousin Miranda.

We were all possessed, even then, of the subtle divination of courtiers. We knew that Cousin Miranda was the power behind the throne. She could prohibit butternut cracking, and visits to the kitchen, and she could send away Faithful, if she chose. There were no limits to Cousin Miranda's powers. She was housekeeper, guardian angel, guide,

philosopher and friend to our poor little group. A young girl, beautiful, educated, accomplished, with the fair hair, blue eyes, and slender figure of the *Abruna Maiden*, with the hands and arms which the *Venus of Milo* has lost, — I should need the pencil which drew the *Monna Lisa* or the *Madonna della Seggiola* to picture *Miranda*! She was in love with duty, and had been brought up in the hard New England school of self-renunciation, which preached the steep and thorny road to heaven. She could stand by a bedside and assist a surgeon through a terrible operation, with no greater sign of emotion than a deep red spot on either usually pale cheek. She was the most perfect of nurses, never feverish or flustered, and having a superhuman control over her patient. Did he rebel at her refusal of some expected luxury and mentally call her "cold-hearted," he repented when he woke at early dawn, and found that her blue eyes had been watching with untiring solicitude during the night, and that the hand which she pressed on his hot forehead was as cool as the dew of heaven, and not less pure. *Miranda* had a natural habit of command, and took authority so much as a matter of course, that no one questioned her right. My uncle put her at the head of his house when she was sixteen; and from that time until a certain event which shall be nameless, but described hereafter, she remained a youthful, beautiful, able empress, a sort of combination of *Maria Theresa*, *Mrs. Fry*, *Florence Nightingale*, and a *Fra Angelico* angel.

It is easy to imagine with what anxiety we awaited the imperial signet to our approval of Faithful. Those blue eyes of my cousin were as sweet as violets usually, but they could grow terrible at times. There was a steel lance in them, which penetrated to the heart of a humbug. Like all sovereigns, she repelled questioning, and reserved her decision; but Faithful soon won her approval, and perhaps with subtle tact conquered her by a shamefaced confession that his education had been neglected, and he should like a few lessons in arithmetic and writ-

ing. This was an appeal to that hidden desire to be a schoolmistress which is said to lurk in every New England woman's heart, and it was not long before the altar to butternut-cracking was degraded; its lamps were put out, its vestals swept the last shells into the fire, and a table covered with green baize, and with a huge inkstand in the middle, was erected in its place. One of the young gentlemen, fresh from the genteel curriculum of the academy, was installed as teacher, and Miranda herself "set some copies" in her own bold flowing English handwriting. I think I see poor Faithful now, in the most painful of attitudes, like Mr. Weller signing his love-letter. We were destined to have some interesting letters from Faithful afterwards, and Miranda's "y's" and "g's" were always recognizable. He proved a prodigy of industry, a true Yankee, doing his work with intelligence, but with a certain deference to his employers, which has become one of the lost arts. He *was* a coachman!—rendered even more amiable by the black shadow of Benight Plumstone; we could stay at parties as late as we pleased; ~~no~~ dashing of the rose-leaves from the goblet, they floated to the brim. Faithful would "hitch his hosses," go himself into the kitchen, where, I dare say, he did some robust flirting on his own account with the rosy maids, and await our pleasure. Did one, more conscientious than the rest, go out to inquire for the horses, she was met by Faithful in a sympathetic state of hilarity, and received the comforting assurance that "them hosses had two buffalo apiece onto them, and no need to hurry!" Such a fact in natural history might have alarmed a foreigner, but we "were to the manner born," and were not alarmed. We went back to chase the glowing hours with flying feet, determined to dance while there was life, and, if possible, we left a crack of the door open, that Faithful might look through and enjoy the scene. After such an evening he would carefully tuck his young charges in the sleigh, and, with some more of "them buffalo," to

defend us against an atmosphere which fairly crackled with oxygen, we would drive home under the splendid protection of Orion and the Great Bear, who looked down kindly on us; and we should have been ungrateful to all the starry influences, to Faithful and to fate, if we had not pronounced life a success, and Faithful a "hired man" worth having.

When the spring came, Faithful found the farm-work not enough to exhaust his energies, and he informed us that he was "goin' trainin'." Now this meant a great deal to us, for the Mossbrook Light Infantry was a model militia company, and uncle's great pet. It was, indeed, a handsome body of stalwart men. How pretty and brilliant was the uniform, how thrilling the military band! Our ears were as fortunate in their non-critical admiration as were the monks who sat at the lower end of the table, and who could

—"not tell bad wine from good,
And were much better off than if they could!"

Old Mr. Doolittle's feeble performance on the key-bugle seemed to us "the horns of Elfland faintly blowing." Poor little man! he mended our shoes of week-days, but on training-days he interpreted the Hunters' Chorus for us; we received it with a proud swelling of the heart. Where he failed, we assisted with a readiness to be pleased, which had something kingly in its generosity.

On muster day,—glorious autumnal festival!—the boys were permitted to go to that portion of the Elysian Fields where Faithful and other warriors had stacked their guns, and were resting on their laurels; but we (oh, the disabilities of women!) were restricted to the aristocratic dullness of the family carriage, and only allowed to see the pageant as it passed, not to explore its glittering mysteries. There was a splendid moment, however, when the general (who but uncle?) rode on the field in blue and gold, with a long yellow feather floating in the wind, followed by his staff, all the best young men of the State and county, "the rose and the expectancy,"—our favorite beaux, and those who might become so! Hope donned her brightest

robe about that time. Shade of Harry Hotspur, Godfrey de Bouillon, Ivanhoe, were you like one of these? Napoleon! were you more impressive? Alexander the Great, heroes of romance, days of chivalry, ye were come again!

We should laugh at the meagreness of the details now, which then made hearts beat high. We did not know that the angel of the future was watching over this holiday soldiering, nor did we know what deep experiences of our own were hanging on that flag, which idly floated in the breeze. Those men who snatched their "training" from the unending toil of a farmer's life, afterwards went to fields which had no holiday about them; the world knows what qualities they showed, — our hearts did not beat too high.

Faithful would return to the farm-work with renewed zest after training; he was a temperate man, and did not supplement the exhilaration of a warrior's career with cider and whiskey, as I am afraid some members of the Mossbrook Light Infantry did; so he was none the worse for it. But Cousin Miranda, who found out everything, suddenly found out a flaw in Faithful's character which proved almost worse than anything we could have imagined.

Dick, of whom I have spoken as the Columbus of the family, was more properly the Dr. Kane, for he was always searching for that open polar sea which exists under the treacherous ice of a running river; in fact, Dick had a habit of seeking for death by all sorts of disagreeable and unheard-of methods. He was partial to high sloping roofs, lightning-rods, bridges with only the string-pieces between him and the river, vicious horses, unbroken colts, guns and pistols and edged tools; he had escaped lockjaws, mad dogs, falls, perils by sea and perils by land, only by a hair's breadth, when Faithful pulled him out from under the ice, at the risk of his own life. As Dick was a "ne'er do weel," he was, of course, Cousin Miranda's darling, the very light of her eyes; constantly poulticing and plaster-

ing and medicating Dick, she got to love him as a sculptor does his statue, — she had worked over him so much. Of course Faithful's heroic effort in saving Dick endeared him to the boy, to Cousin Miranda, to all of us. Personal bravery is one of the most fascinating of all qualities, and it lent its halo to Faithful's little shock head of red hair and his black ferret eyes. Dick was consequently allowed to be much with Faithful, and the confidence felt in him was perfect.

What a terrible revelation to hear that Dick, that fearful contemner of danger, was afraid to go to bed in the dark! Dick became alarmed at ghosts, and had awful stories of a pair of large eyes, without the usual adjuncts of a brow and cheeks, which glared at him from the north bin of the corn-chamber! Cousin Miranda was immediately on the trail of these ghosts with the courage of an Amazon and the scent of a French policeman. She tracked them to Faithful. This hardy little New England man proved to have the superstition of a Scotch Highlander. He had not only a sort of native belief in ghosts, but he had what would now be called "spiritual manifestations;" tables tipped under his hands, and that half-defined experience which has since almost assumed the dignity of a science, so interesting and so dangerous, had forced its way through the tough cuticle of Faithful's anti-nervous organization. He had no fear of a palpable danger, but he was a very coward before an omen, a bad dream, a shadow, or an unusual or uncanny experience. Cousin Miranda was baffled; she talked and reasoned with him to no purpose. She could not lay the ghosts, she only told him to keep silent; and she sent Dick off to boarding-school, where the inferiority of the viands, and the necessity of protecting his fifth rib, took his attention for the moment from the terrors of the unseen world.

I have two love-stories to tell, which properly come in here, and I confess myself embarrassed. Something of the old-fashioned New England shamefaced

ness comes over one, as Cupid comes into court; the Puritan's dogged, cold-blooded desire to ignore this youngster is upon me. The Puritans did not intend to bring Cupid over in the Mayflower; they intended to leave him with other superfluities at Delfthaven. But he was a stowaway in spite of precaution, the first passenger, doubtless, to go ashore.

Many a pale pair of Puritans had to confess in the language of Heine, —

"As we two traveled together,
We were both astonished to find
That a third was sitting between us,
'T was Cupid, going it blind!"

So he cheated the fathers and came over, but always to be treated as a culprit. No couple in the old days were openly "engaged." It was considered indelicate to speak of such a subject. Their courtship must be a stolen felicity, and they were the objects of much joking and jeering. Fibbing was permissible on this subject. In humble circles the formula of denial was, "Oh, pshaw!" "Now, you stop!" "T ain't so, at all;" while amongst the better instructed and more fashionable, there was polite denial, biting of the lips, and from the father and mother of the damsel came the elegant evasion of, "I don't know what her prospects are." To the few who had the courage to announce their intention of marrying was universally attributed a lack of delicacy; — but Cupid must come in. If the Puritan fathers could not keep him out, how can I?

One summer we rolled off, as was the fashion then, to Saratoga. At the gay and crowded watering-place I for the first time learned what a beautiful and attractive girl was my Cousin Miranda, and unfortunately for us a certain Captain Selden found it out also. I call him Selden, because that was not his name, for we must be prudent about the registered heroes of West Point, to which delightful spot we wended our way after Saratoga. If the gallant Captain had been fascinating at Saratoga, what was he on his native heath — the parade-ground at West Point? He knew how beautiful he was, when, as

officer of the day, he reviewed the more beautiful cadets, turning to our enraptured vision a back which was sufficiently straight to have been used in a mathematical demonstration, and a waist which was as compact as that of Bellona herself. Our dear, reserved, prudent Miranda, the often-quoted, well-behaved model, the delight of the elderly maids and matrons of Mossbrook, actually fell in love with the Captain. We did not think she would do such a thing! She sank in the estimation of all who knew her, but she did it. The Captain followed her to Mossbrook. Uncle was furious, we were outrageous. I do not remember a more gloomy festivity than the Captain's first dinner at our house; but we raged like the heathen, and imagined a vain thing if we supposed that we were going to break up this love-affair.

Miranda was twenty-three, the mistress of a very pretty fortune, and the Captain's record was as straight as his back. Being in advance of their age, these lovers announced their engagement, and the only mitigation of our sentence was that they promised to wait a year.

Poor Miranda! what a struggle she had between her love for the Captain and her love for the boys and girls who had been under her guardianship from the time she was sixteen! She did not fear for the girls, they could take care of themselves; but those poor, dear, helpless boys! — especially that darling Dick (a giant at sixteen, able to floor a dozen captains). "No one had ever understood Dick but herself," she said; he was brought home from boarding-school, and she caught his big red hands in her small white ones whenever he passed her. She sewed up his fractures of broadcloth with streaming eyes, and plastered and poulticed him with renewed tenderness. If Dick showed temper, it was "sensitiveness;" if he climbed over the ridge-pole, it was an "heroic defiance of danger." Divine tenderness of the female heart for the article "boy," undoubtedly planted for the protection of the species! Dick was

grieved to the core at the thought of Miranda's approaching marriage, and made himself as disagreeable as possible, but the ghosts had left him, never to return.

Now comes in love-story number two. We had a very pretty, rosy-cheeked maid, named Maggie, my cousin Miranda's body-guard and chief of staff. This young lady had consistently flouted and scorned Faithful. Nothing that he did met with approval in her sight; and so it naturally followed that they should become the Katherina and Petruchio of our simple sphere.

My cousin had a great talent for flower-raising, and our parlor windows were filled with her roses and geraniums all through the winter. Maggie, who loved my cousin's blonde tresses better than anything else in the world, used to arrange, with exquisite taste, a soft, fluffy bramble-rose, with its long pendants of green, in Miss Miranda's hair of an evening when she was going out, and would allow no one to pick it but herself. One evening, coming down into the *demi-jour* of the dimly lighted parlor, she plucked her rose, and was going upstairs with it, when who should step out of the darkness and kiss her, but Faithful!

This secret was not long "under the rose," for who should have seen it but Dick, who immediately "blowed," as he would have phrased it. Poor Maggie came up with her white rose, and one very red one on each cheek, conquered, captured, tamed by Faithful Bean. Wasn't her life a burden to her after that? And yet, a sort of deference was paid the pair after it was known that they were "keeping company." Stattira cleared the kitchen an hour earlier on Saturday night, that they might take possession of it for a few hours' courting. The great brick oven, in a glow of persistent heat, went on calmly cooking the pork and beans and brown bread for Sunday-morning breakfast, and the wood-fire resigned itself to a dying bed of ashes as our friend Cupid fanned into new and capricious currents the flames which devoured the hearts of Maggie and her Faithful Bean.

One could almost laugh to think of the smooth, conscientious manner in which these Yankee lovers did their courting; no nonsense on working-days, no ruining a "good day's work" by any indulgence of feeling. The bliss of courtship was confined to Saturday evening and Sunday, of which it was considered a part.

Miss Miranda very much approved of this affair. She knew the value of both, and deemed Maggie's strong sense and robust *morale* as the greatest safeguard against Faithful's only weakness. Perhaps, too, she was mortal, and liked to see the contagion spreading.

But we are never lulled into calmness in this world, but some event which we have ceased to fear bursts upon us, and overwhelms our well-laid plans. The ghosts, which we supposed effectually laid, came back upon us in a very unusual and unexpected form.

Faithful was chopping wood in the back yard one day in April, when he observed a white dove sitting on a log quite near him. It was a common pigeon, such as one sees in flocks around a well-filled barn; and had it been later in the season, or had the bird been accompanied by others, it would not have surprised him, but its quiet regard was peculiar, and its motionless gaze perplexing and frightful. He threw a chip at it; the bird moved off a short distance, then returned. Faithful kept this up all the morning without frightening the bird away, and came in to dinner; the dove followed him. He turned pale, grasped at Maggie's arm, and exclaiming, "I am sent for," dropped on the floor in a dead faint.

Cousin Miranda was on the spot before he recovered consciousness; but with a dash of cold water she had brought him back, and with her rare common-sense she mastered the situation.

"Now, Faithful," with incisive voice, "I thought you were a wiser man than to believe in this poor, old, worn-out sign, that birds bring evil! Why, don't you see that this is a tame bird which has flown out of some open window, and

lost its way? We shall have its mistress here to-morrow asking for it! I will feed and take care of it meanwhile. Come here, little bird!"

Thus Miranda; and taking the dove in her two hands, she pressed it gently to her bosom.

"Oh, don't! Oh, don't!" said Faithful; "it means sickness and it means death. Don't let the critter come near you, Miss Miranda! Scare it away!"

"I do not believe a white dove is charged with any such message, Faithful," said my cousin, majestically, and she walked away with the bird.

Faithful went back to his work, but he lagged perceptibly. When the gardening came round, he put the peas in the ground with a feeble hand. One day, as he was coming in from his work, Miss Miranda saw him stagger. She knew it was no doubtful sign; she saw that he was very ill. A typhoid fever was paying Mossbrook a visit that spring, and in almost every house there was one sick. Faithful was soon in his bed, as delirious a madman as ever raved, talking of Maggie, the white dove, the Light Infantry, and the early peas.

Cousin Miranda put the house under hospital rule, and banished us to the front, while she and Maggie nursed Faithful in a large roomy apartment full of air and light, in the back of the house. It was a six weeks' task, but she accomplished it well; the fever went no further in our house, and Faithful recovered.

During this time of anxiety and labor on Miranda's part, she had taken a singular pleasure in the white dove, which no one had appeared to claim, and which became, of course, a great pet. She was not a woman to indulge in pets indiscriminately, but this one seemed to have been forced upon her. It followed her about like a dog, walking after her rather than flying; sometimes the dove would perch on her shoulder, and she would go about the house looking like some mediæval saint.

She was careful, however, not to bring the white dove and Faithful to-

gether until he was sufficiently recovered to bear the sight.

However, he began in July to sit up at the kitchen door, to take some fresh air, and look out with envious eyes on his substitute, who was weeding his "gardin sass" very badly. On one of these occasions Cousin Miranda, coming to the kitchen on some housewifely errand, was followed as usual by her white dove; the windows and doors were all open, a sudden blast blew a door to behind her, it caught the poor little bird and crushed it; a little body came dropping down, down, after my cousin, dead.

Reader, have you ever seen a mountain torrent which has been closely sealed all winter break away from its coating of ice and dash down the steep, carrying everything before it?

If you have, you can picture Miranda's grief. The cold, reserved "Alruna Maiden" was gone; in her place a wild, crazed, weeping girl, another reading of *Lesbia's* sparrow.

She frightened us all, but we loved her the better for it. She had laid too firm a hand on her emotions for a perfect human sympathy. It was a sight we had never expected to see,—our cousin overcome by her emotions; but she was demoralized by being in love. The bird's death shocked Faithful, but I suspect it acted like a mental tonic on him. For those who are curious in such matters, I may as well add, that this is no figment of the imagination; the bird's visit, the fever, and the bird's death, all happened as I have narrated it, in every detail.

In the autumn Cousin Miranda was to be married, Maggie was deep in tears and dress-making; Faithful was creeping round, very much annoyed that his legs would ache, and his back would give way, and that he must be "lazy," as he called it, for some time longer; but of one thing he was fully convinced, nobody should do anything for Miss Miranda but himself. He would be well enough to strap all the trunks and drive her to church. Deep in his heart was written that love which is born of

gratitude, and his was a service which money could not buy. The gallant Captain arrived on the appointed day, and brought some fellow-officers to act as his best men. We had the joy of being bridesmaids, and of walking up the broad aisle, leaning on arms which West Point had made as hard as iron, and of having our shoulders scratched by an aggressive epaulet. A military wedding is no common pleasure to the bridesmaids!

Faithful drove the bride to church, and, throwing the reins to some less favored mortal, walked in with Maggie, after the bridal party, in a suit of clothes so new and stiff, that his arms could not touch his sides at all. Maggie bravely walked by his side; they were not ashamed to be engaged now; there was something in their hearts which raised them above the world and its critics.

Miranda went off with her Captain to the life of an officer's wife. We did not see her for many years. Faithful and Maggie got married, and went into their own little house; the Mossbrook Light Infantry was disbanded and became a thing of the past; and we all grew up, and were absorbed into the whirlpool of existence. Dick had taken so much doctoring into his system from the hands of Cousin Miranda, that he determined to become a doctor himself, and had gone off to Paris to put the finishing touches to his education. Old Mossbrook memories began to fade away, and more positive duties, joys, and sorrows to take their place, when one day a gun was fired at Fort Sumter which echoed round the world; and as one which is fired at sea brings up the dead from their resting-place, this gun brought up dead memories, past associations, and many greater, grander, better things. It brought us scattered members of the little Mossbrook community together again, actors in the new drama.

Dear Miranda's husband, the gallant Captain, now a colonel, was, of course, in requisition; and we saw her again, grown to be a superb matron. The drum beat in Mossbrook, and the old Light Infantry sprang to its feet.

As I went down to see my old friends, the so and so "22d," march through New York, in those days of enthusiastic excitement, who should ride at the head of the column but the youth I had compared to Harry Hotspur! and who should march at the head of a company, straighter than one of his own ramrods, but Faithful Bean! who followed him but the men of Mossbrook, familiar lineaments, familiar names! The flag danced about in the dissolving view of a few tears, as I saw the realization of the heroic dreams of childish days. This was romance; this was poetry; these were the thinking bayonets. And this was New England marching to fight for her ideas, and her convictions, dearer than life!

From time to time we heard of the good conduct, soldierly gifts, and splendid courage of Faithful Bean. He wrote us many letters in that improved hand which Cousin Miranda had retouched, telling us how he was getting on. He had finally got into General Selden's division; and Dick was army surgeon, and he saw him often. Such stories as he had to tell of Dick's courage and devotion to the wounded men! As for his own luck, it had been marvelous. He seemed to bear a charmed life, and believed he should come home to Maggie yet without a scar.

But after one of those terrible battles in the third year of the war, as Dick was going with his lantern and his corps of assistants over a bloody field, he turned over a wounded man who was lying on his face, and saw the familiar lineaments of our "hired man." He found out soon that he was not dead, and he was conveyed to the nearest hospital. Poor Faithful came to his senses to find a woman bending over him, bathing his head with cold water.

"I knew it," said the poor, superstitious fellow. "Miss Miranda, I've been dreaming of you. I saw your face all day yesterday in the clouds of smoke. I'm shot at last; but I knew you'd be here."

Yes, she had come to him in his dire extremity; such reunions were not un-

common during the war. As for Miranda, it would have been sheer impossibility to keep her out of the hospitals; they were her natural and inevitable sphere.

Faithful's work was ended; for several days there seemed some prospect of recovery, but even his sturdy habits and strong, wiry constitution had sunk under the hardships of three years' service, and his wound was desperate. The good fellow read his doom in Miranda's face. She looked, he said, as if "she had suddenly grown very old." He asked for Maggie.

"Can't she leave the children and come here?" he asked, as a few tears stood for the first time in his little black eyes.

Miranda was the wife now of a general, and to them most things were possible; and she sent for Maggie, in spite of the confusion, dismay, and horror of those days.

Faithful's sufferings were dreadful. Not all that Dick or Cousin Miranda might do could mitigate them much; yet he was destined to linger, and to have alternations of hope, of despair; all that could try that honest, simple soul came, but he was patient. The chaplain would read him some good words, and once he was comforted by a dream; he thought he was chopping wood at Mossbrook, and the white dove came and looked at him; he was frightened, and tried to get away; Maggie approached and drove the dove from him, and put in his arms his baby boy, born just before the war.

He awoke, and his own Maggie stood before him.

On this strong cordial, this breath of home and love, Faithful revived and lived several days; but on one Sunday morning he began to breathe heavily and fail hourly. He asked for an almanac. No one could imagine why he wanted it; but it was brought to him. He turned to the month of April with trembling hand, and pointed out a date to Maggie; the death dews were on his brow. Dick held a cordial to his lips. Cousin Miranda was hastily summoned;

he gave her one long, earnest look. At that moment a white dove flew in at the open window and perched on the foot of his bed. "I am sent for," said he, with husky, broken voice, but with a smile of deep content; and he fell back and died. It was the 21st of April, the day on which he had first seen the white dove. It was a coincidence, and nothing more. These doves were friends; they had been flying about the hospital, pets of the convalescent men, and, like all pets, often the best physicians, in the dreary monotony of a sick-ward.

Death was no unusual event in this great hospital. It happened hourly. Dick and Miranda had but few moments to give to their old friend and favorite, or to poor Maggie. There was nothing for her to do, but to take her dead soldier back to Mossbrook, and lay him under the sod.

As she was consulting with her best earthly friend about the details, a sergeant entered the room, and inquired for Mrs. Selden.

He handed her a dispatch. They were written in blood in those days. This one read: "General Selden shot through the lungs; cannot recover."

Miranda never saw her husband alive again. She heard "how with Sidney's grace he died," thinking of her, his country, his duty, the wounded men about him, and never of himself. This was her consolation.

So the two widows took up their sad burdens and went back to Mossbrook. The cultivated and distinguished army officer, rich in his splendid education, his talents, and his loyal heart, was honored, mourned, and eulogized by his country; at his feet lay the humble militia captain, unknown save to a few faithful hearts. It is alike to them, they are alike now; they were alike before; there was not a false note in either of them.

The great god Pan cuts the reeds in the river, so the poet sings, of lengths to suit himself, and fashions his pipe, not with reference to the reeds, but to the melody which he shall breathe through them. Poor Faithful was a

reed cut in an obscure spot, but he took his place well in the great harmony, whether it was the pastoral, breathing over green fields and beside the clear waters of a New England farmer's life, or whether it was the great diapason which swelled from our battle-fields, a

mournful, magnificent symphony, — one which the world cannot exchange for a better.

Faithful had "hired out" to a splendid service, and he died, as he had lived, doing his best.

M. E. W. S.

MOSE EVANS.

PART I.

V.

GENERAL THEODORE THROOP differed from me as, I suppose, the South has differed, since the world was created, from the North; he was too slow, as I was possibly too fast. I dare say the General's established position for half a century in the highest social circle of Charleston, had been the molding influence in virtue of which the old gentleman was such a Louis Le Grand in tones and bearing, and stately but gracious inertia, even. He rarely alluded to the subject, but, for him, there was no Future; why should he hurry himself? My wife says I cannot live except when in motion, and am happiest when most driven, and it did try me sorely to wait for General Throop; or would have tried me had not my Southern wife accustomed me so long to waiting for her, never up to the instant, I regret to record it of her, since the ceremony of our marriage, when she kept us all waiting full twenty minutes behind time. As we journeyed together, did business to large amounts together, I knew all along his determinations in matters, days before he had reached them himself; had said over and over to myself all he was slowly going to say upon a subject a dozen times before he had spoken. Yet I enjoyed the venerable gentleman even while I inwardly fussed at his ponderous propriety, and outran exceedingly his cultured slowness. There are as true gentlemen in Boston as the General, but he was of an-

other variety altogether: a huge water-melon ripening asleep in the sun, as compared with a seckel pear, small but closely buttoned up to the chin in its perfect-fitting suit of brown and red: say, rather, and be done with it, a pineapple contrasted with a pippin.

What I wanted to say, when I began all this, was, that we two found it impossible to make our trip between Dick Frazier's tavern in Brownstown, and the General's proposed place down the river, in one day; the General being altogether too deliberate for that in waking, dressing, breakfasting, riding, looking over the land, conversing about its varied localities for corn and cotton, house and gin; and this explains how we came to ride one afternoon up to the cabin of Mose Evans, whose lands "joined on" ours, to stay, as Mose had assured us we could, all night. Now ten million people of our population, far from the worst of said population, live in just such cabins. We ride up to a rough paling fence, well whitewashed, as are the cabin and the hen-coops, and the trunk of every forest and fruit tree in the inclosure, the spotless geese wearing the same livery, as they string out of the front gate in the morning, and back in the evening, from the river flowing immediately before the house. Mrs. Evans had been described to us as being a devoted mother, a model housewife in point of neatness, but, alas, a woman of temper most terrible; our many informants insisting specially upon this last feature of her character. I

called General Throop's attention, as we hallooed from our saddles and waited for a reply, before dismounting, to the row of reddened bricks from the gate on either side of the pebbled walk to the porch; to the brilliant tin pans sunning upon thoroughly scrubbed shelves around the well in the yard, the long pole thereof, as also oaken bucket, seeming just from the same process. At this moment Mrs. Evans appeared, knitting in hand, upon the porch, and, with eyes shaded from the setting sun by the stocking held in her hand, bade us "light." It was so very easy, the way in which General Throop conquered our dreaded hostess upon her outpost and on the instant! Before he was half-way up the walk he had taken off his hat. It was natural to him; it was not natural to me following him, and I did not do it. Had she been the wife of Washington, he could not have been, and from sheer nature, more respectful. "Mrs. Evans, I presume?" hat in hand and with a grave inclination of his white head. And when, in manner adapted to his own, she had bidden us enter — "I am ashamed, madam, to step with such boots upon your porch!" For steps of stone, pine floor, rude posts and railing of the porch, doors opening upon it from the cabin, the very pegs in the white-washed logs from which bags of dried seeds were hung, all were of almost painful cleanness, the hide-bottom chairs pure and white from incessant soap and sand. After our weeks upon the road and at Dick Frazier's, the snowy towels and tablecloth, especially the coarse but very clean sheets and pillow-cases at night, were luxuries to General Throop I was glad of. To me Mrs. Evans was simply a tall, well-looking, neatly dressed female who had worried her husband to death, and who might, unless Odd Archer and Brownstown had lied to me, drive us from under her roof any moment by her termagant tongue. People had told the General the same, but, like all Southern gentlemen, he instinctively invested every white woman with certain chivalric attributes of sister, daughter, wife, mother, elevating her into an ideal

being whom they call Woman, a creation, like *Dulcinea del Toboso*, having no existence outside imagination. In the most natural manner, all the time of our acquaintance, General Throop idealized Mrs. Evans, and she *was* idealized; that is, he assumed and she accepted and acted upon the assumption, that she was Woman.

Mose Evans observed it, at table, for I can read *men*, though he was merely a big and very handsome and bearded boy. Had General Throop said much about her admirable cookery, it would have ruined all; only a sincere word or two, his manner, his evident enjoyment of his meals, did everything. "He makes more work than all the rest of the housekeeping," the mother said of her son in the course of conversation, "always in the fields with the hands, hunting and the like, he cannot help muddying and tearing his things, I know. But he does not haunt the town, never enters a doggery, doesn't know a card, thank Heaven! and, then, I will not have any woman to help me!" This last for reasons with reference to her son, too, as I well knew. I wonder if people like General Throop do really stop at and sleep upon the surface of things as they seem to. "In these days of the overthrow of everything," the General remarked, amazingly brightened up after a very substantial supper upon coffee, venison, and the perfection of corn bread and butter, "my intention, Mrs. Evans, is to adopt the very life you are now leading. That is, if I close with Mr. Anderson here." The General and myself had really and finally reached certainty about that, only his outer person, so to speak, had not yet arrived. "I never talk politics," the General added. "There are, in fact, no politics to talk. Victorious force has destroyed all I hold worth living for. We have entered, as did Greece and Rome, upon the era of military despotism and all corruption. The only glory is of gold, and that is evanescent! Excuse me. We may, in case I should close with Mr. Anderson, be neighbors. Mrs. Throop and my daughter Agnes. My

only son, Theodore Throop, gave his life, at Sumter, for his country, but I did not desire to speak of that. We bury ourselves in these primeval woods purposely, the world forgetting, by the world forgot. I like your son, madam," for that individual had gone to look to our horses. "I pride myself, Mrs. Evans, upon being a judge of character, and I am free to say, he seems to me to be a thoroughly manly and sensible person, as he certainly is most prepossessing in his outer man. You should be, and doubtless are, very proud of him, madam!"

Now, I knew Evans to be all of this and more, but I could not have kept it from seeming flattery if I had said it. The bearing of the stately old soul gave such weight to all his remarks.

"He is all I have!" was her only reply, and she was halted, I saw, at the mention of that daughter!—with reference to any possible results concerning her son, halted, like a female panther guarding her cub. And I began to understand this Xantippe, by help of what I had heard, through and through!—But I could have laughed aloud. Miss Agnes Throop! The flower and perfection of Charleston culture; the belle of all its beauties by their own confession. Agnes Throop and this handsome boor; Beauty and the Beast; heaven and earth are not more removed. "You seem to be pleased at something, sir?" It was the panther again, with her head ever so little upon one side, a gleam of danger in her eyes, and quicker knitting!

How people do have to steer in the rapids of life, barely grazing the rocks! And the steering is sometimes very like lying.

"Ah, General," I readily exclaimed, "Mrs. Evans has her household duties. Were you to seclude yourself from all the outer world, as you threaten, you would have to take to books as some persons take to drinking!" And, to make my blunder worse, I glanced around as I said it.

"Not one! Except an old Bible, not one book or paper in the house!" Mrs. Evans said it out, and I to myself in

the same instant. I began to take deeper interest in her! It was not at all to me, it was in subjection to the inquiring yet perfectly respectful "Ah?" of General Throop, that Mrs. Evans gave us her version of their family history. Not at once. Doubtless she brooded day and night over her story, and it forced its way out by a sort of fermentation during our after acquaintance. But it was to my companion she always addressed herself, and to him exclusively. He seemed, in some way, to have brought back a former life, as of ages ago, to her mind. One day, during our many calls at her cabin, she showed us her husband's daguerreotype. I had a suspicion that it had lain unopened in the bottom of some trunk until very lately.

"He was evidently, madam, a gentleman and a scholar," the General said, after long and grave inspection of the faded and old-fashioned picture. "And he seems," he added as he returned to its inspection, "to have been somewhat broken down. Ill health, I presume?"

The woman did not reply. I saw that she refrained by an effort from looking at me. Odd Archer explained it all to me afterward, as we shall see. Yet I must say here that he hated the woman, connected, I think, as chief witness with one of his manifold disgraces. I made allowance for its being from him in all I learned from his very unreliable lips. Yet Brown County agreed the woman had worried and scolded the miserable husband to death. Somehow she had embroiled and broken him up along a series of downward removals. What books remained to him were his only refuge. To give value to these pages, I would like greatly to know whether they were sold for bread, lost in their many moves, burned accidentally. It would be dramatic if Brown County was right, but I do not certainly know, and therefore cannot say, whether or no Mrs. Evans in her storms of temper did really, as Brown County asserted, rend to fragments and burn the poor fellow's volumes to the very last leaf. From

what Chaucer makes his Wife of Bath confess of her tempestuous course in reference to the volumes of *her* bookish husband, I think this quite likely.

I had bought a picture or two, had heard Helen and others talk, as well as listened to some of what Ruskin has to say, enough to enjoy a little grouping of trees, cows, children—any light and shade and life. Therefore I remember the morning after our first night at Mrs. Evans' double log cabin. As we afterward learned, Mose had got up about midnight, watched from a tree a certain worn ravine down which the deer came to drink in the river at dawn, and returned by breakfast with the antlered result. I could have painted it if I could have painted anything, that morning scene. He had hung the buck to a limb of a live-oak off to one side in the yard. From respect for his mother's ideas of neatness, I suppose, he had disemboweled the beast before we appeared, so that no reminder even remained, and was slowly flaying the animal as it hung, replying, as he did so, to the General standing by greatly interested; for there is an occult connection between chivalry and hunting, since Esau. The General, his white hair uncovered to the air, and aglow with the bright morning, a sound sleep and hearty breakfast, was admiring the young Esau more than his prey. No wonder. I would n't have given the man a hundred a year as entry clerk in our office; but he was worth thousands as a picture. He was in leather from head to foot, the fringe along hunting frock and cape, and general neatness throughout, telling of his mother. His old cap lay at the stock of his rifle, which was leaning against the well near by, and his uncovered head with its abundant hair was as glorious as that of a god, the sun striking upon its gold. He seemed a model, in all his vigorous frame, of absolute youth, health, strength. It was the sneer of Brown County, the watch Mrs. Evans kept upon Mose, and his consequent purity in all regards; and the complexion of the man, the childlike unconsciousness of his manner, the infantile steadiness and clearness of his

brow, and of his eyes in yours!—you see, I can no more paint with pen than with brush!

"I never met a nobler youth in my life," the General said, as we rode off about our lands. "He seems to me to be of the very chivalry of nature. Good blood, rest assured. Possibly his father may have come of some Carolina or Virginia family. Good material for a man if fallen into the right hands. I intend to have him supply us with game, if we close our matter, Mr. Anderson. I think he would interest Agnes; you know we will not bring even our negroes—former slaves, I should say—or our dogs, if we remove."

"I have puzzled myself," I replied, "as to why his mother has allowed him to grow up untaught. Jealous even of books, because she never opens one? Hating them as the preference of her husband to her, his last resort from her? Or sheer indifference and brutal ignorance! The only intellect the woman ever had has run into temper; vixen, virago, termagant, they tell me."

"I never allow myself, Mr. Anderson," General Throop makes grave reply, "to speak disrespectfully of others. Therefore no one speaks, I believe, disrespectfully of me. Or, it is to their face, when I must speak. Excuse me, as so much the elder, but I never express myself with other than respect of the aged, of the helpless, especially of woman. You need not always speak, you know. As I said before, yes, sir, her son is noble material. But for what? If there is a future for this most miserable country, I do not know it!"

VI.

In one point we were unanimous at the post-office, that day I first met the worthies assembled therein, and this was that we would all go and hear the Rev. Mr. Parkinson preach next Sunday. He had come in for his letters while we were assembled there, a pale, thin, long-haired, exceedingly shy youth, fresh from the institution which prepared

him for the pulpit. So very long had Brownstown been without the services of any minister, of his denomination, at least, that he was accepted as a novelty, an experiment, a mild sensation, even. The members of his church were the richest men around, having been the first settlers of Brown County. Doubtless no stricter members existed when in the North Carolina from which they removed; but "things had got awfully torn up," as the patriarch among them himself told me, during the absence of a pastor — very much so indeed if I was to accept the unanimous statement of all I met.

Now, my host, Mr. Robinson, was a member and officer of the church of which Mr. Parkinson was the very youthful minister. He was a very tall man, exceedingly stooped in his old age, and answered to the title of Squire, Judge, Colonel, General, Deacon, or Elder, as the case might be; and although not quite so bad as Odd Archer, yet even he had fallen, unless greatly slandered, into singular courses in reference to card-playing and horse-racing. Sabbath having come, there was quite a congregation of us at church. And a tumble-down old "cathedral" it was; for an Irishman, in excess of native politeness, alluded to it as such in my hearing the week after. A miserable old disused dwelling it was, that Sabbath, and has fulfilled before this, I do hope, what was then its fixed intention of tumbling down.

"The entire Robinson connection are on the ground," Odd Archer informed me before we entered the house. "North Carolina! See it? Stamped in strong family likeness: tall, red-haired, sandy-complexioned, gaunt as their hogs, long armed and legged, inflexible. As strong a family likeness among them as there is in a boat-load of clams—their very noses long and insisting like those of the animals mentioned! In fact, they are Scotch-Irish, it sadly degenerate after two centuries of emigration. Sir," Odd Archer adds, "my father is to-day one of their most eminent divines. He was out here once, preached to them and to me. But it

was too much for him, these people and myself."

Yet this disreputable limb of the law is evidently arrayed in the best suit of his shabby black, to do honor to the day and place; and in certain curious aspects, tones, bearing, is as thorough a gentleman as General Throop; and with a mutual bow, these two exchanged the civilities of the hour before the General passed on into the place of worship.

"A religious man, the General, I see," the lawyer added. "A gentleman always is. Washington was. I am a hopeless case myself, but I can and do respect religion in others! If they are not actually bringing my pet to church! How are you, Dob?" For Dick Frazier, hotel keeper and sheriff, presses past us through the throng round the entrance at this moment, with a man heavily ironed. "Dob Butler," my informant explains, "the worst desperado in all Brown County. You see, he would n't stay in the jail, breaks out. It is a good idea having him at church; it rests Dick Frazier and may do Dob some good. His case is on at court next week. Oh, I will clear him! No doubt about his guilt, murdered a teamster, but he kept money enough to put him through! How are you, Harry! Now, Harry, be a gentleman. No fun here! Dr. Jones, excuse me! Pardon the liberty, but seeing it is Sunday and church, you ought to have dressed up a little, Doc."

"Only what I wore every day in Philadelphia," Dr. Alexis Jones makes cool reply, for he is dressed in the extremity of fashion.

"Is there not, excuse me, something offensive in the air?" the lawyer says, with his fingers to his ruby nose; "pity it should be under the church — polcecat, I'm afraid!"

The youthful physician cannot but color a little at this reference to his perfumery, and hastens to turn the topic.

"But how singular, gentlemen! here in this nineteenth century attending church; so far as I am concerned, as well be at a pagoda in Japan!" In fact Dr. Jones prided himself upon his

unbelief, as being the one precious possession which specially distinguished him from and elevated him above the common herd, and made it prominent accordingly, very much as he did his broadcloth and jewelry. As the young man passes in, Odd Archer, Esq., says, in a plaintive manner, "I can stand a scoundrel, like Dob Butler in there, or myself, but a consummate fool" —

At this juncture we are swept along with a number of people, male and female, into the long, low, dingy room used as a church; and as nearly twenty thousand of our best preachers labor every Sabbath under like circumstances, along the line of the nation's advance westward, let me review, for my gratification if not for yours, dear reader, this Sabbath service with Mose Evans, Mr. Robinson, and the rest, Mr. Parkinson preaching. Because there is a heroism in such service. Planks have been so disposed upon hide-bottom chairs as to make seats sufficient to accommodate the two or three hundred persons present, while the youthful clergyman has his special chair beside a little well inked and whittled school desk by the huge fire-place at one end of the apartment; to which now this, now that member of the congregation comes during sermon and stands beside the preacher, warming first one, then the other of his or her feet, listening, somewhat in the attitude of a critic, to the discourse in progress. There was a puncheon plank, a foot or so off to the left from the fire-place, which I heard Mr. Robinson warn the young minister of before sermon, as sure to let him through into the cellar below, if he should step upon it. There were never less than seven children running about the room all through and through the sermon; the number of smaller members of the congregation crying at once I attempted but failed to count, owing to inadequacy of brains for labor so multi-form. Besides, in order to see his sermon, Mr. Parkinson had piled two brickbats from the old hearth under each leg of the little table before him, and was in evident terror all along lest a

touch of his hand should topple the pulpit, and, with it, the entire service and Sabbath, over, as actually did occur some weeks after! And the poor young fellow is as thoroughly unfitted for his ministry of such a flock as a man can possibly be. Yet I do not know! He is as fair and frail as a flower, and his congregation are robust, sunburned, hardened to work, and, a good many of them, to wickedness. He knows nothing about the world, and they know nothing about books. Things they are accustomed to as matter of course are repulsive and impossible to him! The exceeding contrast may have done the people good, like that of a woman to a man! But, oh, that sermon! A plea for the personality of the devil, I remember, making Satan very nebulous, however, from excess of drapery. Perfectly true in general and utterly false in particular, merest moonshine as to practical effect upon the people, who waited with waning patience for him to get through. Mr. Robinson was in a hide-bottom chair to the left, tilted against the wall upon its hind legs, solemnly and soundly asleep. To do the preacher justice, he and his subject both became more practical toward the close. And it was Mose Evans, listening with large, earnest eyes, like a big boy who really wanted to know all about the matters concerning which the minister spoke, who steadied him, until unconsciously he stopped *preaching* and began to *tell* him, in reply to his eager eyes, all the theologian himself knew about it.

"For God's sake, Mr. Parkinson," I said to him afterward, when we had become thoroughly acquainted with each other, "don't talk in abstract essays to these folks. Your discourse is so elaborate that, so to speak, it chills and changes you into a sort of ecclesiastical automaton the moment you begin to deliver it. Why clothe yourself (for I want you to do good here) in such a mannerism of starch and silk? You are not a medicine-man among savages, relying upon your feathers and paint to conjure them out of their evil case! These are common-sense, sinning, suffering men and women. God has given you a suf-

ficient gospel to save them with. Use it, man! Speak it out plainly, squarely, to the sin and need of the congregation. Don't speak of your Creator as 'the Deity.' And Satan is not 'the ethereal effluence of essential evil;' call him the devil and be done with it! Whom are you so afraid of? They will respect you and listen to you and be benefited by you as you fear no one but your Master. Be as practical, Bible in hand, as if you were driving a trade! Odd Archer before a jury, liar, rogue, lewd dog that he is, has a thousand times your sense in his way of pleading his cause" —

But never mind. To go back to the congregation, — the second object of interest at church was old New Hampshire. Burdett, Seth Burdett, is his name; I should have recorded it before. To the amazement of Brownstown he came out, the old, hard, tough postmaster, in a new light altogether that day. After giving out a familiar hymn the young minister sat blushing and paling in the silence which followed, broken as it soon was by certain titterings among the young ladies present. "If any friend can raise the tune" — the preacher said, at last. I had not been to singing-school in New England for nothing, and had already hit upon Ortonville as the orthodox tune for the hymn announced. But the postmaster was from New England, also, and, to the profound astonishment of all there, raised that very tune and in full voice himself! Like the others he was carefully attired in his best, and was as practical, persistent, and undaunted in leading the singing as in all else. It was music from a stone Memnon indeed! His voice was somewhat shrill, but not without a certain quaint and old-fashioned sweetness too, and we all joined in when a verse or two had given the world assurance of a tune!

I can see at this instant the horse-thief and murderer — Dob Butler — sitting in his chains beside the county sheriff, Dick Frazier, in the farthest right-hand corner, the jail being too frail to be relied upon for an hour, even; how the clink, now and then, of

the fetters still sounds upon my ear as during the sermon then, through all the manifold noises of the years since!

Immediately in front of the minister were the rest of the Robinsons, male and female, who all seemed to me like a party of school children caught in a melon patch, stealing, and who had made solemn promise to do so no more.

I found General Throop talking with Mose Evans out of doors after service that day. He was as carefully arrayed as his saddle-bags allowed, but in coarsest jeans he would have been General Theodore Throop and — Charleston — still.

It made a vast difference to Mose Evans, the being dressed in his Sunday best, a modest suit of gray stuff. He was twenty-three years old, as I was told, of stalwart yet perfect proportions, with abundant hair and beard, silken and of that peculiar shade of gold called, Helen tells me, by painters, "lion's eye," — as handsome a man as I ever saw in my life, his glory lying in his large, frank eyes, sincerity, simplicity, absolute independence, supreme health, cordial willingness to be hearty friend or enemy, as you saw fit!

I was the more interested in him as his home joined the General's estate, and he was being employed to oversee certain improvements towards the removal of the family from Charleston — the lands being yet exactly as they were left after Creation and Deluge. I think it was the day after that Sunday's service that Odd Archer remarked to me, in continuation, "Mose Evans is, sir, a child of nature! As you will pay me no fee for lying in the matter, I will add that the man is, from sheer ignorance, I suppose, and lack of opportunity, considered to be as immaculate as King Arthur of the Round Table, — for I read a book occasionally as variety to steady wickedness."

"Is he very poor?" I began.

"Land!" My informant's only reply, but with an emphasis.

"We spent a night at his cabin; his mother seemed to be" — I venture.

"Vixen. Virago. Termagant. Xantippe. Should have been ducked to death as a notorious scold years ago. Sir," my companion gravely added, "it could be legally done in the river to-morrow — statute law of old England never repealed. She killed her husband. This way. He was a professor in some Georgia college, years ago. Like those dry old pedants, fell desperately in love with his wife when a blooming girl, because, I suppose, she was so pretty and so ignorant. Mold her, you observe. Very soon she broke him up in Georgia. They had to move and move and keep moving, until they wound up here, where he died. Sir, that poor fellow was scientifically scolded to death! I tell you, Mr. Anderson, if Mrs. Evans had been a Madame Brinvilliers or La Farge, and made daily use of the lesser poisons of herb and crucible, it could not have been accomplished more systematically. I knew him. About his land titles. We lawyers have to know everybody and everything. He had been driven into a kind of dazed insanity long before he died. His poor body held out longest, being only the secondary object of her assault. The son does not know how to read, sir!"

"Mose Evans?"

"Mose Evans! Splendid specimen of a man as I ever saw in a jury box, or on trial for murder, yet cannot read. Owing to the peculiar unsettledness of their life and to his remarkable mother, as they say of Cornelia and Martha Washington! I do not know if there ever were other children, but Mose is now her only child. She may love him, for what I know, but he never learned to read. I doubt whether she has ever opened a book since she was a school-girl. Fact, sir." All of which made me look with more interest upon Mose Evans, meeting him next day down the river by appointment in company with General Throop. Although I did not know of it until long afterward, I will mention it here that the man had begun to learn to read in those days. It was the old postmaster who taught him, very secretly, in the little back room of the

old man's store, and at night. I am certain his mother knew nothing of it.

"This queer thing about it, sir," the lawyer had told me in the conversation just mentioned; "it is the poor fellow's mother has kept him clear of the women, virtuous and otherwise. I suppose he dreads them all as he dreads her, knowing his father's experience and his own. All the women about admire him, but they are too much afraid of his mother to speak to him, hardly!"

Aside from the mere gossip of Brown County, all this interested me to a singular degree. Foolish as it may seem to you at this stage of my narrative, I regarded Mose Evans as a species of nugget I had most unexpectedly stumbled upon; and I propose to be rigidly statistical and accurate in regard to the man, as we all instinctively are where gold is in question. As I write he rises before me, illumined by all the wonders which followed; yet, had any lunatic imagined them all, and asked me if such things were possible of him, I would have said, even before those remarkable events took place, "Such things never entered my mind, sir, but now that you have raised the question as to their possibility, why, yes, sir, yes!" And I would have made the reply even with enthusiasm! Looking back over the whole affair, I do declare, as upon oath, before a notary public, that I regard Mose Evans as being the most remarkable man I ever knew. What is more, dear reader, I trust you will heartily agree with me before we part.

VII.

At the time of which I would now speak, General Throop and family had arrived in Brown County from Charleston, and were settled down in their new home upon the bank of the river, a few miles below Brownstown. The General and myself had carefully selected the site for the house. I am satisfied that the General entertained some vague idea of being the Romulus of a new Rome, or rather, and far better,

the founder of a new Carolina, if not of a second Charleston, though ages must roll away before his purpose could be consummated. The glory of the place was in the baronial old live-oaks, bearded with sweeping gray moss, and extending their arms abroad over the roof below, in perpetual benediction. There were plenty of magnolia-trees scattered around the cottage, as up and down the river for hundreds of miles, laden in season with their yellow-white flowers, and intoxicating the air with perfume. A paradise of a place, with its greensward, the broad verandah having a swinging hammock for the old General, in which he smoked the day through and the year round; smoked with set purpose, as if he would puff his soul and body, all his disastrous past, blasted present, and hopeless future away, to be lost and perish with the Confederate cause, as the smoke from his white-mustached lips did in the air! No syllable of complaint about his personal fortunes; a vast deal, I confess, about the Federal government, and the era of "ism and rapid ruin over all the world!"

"The very prosperity, sir," he often said to me, "of your country, — *your* country, for it is not mine, — like that of Rome when it had fallen under the despotism of its Cæsars, is but the flush of the fever which is destroying it!" and much more to the same effect.

Whenever I happened for the night at the General's, in my many land excursions here and there over Brown County, I could not but observe the Mary Martha Washington, their slave of whom I have already spoken, — their slave on religious principle, as sublimated by her delusion as was Mrs. General Throop by hers. I was to the old "girl" a specimen of the terrible variety of my race known as "an Abolitionist," alluded to during all her life, only in dark and shuddering whispers, as at once the vilest and most venomous of mankind, and endured by her now only under protest!

But I am speaking of the home of the Throops. I had secured the services

of Mose Evans as a kind of overseer, while the building was being erected. It was nothing but a pile of hewn logs, the cracks between carefully "chinked and daubed," that is, filled in with blocks of wood sawed for the purpose, and coated with mortar outside and inside alike. My "overseer" had given his heart to the work during the months it was in course of being constructed, before the arrival of the family, and Brown County in general came to see, and congratulated him upon the result. There were a good number of rooms carpeted with India matting, a comfortably furnished library, the parlor arranged as much like the one in Charleston as Mose Evans could manage it, from plans furnished by me. The whole place, in fact, was a spot to spend a week of romance in, and then to weary to death of, unless alive with some deeper interest to you. The family were there simply as in exile, confident of living and dying in banishment. There was no possible reversal of their sentence; you would learn that much soon after your acquaintance! Knowing this, the household did all that human beings in their case could do to feel at home, and to be neighborly with all; their culture, however, marking them off as distinctly from the families and persons around as if they had arrived from another planet. I had ventured this last assertion to my venerable host, Mr. Robinson, one day during my sojourn with him, in the emergency of having no one else to say it to, only to be misunderstood, my friend being deaf of outer and inner hearing.

"From another plantation? so they *are*; sea-island cotton place somewhere there in Carolina. Twenty cents, I'm told, when our best upland is only ten! Longer and finer staple, you see! Gin it with rollers instead of saws like us. Stuff it in a long bag hung through a hole in the gin floor, with a nigger and a crowbar, instead of a screw and press like us. Sing'lar, is n't it?"

Now I regret all the time I am writing, that, being merely an overworked business man, I cannot put upon paper

the people inhabiting this, their new home, at the time I would speak of, all of whom I came to like almost beyond any persons I had ever known before. Certainly, they were to me a new and remarkable variation upon all my previous experiences. There was, for instance, the wife and mother. You have met invalids—I select the gentlest term—like Mrs. Throop, or my effort to place her before you is utter failure. Dickens would have run off with the comic side of her singular character, Thackeray with the tragic; torn to atoms, the poor lady, in either case. Ah me! I close my eyes and see her now! Nothing but a matron in deep black, with the simple manners of a lady, but with eyes which, with abnormal insight, arraign you on the instant, read your soul, condemn you, endure you merely for the present! “I myself used to sin like the rest of you,” I have actually heard her say in conversation, “but I have got beyond all that. You are to me as I myself once was, therefore I know your very soul so well! I used all the forms and ceremonies; there in Charleston, not for myself, but for their influence on others. I do not regret being deprived of them all here,” for it was after her removal to the West I heard her that evening, many evenings, “since I had long done with them. Nothing in Sabbath or Scripture, prayer or praise, of service to me any longer. And how sorry, sorry I am for the rest of you!”

All that Agnes, so like and so utterly unlike her mother, could do on such occasions was to say, occasionally, “Oh, mother!” “Now, mother!” as to an invalid, or simply to hang her head in shame. The old General always gravely arose, when the topic came up, and walked sadly from the room.

“Our Theodore is, you know, Mr. Anderson, in heaven,—killed in Sumter! and I have so much, oh, so *very* much more actual companionship every day with him than I have with the General or with Agnes here! *we* two understand each other! You, poor creatures, how I do know and pity you!”

And there was Mr. Clammeigh! Once or twice he came out from Charleston to see them. I wish I could photograph him upon this page. Of course, his connection with Helen—I refer to my wife—prejudiced me. And why should I be so drawn toward and repelled from that cold, correct, polished, silent corpse of a man? I am from New England, not from the tropics, yet there is some profound antipathy of our natures; my fault of excess, possibly, or his of deficiency. Lift a cabbage leaf and, in recoiling from the toad squatted beneath, you recoil from Mr. Clammeigh! smite asunder a primeval rock to find a living frog seated in its centre from the creation of the world, as indifferent to light as to darkness, to motion as to rest—“Now, I like Mr. Clammeigh!” Why should it always be said as in defense of the man? Hawthorne would analyze the inmost ice of this heart; I do not pretend to. About the only thing I know is, if Mr. Clammeigh dwells, we will say, as at the North Pole, then Mose Evans has his home at the South Pole; never two men more exactly the opposite the one of the other! I have a sense of relief as I cease in despair from saying anything more upon the subject. I do not understand Mr. Clammeigh. Yet Mose Evans I do understand, as I do, may I say, a section of land, or a summer morning? The philosophy of it all, I suppose, is that Mose Evans is simply and purely nature, human nature!

Although it seems absurd to name Miss Agnes Throop in the same breath with the untutored backwoodsman in question, yet, if I was to say that I never knew a manlier man than Mose Evans, I could add, and in the same sense, that I never met a womanlier woman than Miss Throop. Draped as she was from birth in the linens, silks, ribbons of conventionalism, thoroughly enveloped, as to her very soul, so to speak, in the subtler valenciennes of her peculiar breeding, she was, as if in virtue of her very refinement, so much the more woman, simply woman! Heaven knows what it was in her that reminded one of Eden and Eve. Small figure, dark yet

ever variable eyes, hair of the same hue, peculiar grace of manner, highest culture of tone and bearing, natural grace and sweetness, -- it is useless for me to attempt description, though all the army of nouns and adjectives marched to my assistance! I admire and love my wife as well as husband ever did, or could, yet next to her, I swear allegiance to this lady, because you can no more deny her being a queen, than you can deny her existence.

"I do thank you so sincerely, Mr. Anderson!" she said to me the day I dropped in upon them for the first time after their arrival; and, somehow, in giving me her cordial eyes and hand she gave me, if I dared to say it without being misunderstood, her heart and soul. "You and that Mr. Evans have done so much more for us than we could have hoped, and in such a short time, too. It is a paradise of a place! There is so much in our taking a strong liking to a new home, and from the very first!"

But I cannot record the conversation. As much in tone and manner as in words, she let me know that she perfectly understood her new position and intended to fill it. To make up to her parents for wealth, slaves, health, lost son and brother, Charleston, the whole world they had forever lost, -- this was the task she had taken upon her. Task is not the word, nor duty, nor even pleasure; this was to be her glad life thenceforth! Fascination? And consisting as much in my weakness as in her peculiar power? Perhaps so. Yet I insist upon the fact that all persons coming under her influence were affected, more or less, in the same way. Not my own sex only, the other also, which makes it the more wonderful.

VIII.

I was much occupied, after I had seen the Throops fairly fixed in their new home, with the affairs of our company. I had to examine in person large bodies of land, not merely in Brown County but over the entire State. My wife has

likened me to a sparrow-hawk. Certainly no fowl of the air could come and go upon the wing more irregularly, hardly more swiftly than myself. The fact is, money was to be made, just there and then, and a good deal of it. In consequence, I often lost sight of the Throops, and for long periods at a time, for I had to come and go, too, between Charleston and Brownstown more than once at this juncture. I made a rapid call upon the General whenever I possibly could, but my headquarters were chiefly, for land reasons, with Mr. Robinson, patriarch as he was both in church and state. On one of my rapid returns for the moment to Brownstown, Odd Archer, Esq., had laid hands upon me as I alighted in front of Dick Frazier's hotel, from my mustang.

"Look here, Major Anderson," he said, "I've tre-men-dous news for you, sir! It will astonish you, sir, tough to astonishment as I'll acknowledge you are!"

"That you have given up drinking, and the like, Mr. Archer? Yes," I replied, "I *am* astonished. If it will only hold out." But I decline to narrate what followed upon the part of the reprobate lawyer. The fact is, I halted him in mid-volley, so to speak, mounted my weary animal, and, caked in mud, as well as ravenously hungry and dead tired as I was, rode through the swamp and the darkness to Mr. Robinson's plantation, miles out of town. Upon some topics I "had to stand Odd Archer," as the county phrase ran; upon the subject of his remarks just then, "I could n't and would n't and did n't!" to use the same county dialect.

Even when comfortably seated with Mr. Robinson, after a particularly hearty supper beneath his roof, I shrank from asking questions. No questions were needed. The matter mentioned to me by the lawyer was the epidemic astonishment of all Brown County; it was impossible for my host not to speak of it. But I allowed him to approach it in his own way. "Oh yes," he said, "we all know Mose Evans. Everybody likes Mose, takes a fancy to him

from the first, like you. And it is nigh impossible to stir him up. But when he *is* roused! You never heard, Mr. Anderson, of the thrashing he gave Job Peters? Oh, well, hardly worth telling, at least not to-day, Sunday. Job did not know, I suppose, about Miss Agnes Throop. Not then! He does now! We all do *now*, of course! Job whispered something about her to Mose; he will never say what it was, and no man dares ask Mose. Only one blow! Nary another! I tell you they were so long bringing Job to, with their buckets of water dashed on him, that they began to believe Job had gone for good!" To the place where the bad Jobs go, I say to myself; for we all know Job Peters, too, as well as we do Mose Evans. Job is the only brother of Harry Peters, the native Joe Miller of Brown County, but "all the cussedness," Mr. Robinson remarked, "of the family was in Job." Harry's fun was enjoyed by the passing object of it, most of any; somehow Job's fun was very apt to draw a blow in return, — a curse, at least.

"There is one thing about Mose Evans will astonish you," Mr. Robinson proceeds; "I never think of Mose, but as a great big promising lad. Why, Mr. Anderson, that man" —

"Pardon me, I've been told of it five hundred times, — cannot read," I reply.

"And no better rider in Brown County," says Mr. Robinson, "no better neighbor in a bear-fight, no better shot, as good a planter, let alone being too easy with his black ones."

"They told me, as I came through town" — I interrupt, with considerable reluctance, too.

For so old a man, my host snatches the topic from my lips with singular eagerness.

"It was the first day Father Hailstorm preached after her people moved here," he said, filling his cob-pipe full again as for a good talk. "You see, she came for the first time to our meeting that day" — strong pull at his pipe — "with her old father, the General there. What a powerful gentleman

he is to look at; high-toned, too! But, fact is, sir, *I* never saw anything so wonderful in her: a nice lady, a very nice lady, of course, but more like a whiff of smoke! *My* taste is something solid, substantial, healthy, stout, you see!" my informant added frankly, his wife quite overflowing two hundred pounds, and every freckled daughter upon the ascending path to the same avoirdupois, or more.

"That day there at church, it was Father Ransom preached; I disremember what month, but it was Ransom, sure; Hailstorm, they call him. That is the way I come to remember. She took her seat upon the front plank, — lit on it like you see a chip-bird on a twig, her father with her; so crowded you see, no other place. I always set on one side the stand, — keeps the folks in order when they know I see every soul of them, — and I thought of it the moment she came in. And so you are that old General Theodore Throop and his daughter, I said to myself, come out to get better and better acquainted? Glad to see you, and not so glad either. Hailstorm! I know you won't believe it, sir, but I tell you the fact. One day years ago when the folks started for church, I stayed at home. I'll bet you a bale, I said to Judy as she got up on the horse-block, — we had run down a little in our ways then, so long without a preacher of our own denomination, — a bale, I said, if I do not tell you, sitting here upon my front porch, just as much of the sermon, a mile away it was, as you do. See if I don't! such a tremendous voice he has, Father Ransom."

"I hope you lost your bale, Judge," I remarked, Judge being the phase of Mr. Robinson's character when spoken to just then.

"I do not approve of betting!" as from the bench, my friend gravely replied, in contradiction to statements I had heard of him, "or they would have had to pay! You know wife and the girls claim a bale each, of the crop when it goes to the port. In county sales," by which my host meant account of sales, "the price is given of their bales separate;

for calicoes, ribbons, hoop-skirts, and things, you know! Of course I could n't hear until the old man, a most an excellent man he is, got warmed up. After that? I managed even to guess out the text!"

"But about Miss Agnes Throop, Squire?"

"What I'm talking about!" my friend Mr. Robinson added. "It will kill you, I said to myself very first thing when I saw her take that seat in reach of his very hand—so close I was afraid he would strike her *that* way, too, when he got a-going. You see, the old man forgets everything but the sinners and their danger. And"—my friend continued after considerable pause—"we *do* have some hard cases among us for *sure*! And he knows exactly *how* case-hardened they are! I tell you he mauls them! And not one bit of use their pretending to slip out to look after their animals! One good mile all around! Unless them fellows actually mount and ride for it, they can't help hearing,—after the old man gets roused, I mean! A most an excellent man; does *his* duty, yes, sir! And I've noticed this," my friend proceeds after a serious pause, "this,"—longer pause,—"*oh*, well, this: he tells them just what and who they are, and, very plainly, pre-cisely where they are going! Makes *that* awful plain! hair stand on an end, you see. Not to say he ever shook us of the Robinson connection much; not of our denomination, you know. If Brother Parkinson nor no other of our own church had never come, we never would have joined any church but our own. That is n't our way, in politics or religion! But before he closes,—Hailstorm, I mean,—he always speaks of the Saviour for every one of them that will repent, and always in the lowest tones! May be he is worn out, no voice left. But it is *if* they repent and believe,—powerful plain upon that *if*; weeping, too, and everybody else, for that matter! It may be because of what goes before, but this last part of his sermon always brings them! I mean, does them most good!"

"But, Miss Agnes Throop?" I have to add, for my friend is gravely thinking of something else.

"Oh, her! That day? Well, I watched her as he got a-going. She was actually frightened for a while. His voice is tremendous! And he never preaches less than an hour and a half. She? Like a prairie flower in a whirlwind, sitting almost in the whirl of his arms, most of his voice over her head, somehow. Fact is, I forgot all about her as he drew toward the close; the old man was speaking of amazing love to the worst case there, tears running down his white beard, worse than the perspiration before; we were all weeping, all except myself, I believe. Oh, her? I happened to notice her as the old man fell back in his hide-bottom chair, sermon done. She was crying, too, more like a flower you have seen all beaten down and drenched after a heavy shower. Not that I think her what you would call pretty, mind. Too frail-like, swinging on a stem a breath would break. Now, I like solid, well, fleshy"—

"I wonder when Mose Evans first saw her," I said at this point. "When was it, General?"

"That is what I'm coming to, if you'll only give me time," my friend makes eager reply. "That very day it was! You see I always sit on the right of the stand—a loose puncheon plank there, and ever so many children coming about during preaching, to drink from the preacher's water there on the stand. That day Mose Evans he got crowded on to the end of a plank seat, farthest end, not six inches to sit on, holding on by gripping into a crack between the logs behind him some way. Oh, I noticed Mose! The instant that Miss Agnes Throop came crowded along after the old General, her head down, I noticed Mose looking at her as any man would; she a new-comer, somehow not like our other girls, you see. It was only *that* after she sat down!" and the narrator illustrated his meaning by a snap of finger and thumb. "Oh, I saw it all! She lifted up her head and looked mod-

estly about. The instant her eyes fell upon Mose Evans" —

"Well?" I demanded, after some silence.

"For my life, I never *could* see, for my soul I never *can* see, what it is in her!" my friend said in accents of complaint. "Eyes? Yes. Everybody's got eyes. And I know hers are what you'd call larger eyes than usual. Brown? I believe they *are* brown eyes. And she's so slight put together, does n't weigh more'n half of our Betsy spinning in the cook-house back there all the week. Poor thing! Loss of their property, that wild brother of hers dead back in Carolina, pining, the girls tell me, for that chippy sort of a Clammeigh that came out to see her. Eyes? She seems all eyes, — the frailest thing!"

"But about Mose Evans, Colonel?"

"Struck like by lightning, sir!" (Gravest animation.) "The girls say it is all my fancy. I suppose I can see if I *am* seventy! The moment her eyes fell on that man's face, great big man as he is, over a hundred and eighty! — he was sitting, Mose Evans was, on less than half a foot of the plank end, holding hard to the crack behind him to keep that — the moment she looked him in the face, that man, sir, great big fool that he is, wilted like — like — whether he was astonished, scared . . . You see, all his life Mose has lived in the woods. If she is pretty, I cannot see, and all even of the men folks say the same, so very much of it! But that poor fellow fell in love with her like falling down a well! I sat so near, happened to be looking so close, the matter has made so much talk since, I often think of it; it was her eyes, sir, and they hit and killed that man! Never saw anything like it in all my life. A perfect fool he has made of himself. I'm as certain as a man can be of anything, he never heard a sound of Father Ransom's sermon! Staring at first at her as if he had never seen a woman before! She is not like the common run of girls, I acknowledge. Soon as he saw how she colored up and turned away, he was careful not to do

that, only stealing a look out of the corners of his eyes, his face toward the preacher all the time, and no more hearing that preacher" —

"I wonder if he ever" — I suggested.

"Went to their place there on the river?" my informant anticipated me. "No, *sir!* Nor ever mentioned her name to a soul, that I know of. He would n't have given Job Peters that blow, — only one blow it was, whatever Job said, — if he had stopped to think. For her sake, you see, he would n't have done it. And he never annoys her like by following her about. Mose Evans is as high a toned a gentleman as I know; owns thousands of acres of best bottom lands. You'll see his brand of stock, an E in a circle, scattered fifty miles around. Pity he never learned to read. People laugh at Mose Evans, but they like him, too, more even than they do Harry Peters; you see there's a thousand times more in him! It is here as it always is where young people are, good deal of courting going on. But not *this* sort! Mose Evans is as still and silent about it as you please, but it's the most powerful sort of love ever known in these parts! Because it has changed Mose Evans so! They say he is learning to read, and if that young fellow had been off to college — pshaw, not that; look at that Dr. Alexis Jones! I mean if he had clerked ten years in a dry goods store, — it would n't have transmogrified him so, as the boys say. All the women pity and despise Mose Evans, only they can't help understanding and not understanding it! And Miss Throop'll never have him. That man's no more to her than if he was a big live-oak she happened to pass, no more to her than a dog or an ox. She from Charleston, and — he? It would kill that proud old General. And there's that man Clammeigh, too, out here once from Charleston. Out of a bandbox. What a cool cucumber sort of a fellow he is! Rich, is n't he? Saw him at church, and looks like it. But there's the bell for supper!" my host adds, rising upon his very long legs and putting his cob-pipe

on the joist over the door. "I do believe it is actually killing Mose. Sounds redickerlous! A man could knock an ox off its tracks with his fist. Man of strong sense, too. Somebody ought to tell her, and stop it. They seem to like you, Major Anderson; suppose you stop it. But, supper; come!"

In the course of conversation at ta-

ble, Mrs. Robinson tells me, at length, of the black woman of the Throops, who persists in considering herself their property, because the Bible says she is.

"I tell you, Judy," my host breaks in with energy, "it is not that negro's religion at all. It's that Miss Agnes has bewitched her! Slave? Look at that poor Mose Evans!"

William M. Baker.

A BALLAD OF THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY.

No! never such a draught was poured
 Since Hebe served with nectar
 The bright Olympians and their Lord,
 Her over-kind protector, —
 Since Father Noah squeezed the grape
 And took to such behaving
 As would have shamed our grandsire ape
 Before the days of shaving, —
 No! ne'er was mingled such a draught
 In palace, hall, or arbor,
 As freemen brewed and tyrants quaffed
 That night in Boston harbor!
 It kept King George so long awake
 His poor old brain got addled,
 It made the nerves of Britain shake,
 With seven score millions saddled;
 Before that bitter cup was drained,
 Amid the roar of cannon,
 The western war-cloud's crimson stained
 The Thames, the Clyde, the Shannon;
 Full many a six-foot grenadier
 The flattened grass had measured,
 And many a mother many a year
 Her tearful memories treasured;
 Fast spread the tempest's darkening pall,
 The mighty realms were troubled,
 The storm broke loose, but first of all
 The Boston tea-pot bubbled!

An evening party — only that,
 No formal invitation,
 No gold-laced coat, no stiff cravat,
 No feast in expectation,
 No silk-robed dames, no fiddling band,
 No flowers, no songs, no dancing —

A tribe of Red men, axe in hand —
 Behold the guests advancing!
 How fast the stragglers join the throng,
 From stall and workshop gathered!
 The lively barber skips along
 And leaves a chin half lathered;
 The smith has flung his hammer down —
 The horse-shoe still is glowing;
 The truant tapster at The Crown
 Has left a beer-cask flowing;
 The cooper's boys have dropped the adze
 And trot behind their master;
 Up run the tarry ship-yard lads —
 The crowd is hurrying faster —
 Out from the Millpond's purlieus gush
 The streams of white-faced millers,
 And down their slippery alleys rush
 The lusty young Fort-Millers;
 The rope-walk lends its 'prentice crew —
 The tories seize the omen:
 "Ay, boys! you'll soon have work to do
 For England's rebel foemen,
 'King Hancock,' Adams, and their gang,
 That fire the mob with treason —
 When these we shoot and those we hang
 The town will come to reason."

On — on to where the tea-ships ride!
 And now their ranks are forming —
 A rush, and up the Dartmouth's side
 The Mohawk band is swarming!
 See the fierce natives! What a glimpse
 Of paint and fur and feather,
 As all at once the full-grown imps
 Light on the deck together!
 A scarf the pigtail's secret keeps,
 A blanket hides the breeches —
 And out the cursed cargo leaps
 And overboard it pitches!

O woman, at the evening board
 So gracious, sweet, and purring,
 So happy while the tea is poured,
 So blest while spoons are stirring,
 What martyr can compare with thee,
 The mother, wife, or daughter,
 That night, instead of best bohea,
 Condemned to milk and water!

Ah, little dreams the quiet dame
 Who plies with rock and spindle
 The patient flax, how great a flame,
 Yon little spark shall kindle!

The lurid morning shall reveal
 A fire no king can smother
 Where British flint and Boston steel
 Have clashed against each other!
 Old charters shrivel in its track,
 His Worship's Bench has crumbled,
 It climbs and clasps the Union Jack —
 Its blazoned pomp is humbled,
 The flags go down on land and sea
 Like corn before the reapers; —
 So blazed the fire that brewed the tea
 That Boston served her keepers!

The waves that wrought a century's wreck
 Have rolled o'er whig and tory —
 The Mohawks on the Dartmouth's deck
 Still live in song and story,
 The waters in the Rebel Bay
 Have kept the tea-leaf savor, —
 Our old North-Enders in their spray
 Still taste a Hyson flavor;
 And Freedom's teacup still o'erflows
 With ever fresh libations,
 To cheat of slumber all her foes
 And cheer the wakening nations!

O. W. Holmes.

December 16, 1873.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AGASSIZ.

OLD VALENCIENNES, Professor at the Garden of Plants in Paris, used to call him "*Ce cher Agassiz*." The French in their short sayings seldom miss the mark; he was, indeed, that dear Agassiz.

The Garden of Plants (or Museum of Natural History, as the professors call it) was one of his daily haunts in the old times before he came to America. Not many of those travelers who throng the Boulevards and the Rue de la Paix know anything of that place so sweet to the student. It is three miles from the shops and the hotels. You keep on past the Ile St. Louis, and the great depot of wines, where the guardians stand all day in their glazed caps, gimlet in hand, ready to test the casks as they are carted out, and you come to an open

gate on the Rue Cuvier. Once past the sentry, the air takes on a sort of repose, quite foreign to the rattle of the quai, just outside. On the right, a nursery of young pear-trees; on the left, paddocks with several species of deer; then sedate porcupines, whose meek look contrasts so strongly with their warlike quills; farther on, the galleries of anatomy, with groups of peasants staring at the skeleton of the whale, outside. Opposite is the duck pond, where there is pretty sure to be a bridal pair from the Quartier Latin who are taking their wedding walk, and who have stopped to gaze at the silver gulls, and the great grotesque adjutant bird standing motionless on one leg.

As you pass the round lecture hall, pasted over with announcements of the

different courses, it grows more and more quiet until you come into a paved square and are confronted by an old building propped at one end with timbers. Go in by the middle entrance, the stair is on the left; ascend two flights and there is a small brown door with this inscription: "Mollusques et Zoophytes." On one side hangs a bell-rope with a cone-shell for handle, and an inscription requesting you to pull hard. In reply to the bell comes Pierre, in his blue apron and French cap. Nobody knows exactly how old Pierre is; he is one of those government employés who always look the same, and who never seem either young or old. He speaks in the subdued voice of one often in the presence of great men who do not like to be interrupted. Lately he has taken to spectacles, because of injury from a Prussian shell which exploded in the laboratory. "It was full of powder-smoke, and dust from the plaster," said Pierre, in a simple sort of way, "and five drawers full of fossils were wholly destroyed. Monsieur Deshayes felt very badly about them." Now the laboratory has got back its usual look, and its vague smell of dried shells and sponges, with an occasional whiff of alcohol. Five little rooms there are in all, full of specimens that are ready for the galleries, or under examination. In the corner is the small study of Professor Deshayes, successor of Valenciennes and of Lacaze Duthiers, the most learned and charming of men. Few know the plain ways of such people. A cup of coffee in the morning; at noon some tea with a bit of meat and a crust of bread; and then hard work again till evening. These men are professors in the Museum and members of the Academy, the highest scientific position in France. They have no fortune, and never expect to have any; but their craving for knowledge and their love of fame keep them there laborious to the end. Thus we can understand why Agassiz said in America, "I have no time to make money." In that very laboratory, and in others like it, he worked for years, never knowing the

value of silver except as it served to get his meals at some café of the students; or, when very fortunate, to buy a scientific book at second hand, from the open-air stalls near the Institut. His small handwriting, which seemed unnatural in so broad and impulsive a character, was a result of early necessity. On the backs of old letters, and on odd scraps of paper, he copied, as closely as possible, many volumes which he needed but which he could not buy. "Here," said excellent M. Rousseau, patting emphatically a small pine table in the second room, "here he used to sit, every day when he was not in the galleries, and study echinoderms — *cher Agassiz!*" Those little low rooms, in the old building propped at one end with timbers — they should be the Mecca of scientific devotees! Perhaps every great zoologist of the past hundred years has sat in them, and discussed the problems which are always inviting solution and are never solved. Cuvier, Humboldt, Johannes Müller, Von Baer — they all have gone, except the last, who lingers to remind us of the giants that once were. And Humboldt recognized Agassiz as one who was growing toward his own stature. He gave him that good dinner at the café, and that good advice with it, which the recipient so pleasantly described at the Humboldt centennial.

Then there are those "galleries" which must not be forgotten. Go down the stairs once more to the paved court, and take the wide gravel path that leads past the Administration (what is a public establishment in France without an Administration!). On the right, and almost overhanging the way, is the great cedar of Lebanon planted in the time of Louis XIV. To the old tree it seems only yesterday that it stretched its dark branches over the Swiss naturalist as he walked to his daily task with the strong step of a mountaineer. It could tell you of Buffon and his rambles in the King's Garden, when he would come up to Paris from the confines of Burgundy and "les vieilles tours du château de Montbard." Just beyond, you pass between

the great greenhouses and descend a flight of steps to the esplanade of botany. On the right, and at the end of a fair alley of lime-trees, stands a long building, with an old clock in the centre gable. Here are the Galleries of Zoology. Again go up two small flights of stairs and turn to the right, past a boa-constrictor in a tall glass of spirits, — quite a landmark in its way, — and keep on through a long hall whose ancient but well polished floor of inlaid wood imperils the footing of the unwonted foreigner. In the wall-cases, and in the centre, there are stuffed animals, while the ceiling is beset with alligators, standing there like so many flies. Philippe Poteau will explain, in a deprecatory manner, that this is not a position natural to alligators; but one that results from lack of room in the cases. The Administration has handed in plans for new buildings, but government is too much occupied with the army to give a great deal to science. Philippe must have been born somewhere in the galleries, so thoroughly is he pervaded by their air. He it is that made the noted collection of ethnographic photographs. From his laboratory window he always looked, with a watchful eye, into the garden, and when a new "type" appeared — an African Spahis, perchance, or the follower of some Japanese ambassador, Philippe would snatch off his blouse and velvet cap, put on his black coat and hat, and hasten after the type to persuade him to sit for a likeness. From this hall of stuffed animals, two tall doors with heavy locks of curious iron-mongery lead to just such another hall, in which are displayed some of the radiated animals, and mollusca. Here Agassiz loved to work, and here he got together much material for his *Catalogue raisonné*. His handwriting may be seen on the labels, beside that of Valenciennes and De Blainville, and of the great Lamarck, who, as Professor Martins will have us think, was the real originator of that theory of evolution known as Darwinism. Everywhere in these galleries and laboratories it is the same; you are surrounded by the traditions of

science. The spirits of great naturalists still haunt the corridors, and speak through the specimens their hands have set in order. And, as if to bind past and present in unbroken reality, sometimes there passes an old man, whom time has forgotten; a contemporary of Cuvier and Geoffrey Saint Hilaire, and who now regards Milne Edwards as a youth of promise.

These scenes, and scenes like these, Agassiz left in 1846. The books and collections were his tools in trade; the professors were his fellow-workmen. He left them all, to come to the United States, where nature was rich, but tools and workmen were few; and traditions none. It was the act of a man bold, restless, and original. He was not spurred by failure, for already his reputation had been made by his great monographs on the glaciers and on fossil fishes. He came, perhaps, in a spirit of adventure and of curiosity; but he *staid* because he loved a country where new things could be built up; where he could think and speak as he pleased; and where his ceaseless activity would be considered a high quality.

From that time forth, Louis Agassiz grew more and more an American. He became a master of English composition, and spoke the language not only with fluency, but with a voluble eloquence which was peculiarly his own. He studied the modes of thought among the people, and learned to know in what they differed from the European. His family ties, his household, his associates were of the country; and yet, after all, he was unchanged. A genius like his could put itself in communication with many and different people; it could grow also, but it could not change.

A thing he never liked, and which troubled him quite as much in this country as in others, was book-learning. Text-books and "school-series" exasperated him; and he had a sympathetic recollection of Humboldt who laughed at the elaborate encyclopedia and called it a *pons asinorum*. This turn of mind led him to gather what he considered the real books, animals of all sorts, pre-

served, so far as might be, in their natural state — “material for investigation,” he always called them. Before long he had, with incredible activity, got together a respectable representation of our fauna, kept in such bottles, glasses, and phials, as could be obtained, and placed for safety in a poor wooden shanty or outhouse, in Cambridge. Once, after a vacation, Agassiz went to inspect his precious store. It was gone! The building was no longer there! In trouble of spirit he asked its whereabouts, and was told that the college had caused the shed to be “moved” to a distant spot, near the Brighton bridge. Distracted by visions of jars overturned and broken glasses, he hastened thither, and was overjoyed to find that, in this remarkable country, a building might be bodily carried from place to place, without disturbing the most delicate preparations.

In those days (it was about 1853) he still kept up his habit of walking, for which he had been noted even among the guides of his native mountains. To illustrate the lectures on geology, he used to invite students to accompany him on excursions to neighboring towns. From boyhood an associate of students, there was no company in which he felt more at ease; and he regarded, with unfeigned consternation, the stiff relations that, twenty years ago, subsisted between our professors and their pupils. It was pleasant to see him, at the head of a score of us youngsters, taking his way towards the pudding-stone quarries in Roxbury. His face wore an easy smile, and, as his quick, brown eye wandered over the landscape, it saw more than did all our eyes put together; for he looked, but we only stared. Near by, like a sort of lieutenant, walked Jacques Burkhardt, the life-long friend and artist of the great professor. Though his beard was white, he never grew old; and, to the last, preferred the cheerful company of the collegians. Whenever we came to a gravel pit, or a railway cut, the professor would stop, and would expatiate on the structure of the drift with as much interest as if he saw it for the first time. This enthusiasm, fresh

and untiring over trite facts, was a source of immense power to him. It showed his French blood, for it was but an enlargement of that peculiar temper which renders the Parisian workmen at once the most interesting and the most successful in the world. Of the section of conglomerate in Roxbury he was never tired of talking; and, over and over again, to different sets of hearers, would explain the cleavage planes of the rock; and how the cleavage had cut right through hard pebbles, like a knife; then the structure of the stone itself, and the different origins of flat and of rounded pebbles; and finally he would climb to the top of the ledge, and earnestly show the grooves and scratches running north and south, and the surface polished by the glaciers.

His collections soon got a step higher than the unstable shed. They were put in an oblong wooden building, somewhat better than a barn and not quite so good as a house. It stood between the scientific school and Cambridge common. One of the scientific students was lodged, not too luxuriously, in one corner; there was a working-room above, and a sort of study and lecture-room below, one side of which was occupied with a long blackboard of slate slabs. Such a great blackboard was a necessity for Agassiz, as precious to him as his right hand. It is very curious that he never learned to make finished drawings: — curious, because he had often been too poor to employ an artist, and because his accuracy of eye and of touch were remarkable. If there were ten hairs in the field of the microscope and the artist had put eleven in the drawing, the professor would exclaim, the moment he got his head over the eyepiece, “Those cilia are crowded; there must be too many!” He would hold the dried shell of a turtle in his left hand and with a saw divide it lengthwise into precise halves, with no other guide than his eye. Although he never attempted to become an artist, his chalk outlines on the blackboard were what few artists could make. The thousands of people who have heard his lectures

will always recollect the astonishing rapidity with which he drew an animal, putting in only the characteristic points. If he were saying, "The salmon have a peculiar fatty fin, called the adipose," almost with the words would appear an unmistakable chalk outline of the fish. There was no better nor more pitiless critic of a zoological drawing. He rarely was satisfied with the finest work. Were the artist painstaking, he would encourage him with, "Try it once again; it's all wrong, but don't get out of patience." The careless or self-sufficient draughtsman got a brisk admonition. The man who never failed to please him was Sonrel, who made the plates for the *Embryology of Turtles*, of which Claparède said, "I had supposed that such lithography was impossible."

Those were especially the days of turtles, when, in 1856, the second volume of *Contributions to the Natural History of the United States* was in preparation. From the four corners of the earth these animals were there gathered together, and the iterated names *Emys*, *Testudo*, and *Chelonia* drove all the rest of Latin nomenclature out of our heads. They were everywhere, some preserved in jars, and some dried on shelves; then the living ones in all directions. A large Galapagos tortoise dwelt in the front entry; many little terrapins hid under the stair; and soft-shell turtles inhabited tubs. The professor's own house was not free from them, and his little garden was, at times, quite swarming. The excitement culminated when there arrived, one day, a strong box with bars, suitable for a wild beast, and containing two huge Mississippi snappers, perhaps the most ferocious, and, for their size, the strongest of reptiles. The professor traced the ferocity back at once, and showed that the very embryo of the snapper, before it is ready for hatching, would fiercely bite a bit of stick. We were getting clear of turtles, and were dropping down among the jelly-fishes, in preparation for the third volume of *Contributions*, when there happened an

event that marked a new era in the life of Agassiz.

People had begun to find out that a very valuable collection was piled up in the barn-like building, and that there was little provision for its care, and great risk of its burning. It indeed was a pathetic-looking museum,—two great, dreary rooms with rough tables and chests of drawers, on which were piled alcoholic preparations in bottles, none of them good, and scarcely two alike. There were tall jars meant to be cylindrical, closed with slabs of cork which had been round before they got warped: then pickle bottles, wide mouthed phials, and many other receptacles. In winter the bad glass snapped and let out as much of the alcohol as had not evaporated through the loose stoppers during the heat of summer. Many witnesses could testify to the evil state of affairs. Committees of the Overseers came and looked despairingly at the two large rooms. There was one who had known of these pressing needs and had thought of them. On the death of Mr. F. C. Gray in 1858, it was found that he had left fifty thousand dollars to establish a Museum of Comparative Zoölogy; and his nephew, Mr. William Gray, scrupulously following his uncle's inclinations, selected Harvard College as the proper institution. During the following year, a committee of gentlemen raised more than seventy thousand dollars, and the State gave one hundred thousand. Why, at a time when natural history attracted even less attention than it now does, did an individual, and a body of gentlemen, and a State legislature, all interest themselves to give large sums of money to found an establishment purely for scientific investigation? It was because Agassiz was something more than a very strong zoölogist. He was a man of what people call, in defiance of physics, "magnetism." Everybody sought his society, and no one could stand before his words and his smile. It is proper to say "everybody," for this power of his influenced all alike. The fishermen at Nahant would pull two or

three miles to bring him a rare fish; and only for the pleasure of seeing him rush out of his little laboratory, crying, "Oh! where *did* you get that? That is a species which goes as far as Brazil. Nobody has ever seen it north of Cape Cod. Come in, come in and sit down!" He would talk with farmers about the history and the breeding of cattle and horses with the greatest earnestness and excitement. In fact his profound general sympathies led him to put aside the social position of the person he addressed; he not only did not care for, but was almost unconscious of it. He often laughed over something that happened to him in London. They were dissecting a crocodile at the college of surgeons, and an interesting part was given to him, which he tied in a silk handkerchief and then declared himself ready to accompany an eminent naturalist who was waiting. The gentleman looked dubiously at the package and suggested that his servant should carry it, or that they should take a coach; both of which offers were declined with great simplicity. After they had walked a little in the street, Agassiz suddenly stopped, and said: "You are ashamed to walk with me, because I have a bundle!" The Englishman's native honesty rallied at once, and he replied, "I was ashamed to walk with you, and now I am ashamed of myself; let me carry that handkerchief for you."

Nothing better illustrated the power of his enthusiasm than his public lectures. Often he would talk of things familiar and easy to understand; but sometimes he would plunge among difficult matters of structure and morphology, where only technical language could be used. Then it was curious to watch the faces of the thousand people who sat listening to him, and to see their expression of struggling perplexity, as the great professor, with ever-increasing rapidity of thought and word, went on through nucleated cells, vibratile cilia, and epithelium. All the while the audience tried hard to understand, and listened with unflagging in-

terest till the firm ground of every-day facts was reached again.

Another characteristic, which added to his power and popularity, was his intense devotion to science, which few people cared for, and his unfeigned ignorance of, and indifference to, money, which everybody cared for. More than this, he was singularly careless of personal ambition and place and glory; a feeling which increased with his years. But he was eager for, and would struggle hard to get any position, or point of advantage, which would enable him to push his favorite studies. It is not surprising that such qualities had a strong effect among a people like the Americans, who set a very high value on enthusiasm and disinterestedness. His advocates, when urging appropriations, could always say: "This is a man who, at the height of Napoleon's power, refused the directorship of the Garden of Plants, and a seat as senator of the empire. He might, with little pains, have been rich; but he is penniless, after much toil, and the very house over his head is mortgaged to support a museum which belongs to other people." As to the value of abstract science, many persons were not in a position to judge and were obliged to take his word for it; but at any rate, nobody would stand by and see so brave a man struggle without aid.

The sudden appearance of such considerable sums of money turned the current of Agassiz's thoughts in a new direction, and in one which they afterwards kept. He determined to found a great Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, arranged to show his views of the relations of living animals among themselves and their connections in the geological and embryological successions. Such a museum he hoped to leave as a legacy — his all — to the people of this country, and to make it at once a mark of his affection and a monument of his labor. He gave less and less of his time to those special investigations by which he had gained his reputation, and pondered more and more on this museum, which should serve as a sort of

tabulation of the creative thought, by presenting the creations themselves in a connected order.

When the first section of the edifice was finished, fire-proof and fairly fitted with shelves and cases, a grand moving took place, and the motley boxes and bottles were carried, or carted, in all haste to the new quarters. Meanwhile the barn-like building was not treated with ignominy. On the contrary, it also was moved to an honorable spot, near the new museum, and was slated, papered, and painted, and turned into lodgings for students and artists. Such an old coat as the collection had was not suited to so fine a house, and fresh clothing was ordered in the form of fair glass jars, with good ground stoppers. But this child kept outgrowing its clothes. We could never get jars, or drawers, or alcohol enough! In a museum of natural history everything pours in, and nothing goes out, except money. Nature has no beginning or middle or end; the process of increase and arrangement is an everlasting one. The Brazilian expedition of 1865 brought home barrels and cases by the hundred, and so did the Hassler expedition of 1871. Nor were these half; for the incessant eagerness of the director sought original collections from all parts of the world, some by exchange and some by purchase. In 1870 the building was increased to double its former capacity, but it does not afford room to-day for the arrangement of the collections stored in it.

Year by year Agassiz strove to support the ever-increasing burdens of his task, — his vast correspondence carried on in three languages; the superintendence of numerous assistants; protracted conferences almost daily with the learned men who were at the head of the different departments; and a constant and intense study of the grand question of arrangement. In addition to this labor, especially devoted to the museum, he exerted himself in many other ways. He gave lectures and contributed to scientific literature. He was at the disposal of every one who came to ask

questions; and he found time to attend agricultural meetings, learned societies, and literary clubs. Besides all this, he undertook a task very disagreeable to him in asking aid to carry on so expensive an establishment. More than once his warm friend and admirer, Brown-Séquard, warned him that such a strain was not to be borne. Agassiz *could not stop*. He was driven by a power like that which the Greeks called mighty fate. At length, in December of 1869, his system gave way, and his brain was attacked in a manner which threatened paralysis. Nothing saved him then but his powerful constitution, seconded by the most careful treatment. Weakened by disease and with death imminent, his heroism was at once noble and pathetic. One day the tears began to roll down his cheeks, and he said: "Brown-Séquard tells me I must not think. Nobody can ever know the tortures I endure in trying to stop thinking!"

Had it been in his nature to be what is called prudent, or to draw lessons from the past, he would never have been what he was. He worked four years longer, and then fell: — suddenly, and in the glory of his power.

To Agassiz applies the familiar saying that he was winning in his ways; nay, more than this, the ways were often irresistible. He was a French Swiss, and in him was developed in its highest degree the Gallic power of pleasing. No man was more set in his aims; no man more determined and courageous in their pursuit; but he had not the Saxon style of riding rough-shod over people who were in the path. He worked his way through the crowd of the world deftly; and, when he arrived, as he always did, at the wished-for place, it was with a kindly smile on his face, and accompanied by the good-will even of his opponents. His kindness was inseparable from his nature, and was a force in itself. It was shown by his love of children and his inexhaustible patience with them, and by his toleration of dull or ignorant people. Behind this came his enthusiasm, like the line

after its skirmishers; his kindliness charmed, his enthusiasm overwhelmed and carried off captive. These qualities gave an extraordinary play to a face which would otherwise have been massive, and a boyish twinkle to an eye which had not been a boy's for half a century. His powers were all mobilized; none were reserved, or shut up, or in places of difficult access; therefore he was the most brilliant of talkers. Although cheerful and fond of laughter, he was not exactly humorous; and, singularly enough, was incapable of comprehending the ludicrous mixture of exaggeration and contradiction which we call a *joke*. Nevertheless he appreciated sarcasm and enjoyed fine wit. One day he came smiling into his study and said: "I have thought of a good hit for the Evolutionists, who say they can effect anything, if only they have enough time and repetition. You recollect the *Tragische Geschichte* of Chamisso, where the philosopher is discontented because his *queue* hangs behind him; so he turns himself round; and finding it still behind him, he keeps on spinning, expecting to get it in front. I asked Felton if it would do to introduce this in my *Essay on Classification*, but he thought it too much of a pleasantry for so serious a topic, so I will hint at it in a foot-note."¹

It has already been said that Agassiz was a man who seemed rather driven by mighty fate, than led by inclination or taste. The craving for knowledge and the love of imparting it to other people were the passions before which he could not stand if he would, and would not if he could. That he was influenced by both at once was remarkable, and in keeping with other exceptional combinations presently to be noticed. Good teachers are not commonly original investigators; and original investigators often lack both the will and the power to tell other people

what they know. No village school-master was ever more patient than he in teaching elementary zoölogy; and when, for the thousandth time, he would write with chalk on the blackboard the words *Vertebrata*, *Articulata*, *Mollusca*, and *Radiata*, it was with a zeal and vigor that showed he was doing something agreeable. From a class of school-girls he would turn to his microscope and specimens, and, within five minutes, would take up the thread of a research which lay in the farthest limits of zoölogy. But one of the two things he must always have in hand, investigation or teaching.

The intellect of Agassiz was one of the noblest of the Latin race, and it is no exaggeration to call it colossal. It was one of the few in this or in any generation, which not only had great intensity but also had the capacity to see and examine both sides of a question. Here again is a rare combination. As a rule, the greater the intensity, the less the discrimination; and when such an over-balance is fully carried out, we have a fanatic. Despite so much real progress in charity and gentleness, fanatics were never perhaps more numerous than they now are; and a large part of them are just where there should be none, — in science. The wheel of human thought has again brought to the surface an old form of philosophy under the name of positivism. Positivism is the doctrine of necessity carefully illustrated by a series of phenomena; or, if you please, it is a series of phenomena carefully arranged to lead to, and illustrate, the doctrine of necessity. It has done much good, and is likely to do more, in breaking down dogmas and crude superstition, and in teaching exact modes of thought. It has done much harm, and is likely to do more, in weakening the vital idea of free will, and in leading to the neglect, and even contempt, of what is spiritual in nature. As a system of philosophy it resembles all others that ever were thought out, in that it illuminates one side of the medal and leaves the other in darkness; or even ignores the existence of any

¹ On page 54 the Evolutionists above mentioned are referred to the charming poem of Chamisso, beginning: —

'S war Einer dem's zu Herzem ging.

It has been well translated by Thackeray.

other side. Finally, it also resembles all other philosophical systems in its power to breed fanatics. When one has read the story through he is tempted to say: This game is not worth the candle. If life itself and all Cosmos are only a procession of figures, why take so much pains about them? And especially, why talk so much about Truth? It is essentially as well to feed on Falschood, which may be made as sweet as you like; whereas the truth of positivism is nothing but that ghastly procession; it is despair. Strauss must have had some such notion when he, in substance, said: Kingship is a fraud, but, just now, it is advisable fervently to uphold the Hohenzollerns.

We cannot easily understand how a mind of such intensity as that of Agassiz, and of such vivid belief, could check itself, at each step, to weigh evidence and probabilities; how, in a word, it could escape fanaticism. Everything seemed to draw him in that direction, and the hidden cord that held him back was a thing not to be expected. Nay, many observers, taking in simply the glow of his enthusiasm, held him for one who had too much abandoned himself to rapid and brilliant generalizations. But generalization was only a part of his well-considered method of work. He knew that the workman, to avoid being cramped by his material, must sometimes deal rough blows, to get a guide, — some light and some form to go by. What observers were apt not to see, was the long and patient toil; the plodding among dry details; the deep reflection that returned again and again to its object. Nor were they apt to see how the truth of science was to him a law that brooked neither excuse nor delay; and how, in resignation, he would turn on his own structures and remorselessly tear them down; saying: "If I have more ability than some men, then my mistakes are more dangerous than theirs."

The steadiness of his discrimination especially showed itself in treating the popular philosophy. To a man of his spiritual nature there were few things more discordant than positivism; and yet he did not usually condemn it by name, or as a whole; but, on the contrary, recommended its good parts, its exactness of method, patient research, and freedom from superstition. Nor did this charity rise from indifference or lack of appreciation. Agassiz was a born metaphysician, and moreover had pursued severe studies in philosophy. Those who knew him well were constantly surprised at the ease with which he handled the more intricate problems of thought. It was charming, for example, to hear him, in familiar conversation, treat of the relation of Darwinism to other theories of evolution, and show the different interpretations it had received from the English, German, and French minds. Darwinism was to him the sum of wrong-headedness, yet Darwin has called him his most courteous opponent, and most formidable.

Last, and above all, Agassiz was a man of an inborn spiritual belief, which made a primary element in his nature, and which entered into all his interpretations of the outer world. That material form was the cover of a spirit appeared to him a truth fundamental and almost self-evident. His own personality was a unit indestructible and destined to unceasing development and improvement. In the presence of death he exhibited a faith which towered above creeds and dogmas, and whose roots were in the depths of his soul.

He is dead, and a great light has gone out. We buried him from the chapel that stands among the college elms. The students laid a wreath of laurel on his bier, and their manly voices sang his requiem; for he had been a student all his life long, and, when he died, he was younger than any of them.

Theodore Lyman.

RECENT LITERATURE.¹

A DISTINCT and peculiar school of writers in New England, akin to the Lake School in England, was the group of Concord authors, of whom the two youngest, Thoreau and Ellery Channing, are represented in the book lately published by the latter. We say *was*, because though but two of the five friends who composed the group have passed away, — Thoreau and Hawthorne, — the school itself is a thing of the past. Mr. Emerson ranks as its founder, though he has been rather the centre about which the others have clustered, than the root from which they sprang. There was an independent and original genius in Alcott, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Ellery Channing, which, though related to the genius of Emerson, made each of the four a separate individuality, sure to manifest itself sooner or later in its own peculiar fashion. Hawthorne touched his associates at fewest points, and earliest withdrew from close companionship with them, — though none of his few intimates was perhaps more truly intimate with him than Ellery Channing. But even Hawthorne could not escape the charm of Concord; he left it twice and twice returned thither after an interval of years; his third departure was for the brief journey that preceded his death, and his third return was to the grave where he lies buried on a Concord hill-side. Of the five, Thoreau was the only one born in the town, for Emerson and Channing were na-

tives of Boston, Hawthorne of Salem, and Alcott of Wolecott, in Connecticut. Perhaps it was for this reason that Thoreau was also the most sedulous in his abode there, and the most diligent in celebration of his birthplace. He has been accused, indeed, of treating Nature herself "as if she had been born and brought up in Concord," — and perhaps there was something narrowing in the persistence with which he clung to the flat plains, swampy meadows, and low hills of the Musketauit valley. But if Concord contracted his genius somewhat, the very process gave it point and pungency; and his memory is best preserved thereby, — for, as a friend said, after his death, "This village is his monument, covered with suitable inscriptions, by himself."

Thoreau died in May, 1862, and in August of that year Mr. Emerson printed in this magazine the eulogy and biographical sketch read by him at his friend's funeral. This seeming incomplete, Mr. Channing began in 1863 the memoir now published, and printed some portions of it in 1864, in the Boston Commonwealth. Less than a third part of the present volume, however, has been seen in print before; and a great deal of it is drawn either from Thoreau's unpublished journals, or from note-books of walks and talks which the two friends took together across the fields and by the brook-sides they were never tired of perambulating. No man

¹ *Thoreau: The Poet-Naturalist*. With Memorial Verses. By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Threaded my Way. By ROBERT DALE OWEN. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1873.

An Historical Account of the Expedition against Sandusky under Col. William Crawford in 1782. With biographical Sketches, personal Reminiscences, and Descriptions of interesting Localities; including also Details of the disastrous Retreat, the Barbarities of the Savages, and the awful Death of Crawford by Torture. By C. W. BUTLERFIELD. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1873.

The Prostrate State: South Carolina under Negro Government. By JAMES L. PIKE, late Minister of the United States at the Hague. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1874.

The Poems of Charles Fenno Hoffman. Collected and edited by his Nephew, EDWARD FENNO HOFFMAN. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 1873.

Sounds from Secret Chambers. By LAURA C. REDDEN. (Howard Glyndon.) Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

The Courtin'. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Illustrated by Winslow Homer. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

The Golden City. By B. F. BARRETT, author of Lectures on the New Dispensation, etc. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger. 1874.

Common-Sense in Religion. A Series of Essays. By JAMES FREEMAN CLAREE. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

Buddhism; Its historical, theoretical, and popular Aspects. In three Lectures. By ERNEST J. EITEL, M. A., Ph. D., of the London Missionary Society. Second edition. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

The Study of Sociology. By HERBERT SPENCER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1874.

Ancient Classics for English Readers. Edited by the Rev. W. LUCAS COLLINS, M. A. *Lucian*. By the Editor. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1874. *Artists and Arabs; or, Sketching in Sunshine*. By HENRY BLACKBURN. With numerous Illustrations. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

Literary and Social Judgments. By W. R. GREG. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

ever walked so many miles with Thoreau, or sailed so far with him in his boat, as Mr. Channing did; none was more familiarly his friend, or knew better the character and genius of the man whom he so aptly calls "the poet-naturalist." There is then a peculiar fitness in a biography of Thoreau by Channing, enriched as this book is by numberless quotations, not only from Thoreau's own writings, but from his favorite authors, and from the manuscripts of his companions. We seem to detect along the pages verses of Emerson's hitherto unprinted, as well as passages from Mr. Channing's unpublished poetry, and other poems of his, collected from the oblivious corners of newspapers. Were there only a little more method in arranging the work, and a great deal more clearness of style, the merit of the volume would be thrice what it now is, and more than that of any recent literary biography. Even in its present crude condition, it is a mine of rich matter, and, in parts, of exquisite beauty and inimitable native force.

Thoreau was born in 1817; began to write and publish when he was twenty years old; was a contributor to the *Dial* in 1840-44, and to other magazines for a few years after; went to live at Walden in 1847, and left his hut there when he had published his first volume in 1849, returning to the village of Concord and to his father's house. Here he wrote his next book, "*Walden*," which came out in 1854, and has been more extensively read than any other of his volumes. He published no other books during his life-time, but contributed to the magazines from 1852 to 1862. After his death these papers and others, including a few of his letters and poems, were edited by Miss Thoreau, Mr. Channing, and Mr. Emerson, in five volumes, which appeared successively from 1863 to 1866. Since then nothing has been published of Thoreau's, until now these passages, making perhaps half of Mr. Channing's memorial volume.

There is much similarity between his style and Mr. Channing's. Both are humorists, and carry their humor into verbal excesses,—puns, quips, and obscurities, which often puzzle the plain-minded reader. Of the two, Thoreau is the less obscure, so that there is force in a complaint we have heard that this book translates Thoreau into an abstruser dialect than his own, which was needless. It is by no means smooth and easy reading, either in its prose or verse. Like Montaigne and Burton, it requires to be read sparingly, and with much

thought and meditation. But its peculiarities give it piquancy, and from its very unlikeness to other books, a position of distinction is at once conferred upon it. Its absolute value as a biography is considerable, though it fails to give in a connected way the chief events in Thoreau's life. It abounds in anecdotes and in good sayings of his, which sound like quotations from Plutarch sometimes, sometimes like the inconsequent utterances of Jean Paul. It is overloaded with verses, some of them very hard to read and of no pertinence to the place where they occur. Its rhetoric and syntax are eccentric, and it occasionally becomes tiresome. Nevertheless, it sets forth, as has never been done before, the true nature and paradoxical composition of Thoreau, who has been much misunderstood by admirers as well as by those averse to him. Mr. Channing dwells with warm affection, and yet with discrimination, on one of his noblest traits, his constancy in friendship. "Those who loved him never had the least reason to regret it. He meant friendship, and meant nothing else, and stood by it without the slightest abatement; not veering as a weather-cock with each shift of a friend's fortune, nor like those who bury their early friendships in order to make room for fresh corpses." To the same effect are those lines with which he closes his dedication, and which were the close, with slight variations, of an earlier volume of Mr. Channing's, printed during Thoreau's life-time. We quote them as they then stood (the earlier form is better, to our thinking), because they furnish a portrait of Thoreau quite different from that which has generally been given of him.

"So Henry lived,
Considerate to his kind. His love bestowed
Was not a thing of fractions, half-way done,
But with a mellow goodness like the sun,
He shone o'er mortal hearts and brought their buds
To blossoms, thence to fruits and seed.
Forbearing too much counsel, yet with blows
In pleasing reason urged, he took their thoughts
As with a mild surprise, and they were good,
Even though they knew not whence it came,
Or once suspected that from Henry's heart,
That warm o'er-circling heart, their impulse flowed."

—Mr. Robert Dale Owen's good wine should certainly need no bush in this place where it was first broached; and yet we would fain flourish over it a wreath of the vine interwoven with laurel; not so much to draw custom to it as in sign of our own pleasure in its goodness. As the papers which have gone to make up *Threading my Way* appeared one after another in these

pages last year, there were few readers or none, we imagine, who did not enjoy their geniality of spirit, their entertaining material, their lightness and ease of manner. They were of a kind of writing that, when all is said, remains to our thinking the most delightful kind of writing there is. Autobiography is the soul of history, the most precious contribution to men's knowledge of each other. It gives the delight that story-telling imparts in fiction, and if it is faithfully done, it out-romances all invention by the records of those facts in man's consciousness or experience, which it is the highest ambition of the inventive writer to make his creations resemble. It is not disheartening like biography, at the end of which always stands that sad *Hic jacet*, — your autobiographer goes on living forever; and it is as intimate in its appeal as the finest poetry. Best of all, it utterly forbids the mock-modesty which pretends to shrink from the mention of one's self. For once, the worthy first person is accorded the first place, and egotism becomes the sole virtue; the autobiographer who proposed not to talk about himself would be a ludicrous hypocrite and pretender. And being put upon his honor, as it were, by these conditions, the autobiographer is commonly very modest. He does not spare his faults, he owns manfully to his mistakes, he recognizes his failures; and even when he does not judge his actions he leaves them frankly to your judgment.

Mr. Owen seems to have realized the ideal of autobiography in these papers, which, written so as to be each complete in itself, and to serve the humor of the reader who cared for but one of them, had yet a continual purpose of developing the history of the author's first twenty-seven years. Later in life he became part of our political, social, and religious history, and in a second volume he promises that we shall have his estimate and record of himself in that character. "But here," he says, referring with a wise frankness which we find very charming, to his efforts to set the world right in points where he believed it wrong, "but here ends the first portion of my life, during which my home was in the Old World and in my native land. These were the tentative years, the years throughout which I was proving all things and seeking for that which is good. Up to that time I seem to myself to have been but threading my way; and I thought I had found it. I had energy, moral courage, eagerness to render service in the cause of truth, and a most over-ween-

ing opinion of the good which I imagined that I could do, in the way of enlightening my fellow-creatures. It needed quarter of a century more to teach me how much that intimately regards man's welfare and advancement, moral and spiritual, had till then been to me a sealed book; to bring home the conviction that I stood but on the very threshold of the most important knowledge that underlies the civilization of our race."

We cannot leave this delightful book without asking the reader's attention to the extent and variety of the experiences and observations it records, and which strike us more in the collected chapters than when they appeared from month to month. Mr. Owen's notices of his ancestors, and especially his study of his grandfather David Dale's character and work at New Lanark; the pictures of his own early life at Braxfield, those fascinating Scotch *interiors*, which we should hardly know where to match elsewhere; the excellent characterization of his father, and the account of his efforts in behalf of labor-reform; his own youthful experience at London; his education at Hofwyl; his chapter on English Reformers; the pretty and touching idyl of his first love; the recollections of the community life at New Harmony; the chapters sketching famous people whom he met afterwards in France and England — leave scarcely any representative man or leading interest of the first quarter of our century untouched; while they abound in entertaining anecdote and harmless gossip. Through all runs the sweetest and gentlest spirit; a lenient judgment, a generous sympathy, a high morality, a shrewd and humorous self-perception. It is as Christian a book as ever was written, and is to be praised as much for its blameless conscience, as for its blameless manner.

— Mr. Butterfield's history of Crawford's expedition against the Indian towns at Sandusky, in 1782, is the latest of that excellent series of local narratives, biographies, and sketches of pioneer life in the Ohio valley which Messrs. Clarke & Co. have been issuing for the past five or six years, and which have been successively noticed here, and commended as an enterprise worthy of all encouragement. For the pioneer history of the Ohio valley is by no means merely of local interest. It was in that region, and more particularly in that part of it west of the Ohio, that the Indian tribes made their last considerable stand against the United States, defeating St.

Clair, and finally succumbing to Wayne. They were aided and abetted, first secretly and afterwards openly, in their raids upon the Virginia and Pennsylvania settlements, by the British from their post at Detroit; and if the English name were not already rather too thickly incrustured with barbarities of all sorts, it would form a conspicuous stain on it that for seven years the British arms protected these pitiless savages in the slaughter of men, women, and children along the frontier, and in the murder, with atrocious tortures, of their prisoners. It was when these forays had become unendurable, that the Virginian and Pennsylvanian borderers, acting with the coöperation of General Irvine, commandant at Fort Pitt (Pittsburgh), volunteered for the expedition against Sandusky, whither they marched some hundred and seventy-five miles through the unbroken forest. They were led by Col. William Crawford, a personal friend of Washington, and a tried soldier and expert Indian fighter, who had done good service against the French at Braddock's defeat, and afterwards in the reduction of Fort Du Quesne (Pittsburgh). Congress appointed him in 1788 to the command of the Western Department, and he proved himself an efficient and trusty officer; his popularity on the frontier was unbounded, and fully merited.

The Indian towns at Sandusky were under the protection of the British at Fort Detroit, but it was expected that Crawford's command, all mounted men, could reach them and destroy them before help arrived. A battle was actually fought with the Indians, who had deserted their towns, and who were beaten by Crawford's men; but the Indian spies had been swifter than the whites; they had carried news of the invasion to Detroit, and the day after the first battle, a troop of British cavalry came up and joined the Indians, who already vastly outnumbered the Americans. Then it was only a question how to keep the retreat from becoming a rout and slaughter. The officers succeeded in this, and the main body of Crawford's command returned home in safety, though many were cut off, and perished. Crawford himself became separated from his men, the first night of the retreat, and was captured by the Indians, who burned him to death. The story of his torments, prolonged for many hours, is one unsurpassed for horror even in the annals of our border wars, and it is of course the darkest chapter in the disastrous history which Mr. Butterfield narrates.

This history has a general value as a study of pioneer life and warfare, which we should be sorry to leave unmentioned, and the sketches of adventure in which it abounds add greatly to the interest of the main narrative. We can commend to the historical novelist looking about for a hero, the story of Major John Rose, permitted by General Irvine to join the expedition: a most gallant and cheerful gentleman throughout the terrible affair, who proved afterwards to be Baron Gustavus de Rosenthal, a young Russian noble obliged to fly his own country for having killed another in a duel. He served to the end of our Revolution, and then by the Emperor's permission returned home, where he married, and died on his Livonian estates, at a good old age, cherishing with enthusiasm the memory of his exile in America, and especially the scenes and friendships of his life on the border.

Mr. Butterfield endeavors, and it seems to us endeavors with perfect success, to redeem the memory of Crawford's command from the wrong done it by the Moravian writers, and those that follow them, in declaring that the expedition against Sandusky was intended to complete the work of massacre at Gnadenhütten, where, in the previous year, the Americans had murdered ninety-six men, women, and children, of the Christian Delawares. The rest of the Moravian converts had been removed by the British Indians to Sandusky; but Mr. Butterfield shows that there is no reason to believe Crawford's expedition directed against them. It would have been better, we think, if Mr. Butterfield had treated the massacre at Gnadenhütten more fully — perhaps a little more frankly — as an important circumstance of the contemporaneous history; but whatever his short-coming in this respect, he seems clearly to have established the fact that Crawford's expedition was a measure dictated by the necessity of the borderers, who had suffered the cruelties and horrors of savage warfare from the Indians living there, till it had become simply a question whether Sandusky should be destroyed, or the settlements west of the mountains abandoned.

— The Prostrate State is the euphemistic style under which Mr. Pike speaks of the present condition of South Carolina, which might better be called the dismembered and devoured State, so entirely has it ceased to exist in any true political sense, so utterly has it fallen a prey to the black and white

thieves who "govern" it. It is not exactly news that Mr. Pike tells us, for it has for years been notorious that the ignorant negro rulers of that ex-Commonwealth had carried into their legislation and administration the spirit of the servile raid on the plantation hen-roost and smoke-house; but his book is nevertheless freshly impressive, and one cannot read it without shame that such things should be. It is well enough, once in a way, and for an impressive spectacle, that the slaves should sit in the place of their old masters; but the fact remains that they are totally unfit to make laws, and that as yet they have shown not much political ability to do anything save to steal the public money. In this they improve even upon the example of the carpet-baggers, whom by an early dispensation of Providence, they are already beginning to push from their places in the government. The administration of South Carolina is now in the hands of the blacks, who outnumber the whites only by twenty thousand votes, but who understand their own affairs so well that they effectively oppose all schemes of white immigration tending to reduce their majority. Mr. Pike shows very conclusively that farming is more profitable in South Carolina than in the West; but with the sable despotism now established, the white immigrant may be at any moment taxed out of the State, as the native whites have already been largely taxed out of house and home. The statements and charges of Mr. Pike's book are supported by figures and instances, which do not permit us to doubt their truth, and which would present a prospect too alarming and shocking, if it were not relieved by the amusing fact that the present legislators of South Carolina cannot for the most part read or write the laws they make. Though, upon reflection, we do not see why this fact should be amusing to any one.

—It is rather a pensive pleasure that the soft-hearted critic of this day, with his modern tests and tastes, finds in looking over a volume of old-fashioned verse like that of Charles Fenno Hoffman; so much of it is so very obsolete in matter and in manner, and it all enforces again so poignantly the question how much of what we admire in the poetry of our own time is not mere fashion and perishable. It is not so long ago since he was a conspicuous figure on our thinly-peopled Parnassus; wrote Greyslaer, a much-accepted romance, printed several books of poetry and was reviewed to his

disadvantage (as was the common fate of American poets thirty years since, and even later) in the English quarterlies, founded the Knickerbocker Magazine, edited the American Monthly Magazine, and helped to edit the New York Mirror. "It is as a lyrical poet that Mr. Hoffman is best known to the world," says Mr. Allibone, from whose amiable dictionary we have learned these facts, "and in this department he unquestionably occupies a very high rank. Among the principal favorites of the songs which have carried his name so extensively through the social circles of the land are Rosalie Clare, 'Tis Hard to Share her Smiles with Many, Sparkling and Bright, and the Myrtle and Steel."

Which of these principal favorites are the young ladies now slenderly piping and tinkling their pianos to? Is it Rosalie Clare?

"Who owns not she's peerless, who calls her not fair?

Let him meet but the glances of Rosalie Clare!

Let him list to her voice, — let him gaze on her form, —

And if hearing and seeing his soul do not warm,
Let him go breathe it out in some less happy air
Than that which is blessed by sweet Rosalie Clare."

Or is it the Myrtle and Steel?

"Then hey for the Myrtle and Steel!

Then ho for the Myrtle and Steel!

Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid,
Fill a round to the Myrtle and Steel."

It does not greatly matter which of these is the principal favorite in the social circles of the land at this moment; perhaps neither is so, and that would not greatly matter either. They might very well be immortal for all that; and the opening lines of Sparkling and Bright, at least, have still a pulse and living color in them: —

"Sparkling and bright in liquid light

Does the wine our goblets gleam in,

With hue as red as the rosy bed

Which a bee would choose to dream in.

Then fill to-night with hearts as light

To loves as gay and fleeting

As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,

And break on the lips while meeting."

This is all the poetry there is in the song, which is nevertheless good enough, as songs go, throughout; and we will not say that it is the only poetry which we have been able to make sure of in the book. There is a poem called Waller to Sacharissa, in which there is the heat and sorrow of true passion; but it is hastily *oversaid*, so to speak; and it is true that very, very many of the pieces here are apparently what used to be called copies of verses. A faint, pathetic odor, as

of old-fashioned perfumes embalming the poet's manuscripts in the drawers where they were laid away by the young ladies to whom he gave them, steals from the first lines of these pieces, and rehabilitates a whole forgotten literary world.

"When the flowers of Friendship or Love have decayed,"
 "Young Love when tender mood beset him,"
 "O trust not Love, the wayward boy,"
 "Wake, Lady, wake! the stars on high,"
 "We parted at the midnight hour,"
 "Bright as the dew on early bud that glistens,"
 "He roamed an Arab on life's desert waste,"
 "Think of me, dearest, when day is breaking,"
 "When tears from such as thee bedew the cheek,"
 "O tell not the stars, the gay stars of thy sadness,"

And so forth, and so forth. It makes one very melancholy, and insecure of the fashion of this world, and old, to run over such things, but once they were brilliant and fresh, and filled people who read them with youth and youth's joyful sadness; for they are mostly mournful, though there are here and there some *vers de société*, which have not yet lost their lightness and sparkle. Mr. Hoffman was a lover and an intimate of nature, and he wrote of her wilder aspects with sympathy and effect; he also wrote Indian legends and Indian songs, which our poets do not much affect nowadays, and which the reader instinctively shuns; and one may quite honestly say of him with Mr. Bryant, who encouraged his nephew to make the present collection, his "thoughts are expressed in musical versification with the embellishments of a ready fancy." Even greater praise than this might be true.

—The good intention with which the author of *Sounds from Secret Chambers* begins the principal poem of her book, *Sweet Bells Jangled*, seems to fail her before she is far advanced in it, and a rather common tragicatness prevails over the true and simple note that she first struck. The brave, undirected ambitiousness of the young girl who thinks love an overrated affair; who will have a friendship with the young man who loves her, but perceives with a sudden terror that some other woman will some day get her friend for a lover, if she does not, and so is, as it were, dismayed into love, — is as prettily imagined as need be, and it was a great pity to force such an amiable little idyl to be a tragedy. We wish Miss Redden would try her fortune again with some such conceit as this, and have it end pleasantly. She has a light and graceful touch when she will, and she should set herself to rebuke those faults of over-intensity and

rhetorical passion. It is odd how the ladies, nowadays, when they write, will insist upon seeking to make us unhappy. They want to be storming away on the bass, with the pedal pressed down hard, and the whole piano trembling before them, instead of taking the company with those gentle airs which they might so much more successfully play and sing. But Miss Redden shows in this little book of hers that she has too much faculty to be of any mere fashion: there is enough good in it to make it her obligation to do better.

—Among the books for the holidays which we hope people will not forbear to buy because the holidays are past, we wish to mention Mr. Winslow Homer's silhouette pictures to Mr. Lowell's Yankee poem of *The Courtin'*. They are the simple black figures on white ground, with which Konewka charmed us in his illustrations for the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Faust*, and they depend like these for their effect upon a sculpturesque purity and strictness of outline, and for the grace with which a wandering tendrill of hair, or a flying ribbon, or a curling length of apple-peel may be shadowed forth. They are not imaginative; they are literal versions of the text; but the best of them interpret the spirit of the poem exceedingly well. There are seven of them; the first where

"Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown,
 And peeked in through the window,"

the next where Huldah, bent over the bowl of apples she is thoughtfully paring,

— "set all alone,

'Tith no one nigh to hender;"

and the third where she has lifted her head, and, looking at Zekle with the half-pared apple in her grasp, perpetrates the bold hypocrisy,

"You want to see my pa, I spose."

Zekle appears at full length in the fourth, at the moment of saying, "I'd better call again;" and in the fifth he has "up and kissed her," — a very prettily managed scene as to Huldah, in whose face and attitude the proper degree of not altogether unexpected surprise is humorously expressed. But the best picture of all is that which follows: Huldah sitting with her head bent down again over the apples, and rubbing her eyes with the back of the hand which holds the blade of the knife thrust forward. This is where she is

— "kin' o' smily roun' the mouth,
 And teary roun' the lashes."

The last shows them arm in arm

"In meetin' come next Sunday."

It is the only one of the seven in which the artist has suffered the delicately managed character of Huldah to degenerate into caricature. Elsewhere he has expressed her country brightness and quickness, in which there is no vulgarity, most satisfactorily, and has made such a charming figure of her that most readers will be glad to accept it as that which was in their own minds. Zekle's face and action are always good, and it is therefore the greater pity that his dress should be that of the stage Yankee. It was doubtless difficult to costume him aright; but his dress is too cheaply contrived by Mr. Homer.

— Mr. Barrett's little book, *The Golden City*, has a double purpose: first to commend Swedenborg's interpretation of the Apocalypse to persons interested in sacred prophecy; and incidentally to stigmatize the Swedenborgians themselves for the injustice which in his opinion they do to Swedenborg in giving his writings an ecclesiastical bias. Mr. Barrett's readers will agree very probably that his effort is more telling in the incidental direction than in the primary. He may on general principles fully justify an appeal to Swedenborg from the chaos of interpretations which have been put upon the Apocalypse; but when the appeal is answered, the answer itself requires to be interpreted in a very much broader sense than Mr. Barrett gives it. Mr. Barrett has none of the spirit of sect, and his readers cannot complain of him in this direction. But he persistently fails to *secularize* Swedenborg's treatment of the Christian symbols — that is, bring out their strictly *universal* import and interest in application to the alleged union of the divine and human natures. And consequently his exposition of the New Jerusalem, as symbolizing a spiritual divine work accomplished exclusively in human nature, reads rather as if it were a work accomplished among the *persons* of that nature; as if in other words it were a work of judgment, and not of mercy, a work not of larger comprehension but rather of larger exclusion. And this is a *New Jerusalem* that continues to savor far too much of the Old, to interest a truly Christian imagination. Nothing can be better of course than that the evil and the false shall find themselves excluded from the New Jerusalem; but if you exclude the evil and the false from human nature only by finitizing that nature, only by destroying its indi-

viduality of freedom, the New Jerusalem will turn out more of a loss to the world than a gain.

But Mr. Barrett's book is still valuable as a vindication of his author from the ecclesiastical abuses to which he has been put, and will no doubt attract many well-pleased readers. It is indeed worthy to be commended to every one interested in the matters of which it treats.

— In the opening chapter of his *Common-Sense in Religion*, or essays on the doctrines of the New Testament, Mr. Clarke, as it seems to us, falls into some confusion of definition and statement, which seems rather surprising in a writer usually so clear and forcible. "In this volume," he says, "I propose to look at questions of religious truth and religious culture from the point of view of common-sense. I do not undervalue other tests in applying this. What does Scripture say? What does the church say? What does abstract reason say? — These questions are all legitimate. But it may also be well to supplement these with another method of investigation, taken from the common analogies of earthly life." What Scripture says, what the church says, what abstract reason says of religious truth, are then tests — are legitimate questions, which he does not undervalue, but which he would supplement by appeal to the standard of common-sense. Does the author mean that the Bible, the church, and abstract reason have an authority and weight *apart* from that of common-sense? His language seems to convey this idea — and yet his subsequent course of thought, immediately following, and continued through his whole book, is entirely opposed to the idea that Scripture, church, and the private reason have any weight except as they are tested by common-sense.

"Common-sense," he says, "is not a special power of the human mind, but a method of judgment derived from experience. It consists of those habits of thinking which have resulted from life, and have been verified by life.

"Nor by common-sense do I mean the uneducated or miseducated heathen judgment, but the educated Christian judgment. We did not bring into the world our common-sense; we have acquired it here. Common-sense differs in different countries, times, nations, religions, civilizations." The common-sense of the Feejee Islander justifies cannibalism, that of the Middle Ages the burning of heretics and witches, that

of America self-government, that of Europe, a few hundred years ago, the divine right of kings. "When, therefore, I speak of common-sense in theology, I mean that part of Christian truth which has been taken up into the average mind of Christendom. I mean those ideas of right and wrong, of God's character and man's duty, into which, by slow and various processes, the Christian world has at last been educated. I mean those great underlying principles of truth which pervade the New Testament, giving it its vital power."

But what is the *average* mind of Christendom? Christendom is the great population of so-called Christians scattered over the world, of whom an overwhelming majority belong to the Roman Catholic, Greek, and Evangelical Protestant churches. And does the author assert that even the most advanced of this majority are prepared as a mass to accept the broad and free theological views which he teaches as Scriptural truth?

It is to be regretted that the author, in the introduction to his book, wherein he endeavors to state his premises clearly, should have written rather plausibly than consistently. We say this in no invidious sense, for these essays (or sermons, for such they apparently are in their structure and tone) are full of broad, deep, and lofty statements of truth, clearly and forcibly expressed, and at the same time with such a tender and hearty sense of the essential humanity of man, and with such a reverent faith in the Divine Fatherhood, that they will appeal strongly to the heart and reason of a large class of seekers and believers. The essays are twenty in number, and embrace a wide range of thought. After discriminating well between revelation and mystery, he discourses with profound earnestness on the Common-sense View of Human Nature; on the doctrine concerning God, on the Bible and Inspiration, on the True Meaning of Evangelical Christianity, on Sin, Hell, Heaven, the Future Life, on the Church, on Piety, on Jesus as a Teacher and "Mediator," on Salvation by Faith, on Fear, Hope, Love, and the Brotherhood of Man. He writes not for the learned but for the simple; and there is hardly a child but might follow his course of thought, and take delight in his fresh and striking illustrations.

—Nowadays when Buddhism is made use of as a convenient stalking-horse for attacks on Christianity, when we are bidden to ad-

mire the greater charity of the heathen who is taught to carry his obedience to the commandment "Thou shalt not kill," so far as never to take even the life of brutes, and when the cruelties which have so often stained the religions of the West are compared with the absence of the persecutions in the cause of Buddhism, it is well that over-enthusiastic persons who are very anxious for a new religion, should be able to lay their hands on a succinct and accurate account of the faith which is held with more or less orthodoxy by a very large proportion of the inhabitants of the world. Only scholars have time to consult Bennouf's large volumes on Buddhism. Köppen's book is perhaps the best for general use; it is certainly a very painstaking compendium, but it is written in German. In English there is no lack of writers, but they are not all of equal authority. Dr. Eitel's little volume is perhaps the best we have. Besides a very thorough knowledge of the copious native literature on the subject, he has the immense advantage of having seen the practical working of the religion. Many of his remarks are of great interest, and all are extremely fair-minded. He says:—

"The strong point of Buddhism lies in its morality, and this morality is equal to the non-Christian morality of our civilized world. It is not civilization, therefore, but Christianity alone, that has a chance against Buddhism, because Christianity alone teaches a morality loftier, stronger, holier than that of Buddhism, because Christianity alone can touch, can convert the heart, for there—in the heart of the natural man—it is where the roots of Buddhism lie." . . .

"Buddhist morality is a morality without a God and without a conscience. There appears in Buddhism an utter want of an active principle of goodness. Buddhist morality does not endeavor to produce in man a conviction of sin, it does not appeal to his own inner sense of moral goodness. Buddhism does not attempt to purify the affections, to govern desire, to control passion, to renovate the heart, to regenerate, to sanctify the whole being. Its virtue is essentially negative. It enjoins men to cease from doing evil, it demands the total extinction of all desire, of all passion, but stops short of urging men to do good, and has no assistance to offer by way of strengthening humanity in its struggle with the power of evil."

Buddhism is indeed, as Dr. Eitel says, the religion of despair.

The doctrine of Nirvāna, which has been the subject of so much hot discussion, is treated intelligently by the author. He says it is now impossible to determine what was the opinion of the founder of the religion about it, but that since then while the tendency of the philosophical schools has been towards a definition of Nirvāna as a state of annihilation, the most ancient Sutras describe it as a happy immortality. His own belief, like that of the best students of the subject, is "that a consistent development of the principles of Buddhism must always lead to the same negative result, that existence is but a curse and that therefore the aim of human effort should be the total annihilation of the personality and existence of each individual soul."

— Herbert Spencer's *Study of Sociology*, one of the admirable International Scientific Series, is a book as suggestive, as thoughtful, and as entertaining as one could wish to read; and when we consider that this is merely a preparation to a larger and more thorough work in three volumes which is to form part of Mr. Spencer's philosophical system, we have good reason to admire the activity of mind and the intelligence of a thinker who is able to take so wide a view of the universe, while noticing and recording even petty details. Some years ago the *Principles of Sociology* was announced, and a very good idea of the value of that work may be formed by those who are familiar with what he has already done. This book shows us the spirit in which the subject of Sociology is to be studied, the need of such study, and the difficulties it has to encounter.

The study of Sociology he represents "as the study of Evolution in its most complex form," without having recourse to the theory of special providences, or to what he calls the great-man-theory. The difficulties in the way of accurate study are numerous; the untrustworthiness of witnesses, and the necessity of avoiding too hasty generalizations, — these are the objective, while the subjective difficulties are our lack of sympathy for others; our subjection to various hopes and fears, to anger at one time and undue admiration at another. Then we are biased by faulty methods of education, by social training, by patriotism; "the class-bias . . . no less inevitably causes one-sidedness in the conceptions of social affairs." "The theological bias . . . disturbs in various ways our judgment on social questions."

As the result of such studies, he says, "the only reasonable hope is, that here and

there one may be led in calmer moments to remember how largely his beliefs about public matters have been made for him by circumstances, and how probable it is that they are either untrue or but partially true. When he reflects on the doubtfulness of the evidence which he generalizes, collected haphazard from a narrow area — when he counts up the perverting sentiment fostered in him by education, country, class, party, creed, — when, observing those around, he sees that from other evidence selected to gratify sentiments partially unlike his own, there result unlike views; he may occasionally recollect how largely mere accidents have determined his convictions. Recollecting this, he may be induced to hold these convictions not quite so strongly; may see the need for criticism of them with a view to revision; and, above all, may be somewhat less eager to act in pursuance of them."

We might quote still further to show the reader that Mr. Spencer teaches caution as well as boldness, that he urges wise moderation as warmly as he denounces sluggishness with regard to what is to be learned in the way of improving the faults of society, but it needs no proof that a man who sees so far into the laws that govern the world will be the one most likely not to content himself merely with detecting errors.

The number of ingenious remarks the book contains is marvelous. Mr. Matthew Arnold is attacked for his undue depreciation of the English character, for his undeserved praise of French institutions, and again it is pointed out how defective are the usual tongs by our fire-places, — there is no one who will not find the lesson made clear to him by Mr. Spencer's singularly clear style and copious illustrations. There is hardly a writer of English who makes himself more intelligible; indeed, this is a peculiarity of the school to which he belongs; another instance is Mr. Walter Bagehot. Both of these gentlemen write as the best talkers talk, without inversions or pomposity, and with abundant illustrations to make obscure points clear. With both it is a minor merit, but one which must be of great service to them.

— There is no need of going into a discussion about the relative merits of classical and scientific education in order to praise the excellent design of the series of *Ancient Classics for English Readers*, the last volume of which, containing an account of Lucian, lies before us to-day. Homer,

Herodotus, Cæsar, Virgil, Horace, Æschylus, Xenophon, Cicero, Sophocles, Pliny, Euripides, Juvenal, Aristophanes, Hesiod, Hesiod and Theognis, Plautus and Terence, Tacitus, have already appeared, and all have been well treated. The intention of the editor has been to bring into the compass of a brief volume a life of the author discussed, and an account of his works, together with such an analysis of them as may serve to jog the memory of those students who have more or less forgotten what they have already read, and to give an accurate idea, to those who have not read the originals, of their most striking qualities. The work has been very well done; the best translations have been used, and all the latest lights of scholarship have been brought to bear on the preparation of the different volumes. It was hardly to be expected that all the authors could be treated with equal success. It is difficult to dispose of the *Iliad*, for instance, or of Æschylus, in any satisfactory way within the slender limits of a single volume. But there is hardly any writer who is so capable of this treatment, who is, indeed, so much improved by it, as Lucian. In the first place, he is much more nearly in sympathy with modern tastes, vastly more so than many later writers, as, for example, Rabelais; all that he wrote is in a very brief form, with no lofty poetical flights which defy translation, and his humor is as modern, for the most part, as if it had been written yesterday. Lucian's admirable, sensible wit in his dialogues derivative of the old Greek mythology will always be entertaining reading, and to those who do not care to spell out the original Greek, we can recommend this interesting volume by Mr. Collins.

—It will seem rather strange to an American reader of domestic habits, to find himself stepping over to Africa as easily as it may be done by falling in with Mr. Blackburn's Artists and Arabs. Nevertheless, he may entertain himself for a half hour, perhaps, without too great a shock of strangeness, under this gentleman's guidance; lounging about in Moorish *cafés*, scrutinizing life upon the house-tops from a painter's studio, and finally making a short run to the lesser Atlas Mountains and back. The motive of the book, as set forth in the argument, is simple and good: "The advantage of winter-studios in the South, and the value of sketching in the open air, especially in Algeria." We sometimes wish that Mr. Blackburn should not so com-

pletely succeed as he does in rubbing off the varnish of mystery in which we are disposed to keep all countries unknown to us. But he is looking for the picturesque, and has rather a business-like eye for it. There is this advantage, however, that he will teach a great many people who might not have known, what they had better try to enjoy in foreign countries. There is a spirited passage on the growth and appearance of palm-trees and aloes (which last are described as in bloom at all ages, apparently in defiance of the tradition of their hundred year flowering), and a description of one of the fierce characteristic storms of the region. Inland among the mountains, there are green and pastoral glades full of trees and sparkling water in sight of the arid and rainless plains, and bordering other rocky, mountainous wastes, hard by, where there are sudden storms similar to those of the plain. Then we have a touch or two about French colonization and the Kabyle war, and presently we come to the end. The book is made up of brief jottings that suggest more than they tell. There is less material in it for the amateur than in the same author's *Normandy Picturesque*, but more that will catch the eye of the artist, perhaps.

—*Literary and Social Judgments* is a volume which contains some earlier essays by the author of *The Enigmas of Life*. The greater number discuss literary subjects, as the titles will show: *Madame de Staël*, *Kingsley and Carlyle*, *French Fiction*, *Chateaubriand*, and *M. de Tocqueville*. These are all far from dull, they every one stand as good representatives of review-writing, and yet without forming an extraordinarily valuable collection of monographs. Perhaps the best of all is the article on *Chateaubriand*, who both as a writer and as a man is far from winning sympathy or admiration from the essayist. The Frenchman's inexhaustible vanity, his colossal conceit, are set before us with severity, but with perfect justice. From his birth, nay, even before his birth, if his own account is to be believed, Chateaubriand had an aversion to life. This trait, and those qualities mentioned above, combined with deep satisfaction at his literary and political success, make him, in Mr. Greg's opinion, "a typical man of his class, time, and country." And, indeed, few writers of his time sounded a note which won so universal admiration among his fellow-countrymen as did Chateaubriand in his *Génie du Christianisme* and his *Atala*. For none of our time and coun-

try can these works have the interest they had for those for whom they were intended, and the admiration which has been expressed about them so unreservedly will always sound to us as affected. Mr. Greg does not denounce them, but he hints what his readers will be very ready to confirm.

The article on Madame de Staël is entertaining, but its especial merit lies in what it tells us about Talleyrand. Some of the *mots* of this wit we have never seen before, and with their courteous outside but biting point they bear the ear-mark of truth. The following is one of the best: "When 'Delphine' appeared, Madame de Staël was currently reported to have drawn both herself and M. de Talleyrand therein, — herself as Delphine, him as Madame de Vernon. Talleyrand met her shortly afterwards and paid her the usual compliments on the performance, adding, in his gentlest and sweetest voice the keen sarcasm, 'On m'assure que nous y sommes tous les deux, vous et moi, déguisés en femmes.'"

The essay on M. de Tocqueville is one which will be of interest to all Americans; it has the advantage of having been written by a personal friend as well as by one who warmly sympathized with the eminent political philosopher.

The article on Kingsley and Carlyle is far from exhaustive, especially with regard to its treatment of the latter. Kingsley's superficiality of reasoning and frequent coarseness of expression are alluded to in terms that must have sounded stranger at the time they were written than they do now, when the author has sunk from the exaggerated position in which his indiscreet admirers placed him some ten or fifteen years ago.

Of very much the same sort of literary criticism are the two articles on the false morality of lady novelists, and on French fiction. In the first named, he attacks some novels, most of which are now deservedly forgotten, for their crooked morality and the false notions of sacrifice which they contain. The subject he treats with much good sense, not with remarkable brilliancy, but with gratifying frankness and intelligence. The immorality of French novels he attacks in no measured terms. That the author might alter somewhat the leniency of his remarks about Dumas *fils*, in view of some of his subsequent work, seems to us more than likely. But, it must be said, he shows no desire to soften the expression of the disgust which fills his mind when he regards the too common tendency of French novels. That he

has exhausted this subject cannot be affirmed. French fiction is not merely a collection of impurities; and while we rejoice to see such grossly offensive works attacked as are some which he mentions, we feel that it is but fair that some word should be said in behalf of the great cleverness of some French novels (some of George Sand's, for instance), which attracts readers more than does the inclination of man to interest himself in reading chronicles of sin. What Mr. Greg says is true, but there is more to be said before the solution of the whole matter is found.

In his *Why are Women redundant?* he strikes a note with which the readers of his *Enigmas of Life* are tolerably familiar. His plan for remedying the evil of the redundancy is to arrange for the emigration of one third, another third is to be employed in domestic service, the other third, with so many rivals removed, will find the struggle for life less difficult, marriage will be more common, and the evil will thus gradually disappear. With such a plan there is one objection to be found, and that is, that it reads much better on paper than it is likely to work in real life. It is an easy solution which it is justly customary to laugh at when it is a fanatical reformer, such as Mr. Greg is always laughing at, who proposes it. The author's gentle optimism seems to mislead him here; there is a vagueness about it not unlike that for which he criticises Mr. Matthew Arnold in the essay called *Truth versus Edification*.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, publish *The Proud Miss MacBride*, by John G. Saxo, with illustrations by Augustus Hoppin, the greater part of which are produced in heliotype with a clearness equal to that of the best wood-engraving, and with almost as great brilliancy. The result is indeed more satisfactory than any yet attained by similar photographic processes in America; the heliotype lends itself with peculiarly happy effect to the delicate lines and suggested shadows of our best and most imaginative illustrator of books. We should say that he had very fairly interpreted Mr. Saxo's poem in these pictures, and that is perhaps why Mr. Hoppin is not seen at his best in them. Yet they are full of that charm of *style* in woman, which no one knows so well as he how to catch, and to look upon them is as good as to stroll down

Broadway or Fifth Avenue at the hours when the ladies are most abundantly abroad. The same house sends us Cameos selected from the works of Walter Savage Landor, by E. C. Stedman and T. B. Aldrich, with an Introduction by Mr. Stedman; a book which we reserve for future notice.

From J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, we have the first volume of Prescott's History of the Conquest of Mexico, being the fourth volume of their new and revised edition of that author's works. In a note to the preface, Mr. Kirk, the editor, tells us that "the author's emendations of this history include many additional notes . . . chiefly derived from the copious annotations of Don José F. Ramirez and Don Lucas Alaman to the two Spanish translations published in Mexico. There could be no stronger guarantee of the value and general accuracy of the work than the minute labor bestowed upon it by these distinguished scholars." If any one cares to know how this accuracy was once impugned and how defended, we refer him to the Atlantic Monthly for April and for May, 1859, in which Mr. Kirk reviews Mr. Robert A. Wilson's New History of the Conquest of Mexico. These two notices, published in the hot youth of the magazine, before age had tempered its judgments with mercy, showed Mr. Wilson the smallest conceivable compassion, and seem apparently to have obliterated his book. Lippincott & Co. also send us a new edition, enlarged and thoroughly revised by Dr. Richard Duglison, of Duglison's Dictionary of Medical Science.

Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York, publish From the Earth to the Moon direct, in Ninety-seven Hours and Twenty Minutes, and a Trip round it, by Jules Verne, between whom and the public it must soon become a question whether the power to produce is greater than the capacity to consume ingenious and enormous fables. Nothing is yet decided, but we venture to predict that M. Verne will triumph in such a contest. Another work, almost as idle and a good deal harder to read, is Mr. Fitzedward Hall's Modern English, from the same publishers. Mr. Hall is one of those enemies of man who desire man to speak and write good English, or rather who desire to convict man of speaking and writing bad English. It is needless to say that he succeeds in this last, and that it does not matter to any one but Mr. Hall, who has nothing important to say when he has perfected his language. The worst of these efforts to purify

the English tongue is that they imperil the souls of its champions; and against Mr. Hall can be alleged some sins of dishonesty, especially in a former book, for which we hope (against hope) he may not find it embarrassing to answer at the last day. However, much is to be forgiven to a parist.

From D. Appleton & Co., New York, we have Nancy, a novel, by Miss Rhoda Broughton; Religion and Science, a series of Sunday Lectures on the Relation between Natural and Revealed Religion, or the Truths revealed in Nature and Scripture, by Joseph Le Conte, Professor of Geology and Natural History in the University of California; and The Waiver-Witch, and The Two Admirals, by Cooper.

Lee and Shepard, Boston, publish Home Nook, or the Crown of Duty, a novel, by Amanda M. Douglas; Ten Minute Talks on all Sorts of Topics, by Elihu Burritt, with an Autobiography of the Author; Mrs. Arming-ton's Ward, or, The Inferior Sex, a novel, by D. Thew Wright.

We have also received the following publications: From the State Journal Company, Lincoln, Nebraska, Midland Poems, by Orsamus Charles Dake. From De Witt C. Lent, New York, Poems of Twenty Years, by Laura Winthrop Johnson. From Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, Rosemary Leaves, poems by Mrs. D. M. Jordan. From Macmillan & Co., New York, Comparative Politics, being six Lectures read before the Royal Institution, with The Unity of History, the Rede Lecture read before the University of Cambridge, by Edward A. Freeman. From Henry Holt & Co., New York, Primitive Culture; Researches into the Development of Mythology, Philosophy, Religion, Language, Art, and Custom, by Edward B. Tylor; in two volumes. From Noyes, Holmes & Co., Boston, The Life of John Warren, M. D., by Edward Warren, M. D. From the Naturalists' Agency, Salem, Our Common Insects: A popular Account of the Insects of our Fields, Forests, Gardens, and Houses, illustrated with four plates and two hundred and sixty-eight wood-cuts; by A. S. Packard, Jr.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

Those who are accustomed to regard French society as a seething mass of wicked-

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 49 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

Madame Récamier. Les Amis de sa Jeunesse et sa

ness, which is faithfully portrayed in such novels as are to be found in much greater abundance than is desirable, would do well to read *Madame Récamier, les Amis de sa Jeunesse et sa Correspondance intime*, which admirably supplements the very readable, or more than that, the very delightful *Souvenirs et Correspondance tirés des papiers de Mme. Récamier*, by the same author, Madame Lenormant, the niece of Mme. Récamier. In the whole history of French society of this century there is no such pleasing picture as that which is presented by these volumes. We see an agreeable society of scholars like Ampère, scientific men like Ballanche, statesmen like Chateaubriand, who for years are devoted to the queen of it all, who rules by her beauty, her amiability, and her gentle sympathy. What was the secret of the charm every one will wonder who sees by the light of these volumes how great her influence was. There are very few letters of hers published, and those we have seen are nothing but commonplace. They are kind, and those to her niece especially are affectionate, but they read like the letters of a person who is averse to writing. In the *Souvenirs et Correspondance* we have a large number of letters from her friends, and notably from Chateaubriand, whose colossal egotism stands out in every line with the effect of showing us how much Mme. Récamier must have liked him to be able to prefer him to all of her admirers. In the new volume we have before us to-day there is hardly any mention made of Chateaubriand, for which the reader should be grateful, but considerable space is given to J. J. Ampère, whose outburst of devotion to Mme. Récamier, then over forty years old, when he was but twenty, has been described by Sainte-Beuve. It will be remembered that she feared lest he should fall in love with her niece, and was giving him a few words of warning when he fell on his knees and said, "*Ah! ce n'est pas pour elle,*" and all the rest of his life he was a constant admirer of his first love. A collection is to be made of the works of Ballanche, which will include his correspondence, and, we presume, more of the letters of Mme. Récamier.

We have said these volumes give us a charming picture of society, but it is of society as distinguished from domestic life. With all these men who were such devoted

admirers, family affection held a secondary place. Ampère never married; Chateaubriand's wife, whom he had not married out of love, was always, and naturally enough, jealous of him; Camille Jordan's letter to Mme. Récamier about his marriage is not one that would have given much pleasure to his bride; he says:—

"Chère Juliette, quel va être votre étonnement! Cet irrésolu se fixe, cet inconstant s'enchaîne! Je me marie, j'épouse une Lyonnaise, je fais un de ces mariages conseillés par les grands parents, mais sanctionné par le cœur, à la fois raisonnable et doux. Il y a, malheureusement pour la perfection du roman, de la fortune et des convenances. Mais d'ailleurs on est jeune, on a du sens, de la vertu, de la grâce: on paraît m'aimer beaucoup, et tout dur que je suis, je m'en laisse attendre."

Mme. Récamier, however, knew how much more valuable were the joys of domesticity than the greatest social successes, as she continually repeated to her niece. "I want you," she used to say, "to have everything I have missed and to be happier than I." In her letters, too, we see that she was not a happy woman. We hope this new volume will find many readers.

— *Les Moralistes Français au dix-huitième Siècle* is the title of an interesting little volume by M. Jules Barni. The author's aim in writing it was to show that if bad doctrines had many followers in that century there were yet some who opposed them, and that even those whose doctrines were pernicious were not without a generous desire to diminish some of the mischief they might cause. Those whom he has chosen to treat of are Vauvenargues, Duclos, Helvétius, Saint-Lambert, and Volney. Of these the most important by all odds is Vauvenargues. He was born in 1715, and from the age of seventeen until he was twenty-nine was in active service. Although he detested army-life with all its petty cares, his ambition, and a strong feeling that it was the best because the most honorable career for a young gentleman, kept him in it until his health, enfeebled by his campaigns, compelled him to resign. He then betook himself to Paris where he died, May 28, 1747, aged thirty-one. Voltaire, who for a few years had been a friend of his, wrote that he had always seen him the most unfortunate and the calmest of men. His life, though short and ill-adapted for intellectual work, was very productive. His maxims are but little known, especially to us English readers, but

Correspondance intime. Par l'auteur des *Souvenirs de Madame Récamier.* Paris. 1873.

Les Moralistes Français au dix-huitième Siècle. Par JULES BARNI. Paris. 1873.

they well deserve to be read and when read to be remembered.

We take this opportunity to quote a few ; we forbear translating them, lest the flavor of the original should be lost.

"On suppose que ceux qui servent la vertu par réflexion la trahiraient pour le vice utile : oui, si le vice pouvait être tel aux yeux d'un esprit raisonnable."

Here is one which is more especially directed at the moralists of the preceding century, La Rochefoucauld and Pascal.

"Nous sommes susceptibles d'amitié, de justice, d'humanité, de compassion, et de raison. O mes amis, qu'est-ce donc que la vertu ?"

In general, he may be said to belong to the reaction against Pascal, who painted the heart of man in such black colors. Though this at times leads him to exaggeration, we never fail to detect the noble heart which inspired Vauvenargues, so that besides being a philosopher by reflection he was a brave man, a nobleman by nature ; as when he says :—

"Le courage a plus de ressources contre les disgrâces que la raison." Or again : "Il y a peu de situations désespérées pour un esprit ferme, qui combat à force inégale, mais avec courage, la nécessité."

Very many of his thoughts urge the virtue of humanity. He says that in considering the extreme weakness of men, the variance between their means and their wishes, their misfortunes always greater than their faults, their virtues always less than their duties, he concludes that there is nothing just except indulgence and humanity.

Again he says about our ordinary severity and lack of patience with our kind, that we keep our indulgence for the perfect.

Here are a few words directed at La Rochefoucauld, but which may be quoted nowadays without doing harm.

"Plusieurs philosophes rapportent généralement à l'amour-propre toutes sortes d'attachements. Ils prétendent qu'on s'approprie tout ce que l'on aime, qu'on n'y attache que son plaisir et sa satisfaction, qu'on se met soi-même avant tout, jusque-là

qu'ils nient que celui qui donne sa vie pour un autre le préfère à soi. Ils passent le but en ce point ; car, si l'objet de notre amour nous est plus cher sans l'être que l'être sans l'objet de notre amour, il paraît que c'est notre amour qui est notre passion dominante, et non notre individu propre, puisque tout nous échappe avec la vie, le bien que nous nous étions approprié par notre amour, comme notre être véritable. Ils répondent que la passion nous fait confondre dans ce sacrifice notre vie et celle de l'objet aimé ; que nous croyons n'abandonner qu'une partie de nous-mêmes pour conserver l'autre ; au moins ils ne peuvent nier que celle que nous conservons nous paraît plus considérable que celle que nous abandonnons. Or, dès que nous nous regardons comme la moindre partie dans le tout, c'est une préférence manifeste de l'objet aimé."

The remainder of this volume is by no means devoid of interest, although the other men who are described are of much less importance. Volney we would be far from recommending to any English reader ; Helvetius is by no means fascinating ; such men as these represent fashions, while Vauvenargues is one of the few who speak for all time. He had a wonderfully acute mind and the ability to make all manner of wise remarks without yielding to the temptation of saying witty things. And when we consider the occupations of his life, so averse to thought, and the early age at which he died, in view of the merit of what he left behind him, it is impossible not to regret that he could not have lived longer. As it is, he was one of many forerunners of the revolution, a half-century ahead of his time, saying the wise thing which is not yet old in practice. He said it too with a flavor of old-fashioned courtliness only to be found in a time when the army and diplomatic life were all that stood open for young men of family. While we are all ready enough to quote the apothegms of those philosophers who detect the selfish impulses in the human heart, it would be well not to forget the sayings of a man who was generous as well as sharp-sighted.

ART.¹

THE lady who has translated for us the chapters from Charles Blanc's interesting and useful book has put all of us under obligation, and the publishers have pleasantly done their part with excellent paper, and large, clear type. It strikes us as a singularity, the leaving out the author's first name on the title-page, and calling him simply Blanc. Charles Blanc, although a distinguished name in a certain literary and artistic circle, is not a distinguished man, and in America may be said to be heard of for the first time by this translation, so that on both accounts — as introducing him to a new circle, and as giving him his proper distinction, — it would, we think, have been better to print his full name on the title-page, or at least so much of his full name as he himself commonly uses. Nor would a few words of information about her author have come amiss from the translator, if only to indicate to those who first hear of him through her labors his position in the world of letters, and the character of his performances. He has indeed been so useful and industrious a writer that he deserves we should know something about him. Auguste-Alexandre-Philippe-Charles Blanc is the elder brother of Louis Blanc, the well-known historian and statesman. He was born November 15, 1813, at Castres, a small town in southwestern France. His father was inspector-general of finance in Spain, under Joseph Bonaparte (and Louis Blanc was born in Madrid); the mother, if we may judge by her family name of Pozzo di Borgo, was an Italian. Charles was at first an engraver, and he has never completely abandoned his early employment, — it is not long since a very delicate etching from his needle was published in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, — but his brother having, in 1838, established a journal, and, soon after, the first having been given up, a second, Charles contributed to these some notices of the annual exhibitions of works of art — the *Salon* — and also a number of critical articles. Since that time he has given

himself almost exclusively to his pen. At first, his work consisted of articles published in various journals, in which his fine qualities as a critic and a writer made him so favorably known, that after the Revolution of 1848 he was appointed Director of Fine Arts, a place which he held with great profit to France until the usurpation of Louis Napoleon, when he was removed to make room for that curious piece of incompetence, the Count of Nieuwerkerke.

In 1845 he published the first volume — all that has ever appeared — of a *History of French Painters of the Nineteenth Century*. In 1853 *The Painters of Fêtes-Galantes* introduced his readers to Watteau, Lancret, and Boucher, three men whose pictures, in spite of criticism, the French will always delight in. In 1853 he issued the first edition of his work of Rembrandt, of much value for the completeness of the account it gives of Rembrandt's works, especially of his engravings. The new edition, however, now in course of publication, is much to be preferred, since not only is the text considerably enlarged and brought up to our later knowledge of the artist, but the number of copies of his engravings is also greatly increased. Beside numerous woodcuts, it contains many of Flameng's etchings after the originals by Rembrandt, and copies in fac-simile, by the process of heliogravure, of all the most celebrated plates. This work on Rembrandt is, perhaps, of all his literary performance that by which Charles Blanc sets most store, but he has made a more popular name as the principal contributor to that valuable work, *The History of the Painters of all the Schools* (*Histoire des Peintres de toutes les Écoles*), begun by M. Armengaud in 1849, and completed in 1859, a treasury of information, enriched with excellent wood engravings of all the principal pictures in the world. Although it bears Charles Blanc's name, he was largely assisted in his task by the best writers, such as Delaborde, Mantz, and Silvestre, and the work owes much of its value to the fact that both the text and the en-

¹ *The Grammar of Painting and Engraving. Translated from the French of Charles Blanc, with the original illustrations, by KATE NEWELL DOGGETT. New York: Published by Hurd and Houghton. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1874.*

Painters, Sculptors, Architects, Engravers, and their Works. A Handbook. By CIARA ERSKINE CLEMENT. With Illustrations and Monograms. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1874.

gravings were executed by those who were most at home in the different subjects and styles. But Charles Blanc's learning and enthusiasm gave color and unity to the whole. The Grammar of the Arts of Design, a part of which has been so well translated by Mrs. Doggett, was originally written for the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, where the first chapters appeared in the number for April, 1860. The installments did not appear regularly in successive numbers of the *Gazette*, and it was not until 1867 that the work was published in a separate volume. The original work covers a much wider field than is indicated by Mrs. Doggett's publication, and it is to be hoped that she will complete her task so well begun by the translation of the chapters on architecture and sculpture.

In the Grammar of Painting and Engraving will be found a vigorous attempt at furnishing what has too long been needed, namely, "a lucid *résumé* of all accepted ideas touching the arts of design." Being at dinner, one day, with the dignitaries of a large French town, M. Blanc was obliged to protest against the principle assumed by all the other gentlemen present, that in matters of art there is no disputing tastes; but his protests were without result. One of the disputants was modest enough to ask him frankly if there were no book in which he could find the true principles of art briefly and clearly set forth; and M. Blanc, reflecting that there was nothing to be recommended as meeting this demand, determined to remedy the difficulty by writing a book himself. This grammar is the result; and if it be true, as he tells us, that "the France of the nineteenth century presents the incredible anomaly of an intellectual nation professing to adore art, but knowing not its principles, its language, its literature, its history, its veritable dignity," it follows that the volume should play a still more important part in this country than it can have had to play in France. The plan of the work is simple. Starting with the fundamental statement that "painting is the art of expressing all the conceptions of the soul, by means of all the realities of nature; represented upon a smooth surface by their forms and colors," the author proceeds to unfold a series of seventeen maxims, each one of which is made the heading of a separate chapter, the series being designed to embody in general terms all that need be known by the lay reader about the arts of design. In the

course of these chapters, there is a simple elucidation of perspective, and a discussion of the various modes of painting, fresco, wax, distemper, pastel, enamel, and aqua-relles. They are followed by an interesting and simple treatise, arranged in the same forms, on engraving and lithography. Besides this easily-followed mode of development, it has the advantage of containing a great number of valuable suggestions and allusions, and is provided with a series of well chosen illustrations.

M. Blanc begins very properly by saying that painting, in order to represent nature, borrows nature's language of light, color, and form. "Color . . . is the peculiar characteristic of the lower forms of nature, while the drawing becomes the medium of expression more and more dominant the higher we rise in the scale of being." To his ensuing assumption, however, that painting can sometimes dispense with color, "if, for example, the inorganic nature and the landscape are insignificant or useless in the scene represented," we cannot allow ourselves to stand committed. It is a conventional notion, based on the old opinion of his contemporaries which so troubled William Blake, that drawing and painting may be regarded almost as distinct arts; an opinion now thoroughly exploded. M. Blanc then sets forth very clearly how painting is not by any means literal imitation, which is the function of the stereoscopic photograph or of illuminated transparencies made to appear as natural objects. But we wish that he had explained, for the benefit of the general reader, in what different sense he uses the word imitation at a subsequent stage of his inquiry, where he employs it as denoting a performance necessary to every student. This word is a cause of serious misunderstandings, not only to the popular mind but to critics, for the reason that it is only lately that people have tried to understand the word itself and its relation to the functions of art. The quality of imaginative interpretation is apt to, and ought to, insinuate itself into the earliest efforts of the genuine artist. And M. Blanc clearly recognizes the character of artistic interpretation, so far as is necessary to measure by its predominance over simple record of fact the relative importance of different achievements in art. In regard to interpretation, however, it strikes us that he has made one slip, when he describes the painter's interpretation of a group of "two porcelain cups, a coffee-

pot, a sugar-bowl, and a glass of water," as being the suggestion of "the master and mistress . . . not far off," of "two beings closely united" who are about to sit down at this table. On the contrary, that is *our* interpretation of the painter's idea; and it is our idea of association. The only interpretation which the painter could have to do with in this case would be the interpretation of line, form, light-and-shade, color; for there is a sensitive rendering possible of even such slight objects, which is more than mere accuracy of representation, and which we must distinguish as interpretation. There are cases, of course, in which the painter might add to this interpretation of the sensuous kind an interpretation of some distinct idea or poetic intuition; but this case is not one of them.

The subject of fiction in painting which he touches upon would furnish matter for an interesting essay; but, to our disappointment, he dismisses it with a brief, vague, and unsatisfactory paragraph. We have some doubts whether in any case he could have treated it with much penetration, judging from his peculiarly French manner of describing art in general as "a beautiful fiction that gives us the mirage of truth, upon condition that our soul shall be the accomplice of the falsehood." There is a wanton delight in giving a quasi-sinful aspect to something perfectly pure and sinless. There is no falsehood in the business. The highest art is but a higher order of truth-telling, of the same nature radically as the simplest transcription of fact; but the definition of fiction would be found in explaining by what steps the artist must pass from this transcription of fact to that higher order of truth-telling. When the imagination begins to work, it modifies existing fact, or else creates new fact of an ideal kind which is still permeated by the essence of law, such as we discover it to be in known fact. Of composition M. Blanc has little to tell us; and this sentence—"The Greeks called composition the *drama* of the painter . . . without which the composition would be the whole painting"—can only be accounted for by the supposition of some oversight on the translator's part. We do not think his theory, that sublimity may be gained "by the invention of the painter rather than by the appliances peculiar to his art," a very happy one. It does not stand the test of the examples he himself adduces. The first is Rembrandt's *Supper at Emmaus*, in which the effect distinguished by

him under the name sublimity is directly a result of the appliances peculiar to the painter's art, being an effect of fantastic light. The second example is a landscape by Nicholas Poussin, in which the interest he praises is purely literary. The theory seems to come to the same thing as saying that nothing fine could ever come into existence except through the operation of the painter's mind and hand upon his materials; clearly not a very important statement.

We must allude, in passing, to the rather alarming programme which M. Blanc sketches for the student of painting. He convinces himself that "to be acquainted with forms before drawing them is a necessary condition for the beginner." He would therefore open on the student with anatomy, geometry, and perspective, before setting him at the flat copy; and should the pupil be inclined to become a great painter he is to take up the study of architecture, in addition, for the "fixing of picturesque ideas in stable lines," etc. Now this is beginning with theory instead of practice, an order opposed to all rational views of education, and all recent reforms in education of every sort. This weight of erudition would paralyze the hand, the eye, and the imagination of the would-be painter. We are not in a position, in this country, to complain that our painters more often fail from over-knowledge than through ignorance; but it is certain that the greatest danger in the training of a generation of artists is that of stiffening them out of all flexibility with strong academic starch. By all means, let them know everything connected with their art; but do not forget to preserve the balance between acquisition of abstract knowledge and the gaining of manual and ocular skill. The analytic tendency is strongest, in our day: it must be balanced by a tender fostering of spontaneity, of the creative element. Set the young student at natural objects before he has drawn too long from the flat; give him stones, leaves, twigs, berries, and birds to copy. This sort of discipline M. Blanc entirely overlooks. Indeed, he has a contempt for small things, and expresses the opinion that rocks and even clouds have no proportion, and cannot therefore be subject to treatment under the highest style. "How . . . discover the form of that which is without form?" he asks (p. 207) in regard to these objects; apparently having no conception of the rigorous but infinitely varied laws that govern their forms by strictest proportionment,

and with results of the highest and most satisfactory beauty — a beauty akin to that of the human form itself.

We take these exceptions to M. Blanc's opinions, not at all because we wish to discourage the public from reading them. On the contrary, we believe that we need all the instruction that such teachers, so learned, enthusiastic, and yet so humane and moderate, can give us, and we hope to see their books more widely known and read by our young Americans.

— The appearance of a new compilation by Mrs. Clement, whose *Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art*, published three years ago, has already reached an eighth edition, is sure to be heartily welcomed. It is a noticeable fact that works relating to the fine arts are now disputing popularity with those that deal with scientific and historical matters, whereas, only a few years ago almost all fine art publications were intended for the rich, or for persons specially interested in the subject. And such works are still all the time appearing, and are only to be had by paying prices that would perhaps not seem so large if only an occasional demand were made upon the purse; but even a very rich man may shrink from the necessity of having all the costly fine art publications that issue from French houses alone, to say nothing of those produced in England and Germany, though these countries are far behind France both in the number of fine art books brought out yearly, and in the excellence of their manufacture. But, beside these expensive publications, what a host of useful and beautiful books have been published of late years that are within the reach of people of moderate means! For much of this popularizing of fine art we have to thank photography and the arts of reproduction related to it, heliotype, heliogravure, and the like; after all the fears to the contrary, photography has really acted as a stimulus to art study. The cheapness of its products has made it possible for us to study and compare works widely separated and difficult of access, with a facility all unknown a little while ago, — and it has brought the art of the world into new relations with criticism. Works that have long been shut up from general observation and study, and which the world has long been obliged to see reflected "as in a glass darkly" by the minds of conceited, enthusiastic, cynical, or idolatrous people, suddenly find themselves in an unexpected

manner standing in the full light of the public square, and subjected to the fire of a thousand eyes. Their photographs are in the windows of every print-shop in Christendom, and even flow into myriads of private houses in sizes adapted to the means of all lovers of beautiful things, from the largest folio, to the sociable visiting-card, that enables a man to carry his beloved picture or statue next his heart in his wallet.

Much of what is put before us, however, needs comment, explanation, illustration; and it is a real service that is rendered us by the student, when he puts into accessible shape what he has learned of the lives of artists, of the history of their works, and the history of the subjects they painted or carved. One of the most useful of the writers who have attempted to interest English-speaking people in the subject of Art — Mrs. Jameson — holds an honest place in the world's esteem. Her books — *Sacred and Legendary Art*, *Legends of the Monastic Orders*, *Legends of the Madonna* — are of permanent value, and will never be wholly outworn. Mrs. Jameson sometimes makes mistakes in statement, and is now and then too meagre, but, on the whole, it would be hard to better her books, and we are too comfortable with them to dwell on their deficiencies. Their size and price, however, have prevented their having as wide a circulation as could be wished for them, and Mrs. Clement has cleverly compressed into one small volume a great deal of the sort of information which makes Mrs. Jameson's books so valuable, and has added a great deal that she has laboriously gleaned from kindred sources. If we seem to connect Mrs. Clement's book with Mrs. Jameson's works in thus alluding to it, it is not that we intend any comparison, for Mrs. Clement's is an entirely independent book, and original in its plan. It is an extremely useful book, accurate and full, and supplying a want that is proved to have been felt, by the call for so many editions. Her new work is also useful, and the task she has set herself in it generally well performed. It is a portable dictionary of painters, sculptors, architects, and engravers, and their works, and it is singular that there should not be in any language any book on the same subject so extensive in its range and at the same time so compact. It is really a handbook, being a small octavo of 628 pages exclusive of the indexes, and it is marked by the same accuracy and completeness as the author's companion volume. We think Mrs.

Clement should have somewhere explicitly stated that her book does not include the names of living artists; in general all the names are present that the scope of the work demands. If we have any fault to find with the execution of this dictionary it is not the occasional want of proportion; seven pages to Canova, and only six to Raphael (exclusive of the list of engravings after his pictures are not well proportioned; and considering what Leslie was and what Read and Leutze were, it is not pleasant to find the notices of the two inferior artists more important than that of the painter who is one of the very few of whom America may be justly proud. Defects like these are inevitable in any such undertaking, and excusable too, if we choose to say that we are not sorry to have so much of A, only we would be glad of a little more about B. An objection is that in too many instances Mrs. Clement shows a respect for certain German writers which we think they hardly deserve, and that she is too willing to repeat the old worn-out stories of the older artists, most of them apocryphal, and many of them clearly disproved, which have done duty in every biographical collection from Vasari down. A book of this sort published to-day ought to give only what is now absolutely settled, or the latest word, whatever it may be, and if any one wishes to read the fables he might be warned that the author had tried hard to leave them all out, and that he must seek them in the older books. However, we do not mean to leave these excellent publications in a fault-finding mood. In by far the greater number of instances, Mrs. Clement's information is fresh and accurate and her authorities are the latest.

— *Histoire de l'Art de la Verrerie dans l'Antiquité*. Par Achille Deville (Paris: Morel, 1873), is a publication quite worthy of the house that has given to the world more and more valuable books on subjects connected with the fine arts than any other with which we are acquainted. As one looks over even so many of their publications as are ranged on the shelves of Mr. Levy, their agent in this country (F. W. Christern, 77 University Place, New York), he must wonder at the capital invested in these splendid books no less than at the learning and the mechanical skill they represent. The present volume is, like so many of its companions, not merely a handsome book printed with the fine black ink that seems known in the European printing-houses and nowhere else, on strong, white

paper, with 112 illustrations in the best style of chromo-lithography, but it contains a text of singular value, giving us in something short of a hundred pages a clear account of the history of glass from the most ancient times down to the fall of the Roman empire. The illustrations are drawn from the most recent discoveries, as well as from the more famous of those that have been longer known, and the artist has been very faithful in his copies. The work comes at the very time we need it, now that we have in our own country, in the Di Cesnola Collection in the New York Metropolitan Museum, one of the most complete and remarkable collections of ancient glass in the world.

— J. Bourgoïn — the author of *Les Arts Arabes*, a work just completed, which gives an ampler notion than has been previously attainable, of the inventive fancy and the deep science of the Arabs — has published *Théorie de l'Ornement*. A. Levy, Paris, 1872, a work we desire to recommend to those of our teachers who are interested in mastering the arts of decorative design in order to impart their principles to pupils. This seems to us a more useful, because more scientific and philosophic work than Owen Jones' *Grammar of Ornament*, although superficially it is not so attractive, owing to the absence of color. But color cannot be taught nor even well suggested by chromo-lithography, at least in the present condition of that art, and therefore we lose nothing by the plates of the present volume being in outline. These plates are exquisitely engraved and are very delightful to study, though the young reader needs to be reminded that no beautiful design — no more these than all the others that man has produced — was ever worked out by thinking, but only by feeling. Works like these serve a good purpose in demonstrating how the artist who has lived with nature, observing her and studying her, will be proud to be in the method of his work no less than in its spirit, one with her. But because we can bring the frets and ribbons and guilloches and sprigs on a Greek vase, or the patterns on a Zealander's war-club, or the designs on the dress of a Japanese daimio or fishwoman into a geometrical demonstration, we must beware of thinking that the designer of the ornament necessarily knew anything of geometry or of any art of design. At its best, good design is the product of pure instinct, and the reason why we cannot produce it in these days nor even copy perfectly the old, is because we know too much.

— B. Westermann & Co., New York, send us the first number of a work which will be interesting to antiquaries: *Antiquités Suédoises arrangées et décrites par Oscar Montelius dessinées par C. F. Lindberg*, Stockholm. 1873. The first part contains 261 wood-cuts of stone and bronze implements, weapons, ornaments, and utensils, executed in a singularly clear, bold fashion, as veritable as photography, but more intelligible and artistic. From the same publisher we have also received the concluding number of Dr. Lübke's *Geschichte der Deutschen Renaissance*, one division of a popular work on the Renaissance Architecture and Ornament, of which the other divisions — that on the French Renaissance, also by Dr. Lübke, and that on the Renaissance in Italy, by Jacob Burckhardt — are also published in separate volumes. Dr. Lübke is a voluminous and superficial author, but his books are not without merit, and at any rate they give us a great many fresh and well-executed pictures of the subjects he treats of. This History of the Renaissance Architecture in Germany is in one stout volume of handy size, containing nearly a thousand pages, and illustrated with 261 excellent wood-cuts.

— Lübke's Introduction to the Study of Church Art and Architecture, *Vorschule zum Studium der Kirchlichen Kunst*, has reached a sixth edition, and comes to us enlarged and improved through Westermann from the enterprising house of G. A. Seemann, Leipzig, which is doing a great deal to popularize the study of art in Germany. Last year, we are sorry to say, saw the close of the publication of the *Jahrbücher für Kunstwissenschaft*, which has been issued for seven years by this house, but which came to an end with the publication of the first and second parts of the seventh year in August, 1873, in consequence of the sudden death of Dr. Albert von Zahn, its very learned and able editor. Students of art will find it difficult to do without some such medium of intercourse with their fellow-students, and we suppose an effort will be made to continue the publication, though Von Zahn's loss cannot be supplied in a day.

— Alfred Woltmann has published a second edition of his work, *Holbein und seine Zeit*, which originally appeared in 1866-68. The new edition contains all the old matter, with a full discussion of the disputed questions relating to the great artist, more especially as to the authenticity of the Dres-

den picture of the Meyer family. Herr Woltmann is clear for the Darmstadt picture as the original, and in this opinion we believe he now has all the principal critics and connoisseurs with him.

— An exception to the usual holiday-principle of keeping back everything not to be digested with entire ease by the popular taste, seemed to have been made in the exhibition of some English water-colors at Messrs. Doll and Richards's rooms, last month. The exception was more apparent, however, than real; nor was there anything in the exhibition fairly illustrative of the modern English school of water-colorists. Under the influence of those pre-Raphaelites who believe in correct drawing and strong, harmonious coloring, a school has come into existence which is really a school of tempera-painters, using body-color and the white of egg, or other medium, and thus giving to water-color a richness and consistency equal to that of oil, while preserving its own greater natural purity and softness. There are one or two feeble imitations of this among the pictures we are noticing, but nothing, as we have said, at all fairly illustrative of it. At first sight, the array seems a harmless one enough, but we find things in it which are not altogether so; as, for instance, the illustration to Childe Harold, by J. B. Pyne. There is some crude feeling for color in the man who put together those yellow trees in the background, with that white tower on the hill, and the white moon on the right, all emerging from a bluish twilight; but the sketch is utterly devoid of drawing, or of any distinction of values, and the dauby willow in the foreground is really injurious to one's sense of common rectitude. J. C. Reed is represented by several landscapes, one of which is a broad meadow by the Thames, over which a copious but pale light has been poured from the background; while some regulation oxen approach the water in the centre, and a useful punt floats in the left corner. Mr. Reed exhibits a fair amount of manual dexterity; and a view in Argylshire is perhaps the best that is shown of him. A brawling stream flashes into white foam over the purplish rocks in its bed, and hills rise behind it, clothed at the base with soft mossy green, but passing into purple and blue before they meet the clouds lingering along the tops. These clouds break away at the left, letting a fresh, cool light shine out. There is an agreeable sensation of cool and bracing mountain-air to be had from the contemplation of the sketch; but

we must not expect from it any sort of artistic revelation, and hardly a faithful transcription. The utter lack of appreciation for the character of stone apparent in the rocks might recall Ruskin's scornful phrase, that "Trees, clouds, and rivers are enjoyable even by the careless; but the stone under his foot has for carelessness nothing in it but a stumbling." Mr. J. B. Smith, in like manner, lays himself under strong suspicion of having drawn upon his knowledge of meal-bag contours for the forms of the rocks in his two mountain-scenes. He achieves, to be sure, a certain harmony of coloring, through his combination of brownish-purple heathery hills and light greens and gold-tints in the foliage. But it is impossible to procure vitality of any sort by mere combinations, especially if wholly unsupported by drawing. And it is curious that even the coloring in such cases, though nursed into a quasi-harmoniousness, is very apt to be lifeless and enervating. Another example of this is to be found in two little sketches, pendants, by J. C. Rowbotham, — one of which depicts Rouen, with rose-smitten spires in the background, a bridge of three or four arches across the river, with smoke from a steamer behind it; a sloop on the left strand, and trees; and on the right rich golden-brown trees hanging like a heavy tapestry upon the bank, and reflected in the water. Here we have in perfection what Mr. Smith was trying hard, but with only partial success, to attain. It is all very soft and sweet, and just what would be called by admiring ladies who did not care to think twice about the matter, "lovely." But the critic naturally asks himself whether a success of this kind is at all worth the attaining. There has been a considerable expense of labor in this instance, to reach much the same result as that which would be possible to a superior chromo-lithograph. There has also been more or less exertion of intellect, to make something which will excite no exercise of intellect in the observer.

The Landing of Caesar, by Mr. Smith, is a masquerade, the object of which it is difficult to discern. It curiously suggests the mock-dramatic style employed by the ingenious illustrator of the Comic History of England; but, on looking closer at it, something of deadly earnestness makes itself felt, and enforces the ludicrous conviction that it is an attempt at history-painting. The author of it casts off all responsibility as to organizing his composition, and has so thoroughly abandoned himself to the idea of

multitude and bellicose confusion, that it is pretty nearly impossible to reproduce the situation in words. The most prominent feature, however, is a group of two or three vessels on the right, the material of which is so ill-defined that it might pass readily either for birchbark or earthenware. These ships are filled with Romans. On the deck of one of them several warriors are indulging in horrible contortions, though for what purpose it is not easy to determine. On the deck of the other, and facing the spectator, stands a rather squat individual, bearing some resemblance to the first Napoleon, and also to the accepted effigies of Julius Caesar, who displays a tendency to engage in similar contortions, at the same time gazing out upon us in such a melancholy manner that we involuntarily expect to see him plunge into the water below, with a double summersault. In the foreground, meanwhile, a severe tussle is in progress; the most striking incident of which is the complete destruction of a Briton by the javelin of somebody on Caesar's vessel. The Briton is so completely thrown off his balance by the blow, that he has dropped backward in the water, where he had been standing; and nothing is to be seen of him except a disordered head and a pair of legs; while the lance, sticking upright at about his middle and causing a great splash of water, excites in us an unpleasantly acute appreciation of the Briton's sensations at the moment. It certainly requires imagination to crush up a man in this loose way, as if he were an egg-shell. And there is also imagination in the production of ancient Britons in such numbers as to confuse our minds by a doubt whether it is not some extraordinary fungus which we see clinging to the rocks and shore on the left, rather than savage warriors.

Besides these horrors of antique war, there are some very execrable and ignorant memoranda of the Crimea, which have absolutely no artistic value, and in all probability no value from a military point of view — if we may judge by the doubtful veracity of the scene called "A Warm Situation," where two men lie under the side of a rock on a hill-side, with twenty or thirty bombshells bursting all round them. But there are pleasanter things for him to look at than these; and among the best are two small pictures by H. Sutton Palmer, one a landscape in Dartmoor (we believe), in a cool lavender strain; and a bit of a bazar in Cairo, — two old men with a becoming allowance of beard, squatted on mats in a court-like in-

closure, in front of some luxuriously-colored fabrics supplemented by brown shadows in the corner and under the arcades. There are also two or three architectural interiors, by J. Nash, in which the effect of carving and so on is well enough given, although the sketches themselves are thin and mechanical, barely getting within the line which separates painting from architectural designing. Then, too, there is a small group by Smirke, B. A., one of the valiant Academicians who made such brave but futile endeavors to illustrate Shakespeare satisfactorily in outline. This is called *The Dance*, and represents a pair of slender virgins in loose, old-fashioned gowns, with some youths in perfect-fitting coats, who are playing piano and flute, and flinging about gracefully under a queer old candelabrum shaped like a wash-bowl, with the candles stuck around the brim. It strikes us, first of all, as being eminently proper and respectable; it could not possibly have an injurious effect upon the young. But then it is doubtful also whether it would have any effect worth recording upon anybody. The drawing is neat, the color pale and thin, and hardly deserving of mention. There have been too many men in the annals of British art who knew color no better than Smirke. They penciled away pretty skillfully, though without much character in their drawing, and then clapped on the colors here and there as they might have done upon a print. We understand, when we look at productions like this, how the phrase "*drawing in water-color*" came in vogue. It is no more than a drawing delicately tinted. The instinctive feeling and thinking in color, the simultaneous and harmonious conception of form and color and situation,—these belong to a trait of only recent development in the English water-colorists. It is, however, one of the most prominent traits, at present, and one which ought to be thoroughly represented in any group of water-colors from England.

In *Sanctioned at Last*, J. M. Wright goes boldly on in the footsteps of Smirke. A sallow individual with an unsuccessfully bitter expression is lying on a bed, grasping the hand of a young woman who stands at the bedside, with a young man presumably her lover. The lover turns away from the spectacle of the sanction, with what we suppose to be a pathetic wrinkle in his fawn-colored trousers. A couple of cloaks, too, one brown and the other purple, have kindly con-

sented to occupy the only two chairs visible in the apartment, thus throwing a delicate guise of melodrama over the incident. How many sins of weak idea have not these drooping cloaks covered, in the history of art! It is fortunate that they are no longer fashionable.

The only really interesting piece in the collection is a colored drawing by John Leach, — "*Private Theatricals*," — a drawing in the style of the vast number formerly engraved in the *London Punch*, and familiar to all who know Leach's *Sketches of Life and Character*. Whether this particular drawing was reproduced among those included in the series, we are unable to say, without reference. It represents a dusky drawing-room (with a screen at the farther end), where a company of amateur actors are assembled in partial readiness for their performance. A chandelier trimmed with evergreens depends from the ceiling, but it is not lighted; and a wash of pale purple has been spread over the entire drawing, to give the impression of a dimly-lighted apartment. The figures that need it, however, are allowed to bask in an abundant illumination of a yellowish tendency, so that in the general gloom they gradually come to look like glow-worms or little elfin creatures hopping about in the twilight. The coloring, it may be said shortly, is not at all a success. Leach took up the whim of coloring late in life, and probably had no gift for it. But there is much enjoyment in the skillful physiognomical indication. There is the great Falstaff of a fellow dancing up to a queen or princess, in the centre, to offer her some refreshment; the pompous butler, slightly amused, serving coffee; the two persons in the right-hand corner, who are all ready, and afraid to stir for fear of discomposing their *tout ensemble*; the gaunt young man declaiming from a book, and another trying to get into the proper tragedy-mood; all depicted with the greatest economy of line. Yet there is nothing careless in the strokes; for the sketchiness of a man like Leach requires enduring patience and careful thought. With no more than two or three slight touches he will give to the bare outline a complete and vigorous expression; and this cannot be done carelessly. Perhaps there is nothing more than an ingenious manner about it; but we do not want more in caricature. There is plenty of matter in this drawing for any one who wants to learn how to blend delicate caricature with clear and concise state-

ment of realities, in such a way that we shall hardly know when the artist is feigning, and when not. That is the real art of caricature with the pencil; and when exaggeration gets the upper hand too far, as with Pellegrini of the London Vanity Fair, and

with our own Nast, it must be added, caricature is apt to give place, on very short notice, to simple buffoonery.

As for color, there is not a single piece of vigorous, manly color in all this collection.

MUSIC.

IN the complete edition of Richard Wagner's collected writings and poems, that has recently been published in Leipzig,¹ we have undoubtedly one of the most considerable items in the esthetic literature of our day. Nine octavo volumes of from three hundred and fifty to four hundred pages each, coming from the pen of a man whose influence, either as fanatical bugbear or inspired prophet, has made itself felt throughout the musical world for the last two or three decades, claim a respectful attention even from the author's most convinced opponents. Genius or no genius of the musical or poetic kind, the man has at least the genius of sincerity and perseverance. Of him it might have been said, as Mirabeau said of Robespierre: "This man will do somewhat; he believes every word he says;" and whether we regard his artistic career as an enchanting vision of an esthetic and social millennium now made possible, or as a hideous nightmare of chaos regained, we may be assured that for good or for evil he has done and been something real; that his existence is more than a sham.

His career has thus far certainly been a remarkable one. Such success as he has had, has been genuine; the spontaneous effect of some efficient cause to be found in his works themselves, not the fictitious result of much talking. If success were only to be got by mere conciliation of opponents, surely Wagner was the last man to have succeeded. Of all men in the world he was the least calculated by nature to conciliate. Self-assertion in its most violent and even offensive forms, wholesale denunciation of opponents, scathing sarcasm, and direct vituperation, though never rising to the hysterical pitch, have ever been his weapons. He has succeeded in spite of everything that he has done

to prevent success. One day he launches forth a volley of most damaging criticism, not unmingled with personalities, at the head of pedantry and "Modern Romanticism," only to find on the morrow his operas applauded in the very citadel of "Modern Romanticism" and antiquarianism. In spite of his consistent treatment of the modern Italian opera-school as mere musical infants, or worse, mere clap-trap amusement purveyors to an emasculated public, *Lohengrin* has had a marked success in Bologna. He has shown up Meyerbeer's weaknesses and artificialities with such intensity of language and such searching brilliancy of satire as it has been the fate of few composers to call forth; yet even in Paris itself, where the worship of Meyerbeer, like that of Mendelssohn in England, is carried to an extent that must be witnessed to be believed in, — even in Paris, though the tunes and cat-calls of a Jockey-club deprived of its after-dinner ballet could make *Tannhäuser* inaudible, they could not make it forgotten; and at the Cirque Napoléon (now Cirque National) and the Théâtre Lyrique, Wagner has gained too firm a foothold to be easily ousted; and though the management in the rue de Pelletier, with an eye to its subscription list, might sleekly announce that it would no longer oppose the judgment of an intelligent public by keeping *Tannhäuser* on the boards, M. Pasdeloup, some few years afterward, told the hispers of the Boulevard des Filles du Calvaire to take themselves home and let the audience hear the *Lohengrin* music in peace; which, finding further hissing unprofitable, they accordingly did. So ended what we believe was the last anti-Wagner demonstration in Paris; in silent, not contemptuous, going away. What the secret of Wagner's success has particularly been, would, at this time, be hard to say. Great power over men and the minds of men he certainly has — supported, as we have said, by great sincerity and an invincible

¹ *Gesammelte Schriften und Dichtungen von Richard Wagner*. Leipzig: E. W. Fritzsch. 1871-73. To be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

perseverance; above all by an unquenchable enthusiasm. The man is nothing if not intense, he can do nothing on a small scale. Of the quantity and quality of his genius we can by no means judge, but of his being thoroughly in earnest every one must be convinced by this time.

In the present edition of his literary and poetical works, we find the texts to all his operas and musical dramas; his larger theoretical and controversial essays: Art and the Revolution, The Work-of-art of the Future, Art and Climate, Opera and Drama, Concerning the State and Religion, German Art and German Politics; and a host of smaller writings of all descriptions, from short occasional poems and (not so short) occasional speeches, burlesque political farces, reports on various art projects, and newspaper critiques, to essays esthetic, polemical, and controversial, almost without end. In an appendix to the ninth volume are collected all that he has written about the Bayreuth Festival, together with six architectural plans of the projected opera-house.

Throughout all his critical and controversial writings the violent, indomitable spirit of the man distinctly shows itself, uncompromising in all things. Yet even in his most violent and vituperative moments, he never quite loses head. Hysterical raving he has no taste, perhaps no capacity for, and even under his most turgid bombast, amid his most sensuous metaphors, we can always trace a fixed principle resolutely worked out, without wavering or hesitation. He never seems to be disturbed by skepticism or half-faith; what he feels and believes, he feels and believes with his whole soul and being. These writings put before the reader in the fullest and most distinct shape what his art-faith essentially is. That the subject is an important one in art, perhaps even the all-important one of our day, is sufficiently evident from the interest it has excited, and from the fundamental principles of art that are at stake in the discussion.

According to Wagner, the "work-of-art of the future," in other words, the ideal work-of-art, the crowning object and end of all artistic working and striving, is the musical drama; of which we have already an imperfect and distorted example in the opera. The function that music is to fulfill in this perfect lyric drama is perhaps as clearly shown in his statement of the fundamental mistake in the opera, as in any direct confession of faith that we can call to mind. He says: "The mistake in the art-

form of the opera has been, that *the means of expression* (music) *has been made the end of expression, and the end of expression* (the drama) *the means.*" In other words, music, instead of being made the means of intensifying and vivifying the expression of the dramatic intention, has, in the opera, been made the be-all and end-all; the text being a secondary matter, a mere excuse for the music. According to Wagner, music in its highest form is the outgrowth and necessary complement of poetry. Poetry places certain ideas before the mind, and to a certain extent expresses them; music steps in where poetry leaves off, and carries the expression to the highest pitch of intensity. Music that has not its origin in poetry is merely sensuous, without power of definite expression, simply because there is nothing definite to express; a mere bit of absolute intensity, of unapplied force thrown out into the world at random, a lever without a fulcrum, an effect without a cause. This doctrine he has worked out in all its smallest details, with a power of language and poetic imagery that are at times astounding. It would carry us too far to look into the validity of this theory at present; let it suffice to say that the artistic scheme that he has built up on this foundation is a thoroughly self-consistent one, and has rid the opera of many palpable absurdities.

As to Wagner's purely musical theories, it must be borne in mind that, as he makes music wholly dependent upon the dramatic intention, his music necessarily follows an entirely different law of development from any music that is self-dependent and has no definite poetic basis. Those who have called Wagner's music lawless, wanting in an internal necessity of being, and a definite plan or system of development, have shot wide of the mark.

How much evidence there is in it of genius, original creative power, or esthetic sensibility is another question; but that his music, in his later works at least, follows a distinct and consistent plan can be doubted only by a very superficial observer. It does not, certainly, follow the rules we find set down in treatises on harmony and counterpoint, but that does not prove that it has no rules of its own. To quote from Hans Sachs in Wagner's own *Meistersinger*:—

"Wollt ihr nach Regeln messen
was nicht nach eurer Regeln Lauf,
der eig'nen Spur vergessen,
sucht davon erst die Regeln auf!"¹

¹ Would you measure by rules that which is not

In short, his music has a fundamentally different anatomy from that of any of his great predecessors in art, and cannot be measured by the old musical yard-sticks. It has been objected that he has not been true to his own principles in art; that, in spite of his new theories, much of his music has a purely musical, not a dramatic or poetical basis. This is undeniably true, especially in his earlier works, and is, moreover, perfectly natural. No young reformer or innovator in art, religion, or what not, if he be so from irresistible conviction, and not from a natural taste for image-breaking, can all at once break loose from old, time-honored traditions, endeared to him by many an exalting association. No sincere artist will try the new, untrodden path, until he has tried the old beaten way and found it too narrow. Thus it is only in his later works that Wagner has fully applied his theories. His first published grand opera, *Rienzi*, written in 1838 and '39, is in no essential different in form from the standard French grand opera of Meyerbeer and Halévy. In the *Fliegende Holländer* he begins to give evidence of the revolution that was to take place in his style, a revolution which became more and more marked, until in *Tristan and Isolde* he has entirely left the beaten track and developed his peculiar theories to the fullest extent.

In the first volume of his writings, he gives us a short autobiography of himself, of which a slight sketch may not be uninteresting.

Wilhelm Richard Wagner was born in Leipzig, on the twenty-second of May, 1813. He does not seem to have developed any marked musical talent at a very early age, although he mentions being able to play a couple of little popular airs on the piano-forte when seven years old. Carl Maria von Weber's *Freischütz* strangely attracted him when a boy; he even went to the length of learning to play the overture by heart; the result of which study was his teacher's prophecy: "that he would never come to any good." "He was about right, for in my whole life I have never learned to play the piano-forte," Wagner says. He seems, however, to have continued the objectionable practice of scrambling through overtures with what "most horrible fingering" his young fingers might find out for themselves. Upon the whole, he was a most impressionable youth, with little talent for strict application

according to your system, first seek to understand its laws, forgetful of your own beaten track.

to anything in particular, but gifted with a large fund of enthusiasm for anything that happened to strike his fancy. His first decided bent seems to have been towards poetry, and we find him cutting quite a respectable figure at school, especially in writing verses and in the Greek poets. At one time his ardor for poetry led him to study English, that he might read Shakespeare in the original, which burst of enthusiasm ended in unbounded admiration for the poet, but also in a thorough disgust for the difficulties of the English language, for he soon gave up the study. He nevertheless determined upon making Shakespeare his model, and began in secret a grand tragedy, a sort of mixture of *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. He was then fourteen or fifteen years old. Of this literary effort he writes: "The plan was most sublime; forty-four people died in the course of the piece, and in working it up, I found myself forced to have most of them reappear as ghosts, since the *dramatis personee* would not have otherwise held out for the last acts." He worked for two years upon this play, much, apparently, to the detriment of his school studies.

He meanwhile finds time to go to the Gewandhaus concerts and hear some compositions of Beethoven, which have a strong effect upon him; *Egmont* especially inspiring him to such a degree that he resolves upon writing similar incidental music to his tragedy. "Although," he says, "I never doubted being able to write this indispensable music myself, I yet held it expedient to first get at least an idea of some of the fundamental rules of thorough-bass." At this study he flies with his usual ardor, finding however more difficulties than he expected; but he has a natural taste for overcoming obstacles, especially when they do not spring up in his regular school studies, and though the difficulties are more and more exasperating, yet they are also fascinating in a strange way; at last he determines to be a musician outright. In the midst of his studies his family discover the tragedy, upon which discovery there ensues much grave reprimanding. Two years of neglected studies, waste of time, general laziness in all desirable directions, and too strong a tendency to grasp at forbidden fruit! Of sermonizing he gets enough and to spare, and bears it, we can imagine, with due amount of recalcitrant growling, and impetuous, volcanic flaring up. He is hard put to it to persuade his family that this new consuming passion for music is more than a temporary one,

not having shown much steadiness of character in any direction, and being in general rather a discouragement to the parental mind. He has now arrived at the age of sixteen. He nevertheless persists in his undertaking in spite of parental frowning; and studies music in the wildest, inconsequent way, to the despair of teacher and friends. He at last finds that the rudiments are beneath his notice; he prefers writing overtures for full orchestra, and even has one performed at the Leipzig theatre. Of this performance he says:—

“This overture was the culminating point of my nonsensicalities. For the easier comprehension of those who might wish to study the score, I had intended to write it out in three different inks; the strings red, the flutes and reeds green, and the brass black. Beethoven's ninth symphony was to have been a Pleyel sonata compared with this wondrously combined overture. The thing that was of especial injury to me at the performance was the regular recurrence, every four bars throughout the whole overture, of a *fortissimo* stroke on the kettle-drums. The public passed, from their first astonishment at the obstinate pertinacity of the drummer, to unconcealed ill-humor, and finally to a most distressing joviality. This first performance of a piece of my own composition left a strong impression on me.”

Then comes the Revolution of July. Our young Wagner rushes headlong into revolutionizing; he arrives at the conviction that “every active man should exclusively occupy himself with politics,” shuns all society but that of political literati; yet, not to break entirely with his old love, music, he begins an overture, this time on a political theme, like an orchestral Theodor Körner. At last he enters a university to attend lectures on philosophy and esthetics, but does not, seemingly, profit by his opportunities,—now an old story. He prefers taking another of his wild, spasmodic plunges, this time into all sorts of dissipation, and with such hearty good-will, that he soon disgusts himself with life of that sort, and really begins to feel the necessity of doing something better than playing with the arts and vices. He now for the first time applies himself seriously to music, having providentially, as he calls it, hit upon the right instructor, Theodor Weinlich, of the St. Thomas School in Leipzig. He works with a will, struggling in the mazes of counterpoint until he at last comes out victorious, a master of musical

anatomy. His teacher dismisses him with: “What you have appropriated to yourself by these dry studies is called ‘Self-dependence.’” From this moment Wagner shows himself thoroughly in earnest about his art; he studies Beethoven and Mozart as only a German with a fixed purpose can study. He composes also to some extent, writing, among other things, an overture and a symphony, both of which are publicly performed, not without gratifying applause. He also writes an opera—*Die Feen*—which was never performed, and which, like all his earlier works, is now forgotten. Thus he continues, studying and composing, until we see him appointed Music Director at Magdeburg in the summer of 1834. He has a rapidly growing success as a conductor, and composes another opera (doing both text and music himself, as he has done ever afterwards), entitled *Das Liebesverbot*, founded upon Shakespeare's Measure for Measure, which he finishes in the spring of 1836, but so near the end of the opera season, that at the performance, which he presses on with characteristic energy, everything is at odds and ends; the prompter doing more than the singers, who do not in the least know their parts, and the whole resulting in general confusion and musical Babel. Some few numbers, however, less badly sung than the rest, are worthily applauded. A second performance so near the end of the season is out of the question. In the autumn he marries in Königsberg,—whom we do not find out,—without a groschen in his pockets, and with a large crop of debts standing against him. Now succeed years of poverty and vexations of all kinds, during which we find him in various parts of Germany, and at last in Paris, where he writes his first grand opera, *Rienzi*, surrounded by a thousand petty trials, of which want of bread and butter is not the least.

Rienzi is soon followed by *Der Fliegende Holländer* the music of which he writes in seven weeks. Neither of these operas, however, get performed in Paris. An attempt to revive his old *Liebesverbot* also fails, and after two years of unhappy struggling for mere existence, he returns to Germany in 1842. Here both *Rienzi* and the *Holländer* are brought out in some of the principal cities. At length, through the influence of Franz Liszt, then at the height of his fame as a virtuoso, and whose acquaintance he had made in Paris, his *Tannhäuser* is brought out in Dresden. From this moment his

success as a composer is assured. His acquaintance with Liszt (since then his father-in-law) soon ripens into the warmest and most enthusiastic friendship. His career since the performance of *Tannhäuser* being pretty generally known, we stop here. His other operas are *Lohengrin*, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, and his great trilogy, *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, which consists of four connected musical dramas, namely: the introductory *Das Rheingold*, and *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Die Götterdämmerung*. The last of these is not yet published.

—In piano-forte music,¹ L. M. Gottschalk's posthumous *Chant de Guerre* will be interesting to the late pianist's admirers. It would be hardly fair to criticise the composition from a musical point of view, as there are so few musical qualities in it. It is certainly the most madcap piece of whirling and whizzing from key to key, but yet not without a certain charm as a sort of musical alcohol. A posthumous work by Gottschalk is in itself a sort of ghastly joke, rather like a posthumous performance on the tight-rope; for Gottschalk's music has died with him without hope of resuscitation in this world. As a pianist and composer he occupied a thoroughly unique position, as much so indeed as Chopin, though on a different level. As there was only one Chopin, so there was only one Gottschalk. As Chopin was the most perfect exponent of the Polish element in music, so was Gottschalk the great interpreter of the Hispano-Ethiopian element, and by as much as the Polish esthetic spirit is higher and more developed than the Negro, by so much was Chopin higher than Gottschalk. Add also the difference that, while Chopin was a man of distinctly musical sensibility and culture, Gottschalk was, as far as music is concerned, little better than an untutored savage. But he had a spark of most undeniable original genius, and to hear him play his own compositions was a musical experience entirely unique of its kind. As he often could not play passages from other

composers (only think of a man of his really astounding technique working for a week over one of the parts of Moscheles's *Hommage à Händel* and then giving it up in despair!), so was he the only man who could really play his own works. The charm that he lent to such futilities as the *Last Hope*, and the maddening *entrain* with which he played his *Bamboula* and *Banjo* was as inimitable as it is indescribable. He was something more than merely astonishing, he was irresistibly fascinating.

Stephen A. Emery's *Grasshopper's Story* is quite a fascinating little bit of musical baby-talk, such as only a man who can talk plainly when he will, can trust himself in without being insipid or grotesque. Mr. Emery has shown in some of his previous compositions that he is as far as possible from being a musical infant himself, and this little piece, recalling the nursery as it does, is neither weak nor commonplace.

Of Gounod's *Marche Romaine*, when we have said that it was written by Gounod and was performed on the anniversary of the coronation of his Holiness, Pius IX., we have said all that is noteworthy about it.

—In vocal music² Gabussi's duet *The Fortune-teller* and Vincenzo Cirillo's *Barcarolle* are both good specimens of straightforward, unaffected Italian writing, not remarkable for distinct individual inspiration, but having a healthy, natural melody and generally correct harmony (which is a comfort), and a good deal of national Italian spirit.

Ciro Pinsuti's *Fly forth, O Gentle Dove* is well written and would be fascinating and worth the composer's while, if Hatton and Claribel and a host of others had not long ago worn that sort of tune quite threadbare.

Berthold Tours's *Violets in the Snow* tries hard to be something, and in some places almost succeeds, but in many passages shows the composer not to be very sure on his musical legs, and rather liable to be tripped up when he attempts anything like a striking effect in modulation.

¹ *Chant de Guerre*. Composé par L. M. GOTTSCHALK. Publié sur des manuscrits originaux avec autorization de sa famille, par N. R. Espadero. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

The Grasshopper's Song. By STEPHEN A. EMERY, op. 32, No. 5. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Marche Romaine. Par CH. GOUNOD. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.

² *The Fortune Teller*. Duet for Soprano and Contralto. By V. GABUSSI. Boston: O. Ditson & Co. *Barcarolle*. By VINCENTO CIRILLO. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

Fly forth, O Gentle Dove. Song. By CIRO PINSUTI. New York: C. H. Ditson & Co.

Violets in the Snow. Ballad. By BERTHOLD TOURS. Boston: O. Ditson & Co.